RAGE OF ANGELS

BY

SIDNEY SHELDON

Books by Sidney Sheldon

*Rage of Angels
*Bloodline
*A Stranger in the Mirror
The Other Side of Midnight
The Naked Face

A Warner Communications Company

WARNER BOOKS EDITION

This Wanner Books Edition is published by arrangement with William Morrow
and Company, Inc., 105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Warner Books, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019

þA Warner Communications Company

Printed in the United States of America First Printing: July, 1981 10 9 8
7 6 5 4 3 2 1
This book is dedicated with love to Mary

The Eighth Wonder of the World

f
The characters and events in this novel are fictional. The background,
however, is real, and I am indebted to those who generously helped to fill

it in for me. In a few instances I have taken what I believe to be
necessary dramatic license. Any legal or factual errors are mine alone.

My deep gratitude for sharing with me their courtroom lives and experiences
goes to F. Lee Bailey, Melvin Belli, Paul Caruso, William Hundley, Luke
McKissack, Louis Nizer, Jerome Shestack and Peter Taft.

In California, the Honorable Wm. Matthew Byrne, of the United States
District Court, was most helpful.

In New York, I owe special thanks to Mary de Bourbon of the New York
District Attorney's office for showing me the inner workings of the court
system; to Phil Leshin, former Assistant Commissioner for Public Affairs
of
the New York City Department of Correction, for escorting me through
hiker's Island; and to Pat Perry, the Assistant Deputy Warden at Riker's
Island.

Barry Dastin's legal supervision and counsel have proved invaluable.

My appreciation to Alice Fisher for her assistance in researching this
book.

And finally, a thank you to Catherine Munro, who patiently and cheerfully
transcribed and typed what began as a thousand-page manuscript, more than
a dozen times over a period of almost three years.

--SIbNEY SHBLDON

". . . Tell us of the secret hosts of evil, O Cimon:'
"Their names may not be spake aloud lest they profane mortal lips,
for they came out of unholy darknesses and attacked the heavens, but they
were driven away by the rage of angels . . :' -from Dialogues of Chios

New York: September 4, 1969

The hunters were closing in for the kill.

Two thousand years ago in Rome, the contest would have been staged at the Circus Neronis or the Colosseum, where voracious lions would have been stalking the victim in an arena of blood and sand, eager to tear him to pieces. But this was the civilized twentieth century, and the circus was being staged in the Criminal Courts Building of downtown Manhattan, Courtroom Number 16.

In place of Suetonius was a court stenographer, to record the event for posterity, and there were dozens of members of the press and visitors attracted by the daily headlines about the murder trial, who queued up outside the courtroom at seven o'clock in the morning to be assured of a seat.

The quarry, Michael Moretti, sat at the defendant's table, a silent, handsome man in his early thirties. He was tall and lean, with a face formed of converging planes that gave him a rugged, feral look. He had fashionably styled black hair, a prominent chin with an unexpected dimple in it and deeply

set olive-black eyes. He wore a tailored gray suit, a light blue shirt with a darker blue silk tie, and polished, custommade shoes. Except for his eyes, which constantly swept over the courtroom, Michael Moretti was still.

The lion attacking him was Robert Di Silva, the fiery

District Attorney for the County of New York, representative of The People. If Michael Moretti radiated stillness, Robert Di Silva radiated dynamic movement; he went through life as though he were five minutes late for an appointment. He was in constant motion, shadowboxing with invisible opponents. He was short and powerfully built, with an unfashionable graying crew cut. Di Silva had been a boxer in his youth and his nose and face bore the scars of it. He had once killed a man in the ring and he had never regretted it. In the years since then, he had yet to learn compassion.

Robert Di Silva was a fiercely ambitious man who had fought his way up to his present position with neither money nor connections to help him. During his climb, he had assumed the veneer of a civilized servant of the people; but underneath, he was a gutter fighter, a man who neither forgot nor forgave.

Under ordinary circumstances, District Attorney Di Silva would not have been in this courtroom on this day. He had a large staff, and any one of his senior assistants was capable of prosecuting this case. But Di Silva had known from the beginning that he was going to handle the Moretti case himself.

Michael Moretti was front-page news, the son-in-law of Antonio Granelli, capo di capi, head of the largest of the five eastern Mafia Families.

Antonio Granelli was getting old and the street word was that Michael Moretti was being groomed to take his father-in-law's place. Moretti had been involved in dozens of crimes ranging from mayhem to murder, but no

district attorney had ever been able to prove anything. There were too many careful layers between Moretti and those

who carried out his orders. Di Silva himself had spent three frustrating years trying to get evidence against Moretti. Then, suddenly, Di Silva had gotten lucky.

Camillo Stela, one of Moretti's soldati, had been.caught in a murder committed during a robbery. In exchange for his life, Stela agreed to sing.

It was the most beautiful music Di Silva had ever heard, a song that was going to bring the most powerful Mafia Family in the east to its knees, send Michael Moretti to the electric chair, and elevate Robert Di Silva to the governor's office in Albany. Other New York governors had made it to the White House: Martin Van Buren, Grover Cleveland, Teddy Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt. Di Silva intended to be the next.

The timing was perfect. The gubernatorial elections were coming up next year.

Di Silva had been approached by the state's most powerful political boss.

"With all the publicity you're getting on this case, you'll be a shoo-in to be nominated and then elected governor, Bobby. Nail Moretti and you're our candidate."

Robert Di Silva had taken no chances. He prepared the case against Michael Moretti with meticulous care. He put his assistants to work assembling evidence, cleaning up every loose end, cutting off each legal avenue of escape that Moretti's attorney might attempt to explore.

One by one, every
loophole had been closed.
It had taken almost two weeks to select the jury, and
the District Attorney
had insisted upon selecting six "spare tires" -alternate
jurors--as a
precaution against a possible mistrial. In cases where
important Mafia
figures were involved, jurors had been known to
disappear or to have
unexplained fatal accidents. Di Silva had seen to it
that this jury was
sequestered from the beginning, locked away every night
where no one could
get to it.
The key to the case against Michael Moretti was Camillo

Stela, and Di Silva's star witness was heavily protected.
The District
Attorney remembered only too vividly the example of Abe
"Kid Twist" Reles,
the government witness who had "fallen" out of a
sixth-floor window of the
Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island while being guarded by
half a dozen police-
men. Robert Di Silva had selected Camillo Stela's guards
personally, and
before the trial Stela had been secretly moved to a
different location every
night. Now, with the trial under way, Stela was kept in
an isolated holding
cell, guarded by four armed deputies. No one was allowed
to get near him,
for Stela's willingness to testify rested on his belief
that District
Attorney Di. Silva was capable of protecting him from the
vengeance of
Michael Moretti.
It was the morning of the fifth day of the trial.

It was Jennifer Parker's first day at the trial. She was
seated at the
prosecutor's table with five other young assistant

district attorneys who
had been sworn in with her that morning.
Jennifer Parker was a slender, dark-haired girl of twentyfour with a pale
skin, an intelligent, mobile face, and green, thoughtful eyes. It was a
face that was attractive rather than beautiful, a face that reflected pride
and courage and sensitivity, a face that would be hard to forget. She sat
ramrod straight, as though bracing herself against unseen ghosts of the
past.

Jennifer Parker's day had started disastrously. The swearing-in ceremony
at
the District Attorney's office had been scheduled for eight A.M. Jennifer
had carefully laid out her clothes the night before and had set the alarm
for six so that she would have time to wash her hair.
The alarm had failed to go off. Jennifer had awakened at seven-thirty and
panicked. She had gotten a run in her stocking when she broke the heel of
her shoe, and had had to

change clothes. She had slammed the door of her tiny apartment at the same
instant she remembered she had left her keys inside. She had planned to take
a bus to the Criminal Courts Building, but now that was out of the question,
and she had raced to get a taxi she could not afford and had been trapped
with a cab driver who explained during the entire trip why the world was
about to come to an end.
When Jennifer had finally arrived, breathless, at the Criminal Courts
Building at 155 Leonard Street, she was fifteen minutes late.

There were twenty-five lawyers gathered in the District Attorney's office,
most of them newly out of law school, young and eager and excited about
going to work for the District Attorney of the County of New York.
The office was impressive, paneled and decorated in quiet good taste. There
was a large desk with three chairs in front of it and a comfortable leather
chair behind it, a conference table with a dozen chairs around it, and wall
cabinets filled with law books.
On the walls were framed autographed pictures of J. Edgar Hoover, John
Lindsay, Richard Nixon and Jack Dempsey.
When Jennifer hurried into the office, full of apologies, Di Silva was in
the middle of a speech. He stopped, turned his attention on Jennifer and
said, "What the hell do you think this is-a tea party?"
"rm terribly sorry, I-"
"I don't give a damn whether you're sorry. Don't you ever be late again!"
The others looked at Jennifer, carefully hiding their sympathy.
Di Silva turned to the group and snapped, "I know why you're all here.
You'll stick around long enough to pick my brains and learn a few courtroom
tricks, and then when you think you're ready, you'll leave to become
hotshot criminal

lawyers. But there may be one of you-maybe-who will be good enough to take
my place one day." Di Silva nodded to his assistant. "Swear them in."
They took the oath, their voices subdued.
When it was over, Di Silva said, "All right. You're sworn officers of the
court, God help us. This office is where the action is, but don't get your

hopes up. You're going to bury your noses in legal research, and draft documents-subpoenas, warrants--all those wonderful things they taught you in law school. You won't get to handle a trial for the next year or two."
Di Silva stopped to light a short, stubby cigar. "Pm prosecuting a case now. Some of you may have read about it." His voice was edged with sarcasm.
"I can use half a dozen of you to run errands for me." Jennifer's hand was the first one up. Di Silva hesitated a moment, then selected her and five others.
"Get down to Courtroom Sixteen:"
As they left the room, they were issued identification cards. Jennifer had not been discouraged by the District Attorney's attitude. He has to be tough, she thought. He's in a tough job. And she was working for him now.
She was a member of the staff of the District Attorney of the County of New York! The interminable years of law school drudgery were over. Somehow her professors had managed to make the law seem abstract and ancient, but Jennifer had always managed to glimpse the Promised Land beyond: the real law that dealt with human beings and their follies. Jennifer had been graduated second in her class and had been on Law Review. She had passed the bar examination on the first try, while a third of those who had taken it with her had failed. She felt that she understood Robert Di Silva, and she was sure she would be able to handle any job he gave her.
Jennifer had done her homework. She knew there were four different bureaus under the District Attorney-Trials,

Appeals, Rackets and Frauds-and she wondered to which one she would be assigned. There were over two hundred assistant district attorneys in New York City and five district attorneys, one for each borough. But the most important borough, of course, was Manhattan: Robert Di Silva.
Jennifer sat in the courtroom now, at the prosecutor's table, watching Robert Di Silva at work, a powerful, relentless inquisitor.
Jennifer glanced over at the defendant, Michael Moretti. Even with everything Jennifer had read about him, she could not convince herself that Michael Moretti was a murderer. He looks like a young movie star in a courtroom set, Jennifer thought. He sat there motionless, only his deep, black eyes giving away whatever inner turmoil he might have felt. They moved ceaselessly, examining every corner of the room as though trying to calculate a means of escape. There was no escape. Di Silva had seen to that.

Camillo Stela was on the witness stand. If Stela had been an animal, he would have been a weasel. He had a narrow, pinched face, with thin lips and yellow buckteeth. His eyes were darting and furtive and you disbelieved him before he even opened his mouth. Robert Di Silva was aware of his witness's shortcomings, but they did not matter. What mattered was what Stela had to say. He had horror stories to tell that had never been told ,before, and they had the unmistakable ring of truth.
The District Attorney walked over to the witness box where Camillo Stela

had been sworn in.
"Mr. Stela, I want this jury to be aware that you are a reluctant witness
and that in order to persuade you to testify, the State has agreed to allow
you to plead to the lesser charge of involuntary manslaughter in the murder
you are charged with. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir." His right arm was twitching.
"Mr. Stela, are you acquainted with the defendant, Michael Moretti?"
"Yes, sir." He kept his eyes away from the defendant's table where Michael
Moretti was sitting.
"What was~the nature of your relationship?"
"I worked for Mike."
"How long have you known Michael Moretti?"
"About ten years." His voice was almost inaudible.
"Would you speak up, please?"
"About ten years." His neck was twitching now.
"Would you say you were close to the defendant?"
"Objection!" Thomas Colfax rose to his feet. Michael Moretti's attorney was
a tall, silver-haired man in his fifties, the consigliere for the
Syndicate, and one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers in the country. "The
District Attorney is attempting to lead the witness:"
Judge Lawrence Waldman said, "Sustained."
"I'll rephrase the question. In what capacity did you work for Mr.
Moretti?"
"I was kind of what you might call a troubleshooter."
"Would you be a little more explicit?"
"Yeah. If a problem comes up--someone gets out of line, like-Mike would
tell me to go straighten this party out."
"How would you do that?"
"You know-muscle."
"Could you give the jury an example?"
Thomas Colfax was on his feet. "Objection, Your Honor. This line of

questioning is immaterial."
"Overruled. The witness may answer."
'Well, Mike's into loan-sharkin', right? A coupla years ago Jimmy Serrano
gets-behind in his payments, so Mike sends me over to teach Jimmy a
lesson."
"What did that lesson consist of?"
"I broke his legs. You see," Stela explained earnestly, "if

you let one guy get away with it, they're all gonna try it."
From the corner of his eye, Robert Di Silva could see the shocked reactions
on the faces of the jurors.
"What other business was Michael Moretti involved in besides
loan-sharking?"
"Jesus! You name it."
"I would like you to name it, Mr. Stela."
"Yeah. Well, like on the waterfront, Mike got a pretty good fix in with the
union. Likewise the garment industry. Mike's into gamblin', juke boxes,
garbage collectin', linen supplies. Like that."
"Mr. Stela, Michael Moretti is on trial for the murders of Eddie and Albert
Ramos. Did you know them?"
"Oh, sure."
"Were you present when they were killed?"
"Yeah." His whole body seemed to twitch.
"Who did the actual killing?"
"Mike." For a second, his eyes caught Michael Moretti's eyes and Stela
quickly looked away.
"Michael Moretti?"
"That's right."
"Why did the defendant tell you he wanted the Ramos brothers killed?"
"Well, Eddie and Al handled a book for=
"That's a bookmaking operation? Illegal betting?"
"Yeah. Mike found out they was skimmin'. He had to teach

'em a lesson
'cause they was his boys, you know? He thought----!'
"Objection!"
"Sustained. The witness will stick to the facts."
"The facts was that Mike tells me to invite the boys-"
"Eddie and Albert Ramos?"
"Yeah. To a little party down at The Pelican. That's a private beach club."
His arm started to twitch again and Stela, suddenly aware of it, pressed
against it with his other hand.

Jennifer Parker turned to look at Michael Moretti. He was watching
impassively, his face and body immobile.
"What happened then, Mr. Stela?"
"I picked Eddie and Al up and drove 'em to the parkin' lot. Mike was there, waitin'. When the boys got outta the car,
I moved outta the way and Mike started blastin :"
"Did you see the Ramos brothers fall to the ground?"
"Yes, sir."
"And they were dead?"
"They sure buried 'em like they was dead:'
There was a ripple of sound through the courtroom. Di Silva waited until
there was silence.
"Mr. Stela, you are aware that the testimony you have given in this
courtroom is self-incriminating?"
"Yes, sir."
"And that you are under oath and that a man's life is at stake?"
"Yes, sir.-
'YYou witnessed the defendant, Michael Moretti, coldbloodedly shoot to
death two men because they had withheld money from him?"
"Objection) He's leading the witness:"
46sustained."
District Attorney Di Silva looked at the faces of the jurors and what he
saw there told him he had won the case. He turned to Camillo Stela.

"Mr. Stela, I know that it took a great deal of courage for you to come into this courtroom and testify. On behalf of the people of this state, I want to thank you." Di Silva turned to Thomas Colfax. "Your witness for cross."

Thomas Colfax rose gracefully to his feet. "Thank you, Mr. Di Silva." He glanced at the clock on the wall, then turned to the bench. "If it please Your Honor, it is now almost noon. I would prefer not to have my cross-examination interrupted.

Might I request that the court recess for lunch now and I'il cross-examine this afternoon?"

"Very well." Judge Lawrence Waldman rapped his gavel on the bench. "This court stands adjourned until two o'clock."

Everyone in the courtroom rose as the judge-stood up and walked through the side door to his chambers. The jurors began to file out of the room. Four armed deputies surrounded Camillo Stele and escorted him through a door near the front of the courtroom that led to the witness room.

At once, Di Silva was engulfed by reporters.

"Will you give us a statement?"

"How do you think the case is going so far, Mr. District Attorney?"

"How are you going to protect Stele when this is over?"

Ordinarily Robert Di Silva would not have tolerated such an intrusion in the courtroom, but he needed now, with his political ambitions, to keep the press on his side, and so he went out of his way to be polite to them.

Jennifer Parker sat there, watching the District Attorney parrying the reporters' questions.

"Are you going to get a conviction?"
"rm not a fortune teller," Jennifer heard Di Silva say modestly. "That's
what we have juries for, ladies and gentlemen. The jurors will have to
decide whether Mr. Moretti is innocent or guilty."
Jennifer watched as Michael Moretti rose to his feet. He looked calm and
relaxed. Boyish was the word that came to Jennifer's mind. It was difficult
for her to believe that he was guilty of all the terrible things of which
he was accused. If 1 had to choose the guilty one, Jennifer thought, I'd
choose Stele, the Twitcher.
The reporters had moved off and Di Silva was in conference with members of
his staff. Jennifer would have given anything to hear what they were
discussing.

Jennifer watched as a man said something to Di Silva, detached himself from
the group around the District Attorney, and hurried over toward Jennifer.
He was carrying a large manila envelope. "Miss Parker?"
Jennifer looked up in surprise. "Yes."
"The Chief wants you to give this to Stela. Tell him to refresh his memory
about these dates. Colfax is going to try to tear his testimony apart this
afternoon and the Chief wants to make sure Stela doesn't foul up."
He handed the envelope to Jennifer and she looked over at Di Silva. He
remembered my name, she thought. It's a good omen.
"Better get moving. The D.A. doesn't think Stela's that fast ` a study."
"Yes, sir." Jennifer hurried to her feet.
She walked over to the door she had seen Stela go through. An armed deputy
blocked her way.
"Can I help you, miss?"

"District Attorney's office," Jennifer said crisply. She took out her
identification card and showed it. "I have an envelope to deliver to Mr.
Stela from Mr. Di Silva."
The guard examined the card carefully, then opened the door, and Jennifer
found herself inside the witness room. It was a small,
uncomfortable-looking room containing a battered desk, an old sofa and
wooden chairs. Stela was seated in one of them, his arm twitching wildly.
There were four armed deputies in the room.
As Jennifer entered, one of the guards said, "Hey! Nobody's allowed in
here:"
The outside guard called, "It's okay, Al. D.A.'s office."
Jennifer handed Stela the envelope. "Mr. Di Suva wants you to refresh your
recollection about these dates."
Stela blinked at her and kept twitching.
2

As Jennifer was making her way out of the Criminal Courts Building on her
way to lunch, she passed the open door of a deserted courtroom. She could
not resist stepping inside the room for a moment.
There were fifteen rows of spectators' benches on each side of the rear
area. Facing the judge's bench were two long tables, the one on the left
marked Plainti$ and the one on the right marked Defendant. The jury box
contained two rows of eight chairs each. It's an ordinary courtroom,
Jennifer thought, plain-even ugly-but it's the heart of freedom. This room
and all the courtrooms like it represented the difference between
civilization and savagery. The right to a trial by a jury of one's peers
was what lay at the heart of every free nation. Jennifer

thought of all the
countries in the world that did not have this little room, countries where
citizens were taken from their beds in the middle of the night and tortured
and murdered by anonymous enemies for undisclosed reasons: Iran,

Uganda, Argentina, Peru, Brazil, Romania, Russia, Czechoslovakia . . . the
list was depressingly long.
If the American courts were ever stripped of their power, Jennifer thought,
if citizens were ever denied the right to a trial by jury, then America
would cease to exist as a free nation. She was a part of the system now
and, standing there, Jennifer was filled with an overwhelming feeling of
pride. She would do everything she could to honor it, to help preserve it.
She stood there for a long moment, then turned to leave.
From the far end of the hall there was a distant hum that got louder and
louder, and became pandemonium. Alarm bells began to ring. Jennifer heard
the sound of running feet in the corridor and saw policemen with drawn guns
racing toward the front entrance of the courthouse. Jennifer's instant
thought was that Michael Moretti had escaped, had somehow gotten past the
barrier of guards. She hurried out into the corridor. It was bedlam. People
were racing around frantically, shouting orders over the din of the
clanging bells. Guards armed with riot guns had taken up positions at the
exit doors. Reporters who had been telephoning in their stories were hurry-
ing into the corridor to find out what was happening.

Far down the hall,
Jennifer saw District Attorney Robert Di Silva wildly issuing instructions
to half a dozen policemen, his face drained of color.
My God! He's going to have a heart attack, Jennifer thought.
She pushed her way through the crowd and moved toward him, thinking that
perhaps she could be of some use. As she approached, one of the deputies
who had been guarding Camillo Stela looked up and saw Jennifer. He raised
an arm and pointed to her, and five seconds later Jennifer Parker found
herself being grabbed, handcuffed and placed under arrest.

There were four people in Judge Lawrence Waldman's chambers: Judge Waldman,
District Attorney Robert Di Silva, Thomas Colfax, and Jennifer.

"Yon have the right to have an attorney present before you make any
statement," Judge Waldman informed Jennifer, "and you have the right to
remain silent. If you---:'
"I don't need an attorney, Your Honor! I can explain what happened"
Robert Di Silva was leaning so close to her that Jennifer could see the
throbbing of a vein in his temple. "Who paid you to give that package to
Camillo Stela?"
"Paid me? Nobody paid me!" Jennifer's voice was quavering with indignation.
Di Silva picked up a familiar looking manila envelope from Judge Waldman's
desk. "No one paid you? You just walked up to my witness and delivered
this?" He shook the envelope and the body of a yellow canary fluttered onto
the desk. Its neck had been broken.

Jennifer stared at it, horrified. "I--one of your
men-wave ma-þ
"Which one of my men?"
"I-I don't know."
"But you know he was one of my men." His voice rang with
disbelief.
"Yes. I saw him talking to you and then he walked over
to me and handed me
the envelope and said you wanted me to give it to Mr.
Stela. He-he even
knew my name."
"rll bet he did. How much did they pay you?"
It's all a nightmare, Jennifer thought. I'm going to
wake up any minute and
it's going to be six o'clock in the morning, and I'm
going to get dressed
and go to be sworn in on the District Attorney's staff.
"How much?" The anger in him was so violent that it
forced Jennifer to her
feet.
"Are you accusing me of-?"
"Accusing you!" Robert Di Silva clenched his fists.
"Lady, I haven't even
started on you. By the time you get out of prison you'll
be too old to
spend that money."

"There is no money." Jennifer stared at him defiantly.
Thomas Colfax had been sitting back, quietly listening
to the conversation.
He interrupted now to say, "Excuse me, Your Honor, but
I'm afraid this
isn't getting us anywhere."
"I agree," Judge Waldman replied. He turned to the
District Attorney.
"Where do you stand, Bobby? Is Stela still willing to be
cross-examined?"
"Cross-examined? He's a basket case! Scared out of his
wits. He won't take
the stand again."
Thomas Colfax said smoothly, "If I can't cross-examine
the prosecution's
chief witness, Your Honor, I'm going to have to move for

a mistrial."
Everyone in the room knew what that would mean: Michael Moretti would walk
out of the courtroom a free man.
Judge Waldman looked over at the District Attorney. "Did you tell your
witness he can be held in contempt?"
"Yes. Stela's more scared of them than he is of us." He turned to direct
a
venomous look at Jennifer. "He doesn't think we can protect him anymore."
Judge Waldman said slowly, "Then I'm afraid this court has no alternative
but to grant the defense's request and declare a mistrial."
Robert Di Silva stood there, listening to his case being wiped out. Without
Stela, he had no case. Michael Moretti was beyond his reach now, but
Jennifer Parker was not. He was going to make her pay for what she had done
to him.
Judge Waldman was saying, "I'll give instructions for the defendant to be
freed and the jury dismissed."
Thomas Colfax said, "Thank you, Your Honor." There was no sign of triumph
in his face.
"If there's nothing else . . ." Judge Waldman began.
"There is something else!" Robert Di Silva turned to Jennifer Parker. "I
want her held for obstructing justice, for tampering with a witness in a
capital case, for conspiracy, for . . ." He was incoherent with rage.

In her anger, Jennifer found her voice. "You can't prove a single one of those charges because they're not true. I
I
may be guilty of being stupid, but that's all I'm guilty of. No
one bribed me to do anything. I thought I was delivering

a
package for you."
Judge Waldman looked at Jennifer and said, "Whatever the motivation, the
consequences have been extremely unfortunate. I am going to request that
the Appellate Division undertake an investigation and, if it feels the
circumstances warrant it, to begin disbarment proceedings against you."
Jennifer felt suddenly faint. "Your Honor, I-"
"That is all for now, Miss Parker."
Jennifer stood there a moment, staring at their hostile faces. There was
nothing more she could say.
The yellow canary on the desk had said it all.

3

Jennifer Parker was not only on the evening news-she was the evening news.
The story of her delivering a dead canary to the District Attorney's star
witness was irresistible. Every television channel had pictures of Jennifer
leaving Judge Waldman's chambers, fighting her way out of the courthouse,
besieged by the press and the public.
Jennifer could not believe the sudden horrifying publicity that was being
showered on her. They were hammering at her from all sides: television
reporters, radio reporters and newspaper people. She wanted desperately to
flee from them, but her pride would not let her.
"Who gave you the yellow canary, Miss Parker?"
"Have you ever met Michael Moretti?"
"Did you know that Di Silva was planning to use-this case to get into the
governor's office?"
"The District Attorney says he's going to have you disbarred. Are you going
to fight it?"

To each question Jennifer had a tight-tipped "No comment."
On the CBS evening news they called her "Wrong-Way Parker," the girl who
had gone off in the wrong direction. An ABC newsman referred to her as the
"Yellow Canary." On NBC, a sports commentator compared her to Roy Riegels,
the football player who had carried the ball to his own team's oneyard
line.

In Tony's Place, a restaurant that Michael Moretti owned, a celebration was
taking place. There were a dozen men in the room, drinking and boisterous.
Michael Moretti sat alone at the bar, in an oasis of silence, watching
Jennifer Parker on television. He raised his glass in a salute to her and
drank.

Lawyers everywhere discussed the Jennifer Parker episode. Half of them
believed she had been bribed by the Mafia, and the other half that she had
been an innocent dupe. But no matter which side they were on, they all
concurred on one point: Jennifer Parker's short career as an attorney was
finished.
She had lasted exactly four hours.

She had been born in Kelso, Washington, a small timber town founded in 1847
by a homesick Scottish surveyor who named it for his home town in Scotland.
Jennifer's father was an attorney, first for the lumber companies that
dominated the town, then later for the workers in the sawmills. Jennifer's
earliest memories of growing up were filled with joy.

The state of
Washington was a storybook place for a child, full of spectacular mountains
and glaciers and national parks. There were skiing and canoeing and, when
she was older, ice climbing on glaciers and pack trips to places with
wonderful names: Ohanapecosh and Nisqually and Lake

Cle Elum and Chenuis Falls and Horse Heaven and the Yakima Valley. Jennifer
learned to climb on Mount Rainier and to ski at Timberline with her father.
Her father always had time for her,,while her mother, beautiful and
restless, was mysteriously busy and seldom at home. Jennifer adored her
father. Abner Parker was a mixture of English and Irish and Scottish blood.
He was of medium height, with black hair and green-blue eyes. He was a com-
passionate man with a deep-rooted sense of justice. He was not interested
in money, he was interested in people. He would sit and talk to Jennifer
by
the hour, telling her about the cases he was handling and the problems of
the people who came into his unpretentious little office, and it did not
occur to Jennifer until years later that he talked to her because he had
no
one else with whom to share things.
After school Jennifer would hurry over to the courthouse to watch her
father at work. If court was not in session she would hang around his
office, listening to him discuss his cases and his clients. They never
talked about her going to law school; it was simply taken for granted.
When Jennifer was fifteen she began spending her summers

working for her
father. At an age when other girls were dating boys and
going steady,
Jennifer was absorbed in lawsuits and wills.
Boys were interested in her, but she seldom went out.
When her father would
ask her why, she would reply, "They're all so young,
Papa." She knew that
one day she would marry a lawyer like her father.
On Jennifer's sixteenth birthday, her mother left town
with the
eighteen-year-old son of their next-door neighbor, and
Jennifer's father
quietly died. It took seven years for his heart to stop
beating, but he was
dead from the moment he heard the news about his wife.
The whole town knew
and was sympathetic, and that, of course, made it worse,
for Abner Parker
was a proud man. That was when he began to drink.
Jennifer

did everything she could to comfort him but it was no
use, and nothing was
ever the same again.
The next year, when it came time to go to college,
Jennifer wanted to stay
home with her father, but he would not hear of it.
"We're going into partnership, Jermie," he told her.
"You hurry up and get
that law degree."

When she was graduated she enrolled at the University of
Washington in
Seattle to study law. During the first year of school,
while Jennifer's
classmates were flailing about in an impenetrable swamp
of contracts,
torts, property, civil procedure and criminal law,
Jennifer felt as though
she had come home. She moved into the university
dormitory and got a job
at

the Law Library.
Jennifer loved Seattle. On Sundays, she and an Indian student named Ammini
Williams and a big, rawboned Irish girl named Josephine Collins would go
rowing on Green Lake in the heart of the city, or attend the Gold Cup races
on Lake Washington and watch the brightly colored hydroplanes flashing by.
There were great jazz clubs in Seattle, and Jennifer's favorite was Peter's
Poop Deck, where they had crates with slabs of wood on top instead of
tables.
Afternoons, Jennifer, Ammini and Josephine would meet at The Hasty Tasty,
a hangout where they had the best cottagefried potatoes in the world.
There were two boys who pursued Jennifer: a young, attractive medical
student named Noah Larkin and a law student named Ben Munro; and from time
to time Jennifer would go out on dates with them, but she was far too busy
to think about a serious romance.

The seasons were crisp and wet and windy and it seemed to rain all the
time. Jennifer wore a green-and-blue-plaid lum-

ber jacket that caught the raindrops in its shaggy wool and made her eyes
flash like emeralds. She walked through the rain, lost in her own secret
thoughts, never knowing that all those she passed would file away the
memory.
In spring the girls blossomed out in their bright cotton dresses. There
were six fraternities in a row at the university, and the fraternity
brothers would gather on the lawn and watch the girls go by, but there was

something about Jennifer that made them feel
unexpectedly shy. There was
a
special quality about her that was difficult for them to
define, a feeling
that she had already attained something for which they
were still
searching.
Every summer Jennifer went home to visit her father. He
had changed so
much. He was never drunk, but neither was he ever sober.
He had retreated
into an emotional fortress where nothing could touch him
again.
He died when Jennifer was in her last term at law
school. The town
remembered, and there were almost a hundred people at
Abner Parker's
funeral, people he had helped and advised and befriended
over the years.
Jennifer did her grieving in private. She had lost more
than a father. She
had lost a teacher and a mentor.

After the funeral Jennifer returned to Seattle to finish
school Her father
had left 'her less than a thousand dollars and she had
to make a derision
about what to do with her life. She knew that she could
not return to Kelso
to practice law, for there she would always be the
little girl whose mother
had run off with a teen-ager.
Because of her high scholastic average, Jennifer had
interviews with a
dozen top law firms around the country, and received
several offers.
Warren Oakes, her criminal law professor, told her:
"That's a real tribute,
young lady. It's very difficult for a woman to get into
a good law firm."

Jennifer's dilemma was that she no longer had a home or

roots. She was not
certain where she wanted to live.
Shortly before graduation Jenniferþs problem was solved for her. Professor
Oakes asked her to see him after class.
"I have a letter from the District Attorney's office in Manhattan, asking
me to recommend my brightest graduate for his staff. Interested?"
New York. "Yes, sir." Jennifer was so stunned that the answer just popped
out.
She flew to New York to take the bar examination, and returned to Kelso to
close her father's law office. It was a bittersweet experience, filled with
memories of the past and it seemed to Jennifer that she had grown up in
that office.
She got a job as an assistant in the law library of the university to tide
her over until she heard whether she had passed the New York bar
examination.
"It's one of the toughest in the country," Professor Oakes warned her.
But Jennifer knew.
She received her notice that she had passed and an offer from the New York
District Attorney's office on the same day.
One week later, Jennifer was on her way east.

She found a tiny apartment (Spc W/ U f pl gd loc nds sm wk,
the ad said) on lower Third Avenue, with a fake fireplace in
a steep fourth-floor walk-up. The exercise will do me good,
Jennifer told herself. There were no mountains to climb in
Manhattan, no rapids to ride. The apartment consisted of a
small living room with a couch that turned into a lumpy bed,

and a tiny bathroom with a window that someone long ago
had painted over with black paint, sealing it shut. The
furni
ture looked like something that could have been donated
by
the Salvation Army. Oh, well, 1 won't be living in this
place
long. Jennifer thought. This is just temporary until 1
prove
myself as a lawyer.

That had been the dream. The reality was that she had
been in New York less
than seventy-two hours, had been thrown off the District
Attorney's staff
and was facing disbarment.

Jennifer quit reading newspapers and magazines and
stopped watching
television, because wherever she turned she saw herself.
She felt that
people were staring at her on the street, on the bus,
and at the market.
She began to hide out in her tiny apartment, refusing to
answer the
telephone or the doorbell. She thought about packing her
suitcases and
returning to Washington. She thought about getting a job
in some other
field. She thought about suicide. She spent long hours
composing letters
to
District Attorney Robert Di Silva. Half the letters were
scathing
indictments of his insensitivity and lack of
understanding. The other half
were abject apologies, with a plea for him to give her
another chance. None
of the letters was ever sent.
For the first time in her life Jennifer was overwhelmed
with a sense of
desperation. She had no friends in New York, no one to
talk to. She stayed

locked in her apartment all day, and late at night she would slip out to
walk the deserted streets of the city. The derelicts who peopled the night
never accosted her. Perhaps they saw their own loneliness and despair mir-
rored in her eyes.
Over and over, as she walked, Jennifer would envision the courtroom scene
in her mind, always changing the ending.
A man detached himself from the group around Di Silva and hurried toward
her. He was carrying a manila envelope.
Miss Parker?
Yes.
The Chief wants you to give this to Stela.
Jennifer looked at him coolly. Let me see your identification, please.
The man panicked and ran.
SIDNEY SHELDON 39

A man detached himself from the group around Di Silva and hurried toward
her.' He was carrying a manila envelope.
Miss Parker?
Yes.
The Chief wants you to give this to Stela. He thrust the envelope into her
hands.
Jennifer opened the envelope and saw the dead canary inside. I'm placing
you under arrest.

A man detached himself from the group around Di Silva and hurried toward
her. He was carrying a manila envelope. He walked past her to another young
assistant district attorney and handed him the envelope. The Chief wants
you to give this to Stela.

She could rewrite the scene as many times as she liked, but nothing was
changed. One foolish mistake had destroyed her. And

yet-who said she was
destroyed? The press? Di Silva? She had not heard another word about her
disbarment, and until she did she was still an attorney. There are law
firms that made me offers, Jennifer told herself.
Filled with a new sense of resolve, Jennifer pulled out the list of the
firms she had talked to and began to make a series of telephone calls. None
of the men she asked to speak to was in, and not one of her calls was
returned. It took her four days to realize that she was the pariah of the
legal profession. The furor over the case had died down, but everyone still
remembered.
Jennifer kept telephoning prospective employers, going from despair to
indignation to frustration and back to despair again. She wondered what she
was going to do with the rest of her life, and each time it came back to
the same thing: All she wanted to do, the one thing she really cared about,
was to practice law. She was a lawyer and, by God, until they

stopped her she was going to find a way to practice her profession. '
She began to make the rounds of Manhattan law offices. She would walk in
unannounced, give her name to the receptionist and ask to see the head of
personnel. Occasionally she was granted an interview, but when she was,
Jennifer had the feeling it was .out of curiosity. She was a freak and they
wanted to see what she looked like in person. Most of the time she was
simply informed there were no openings.

At the end of six weeks, Jennifer's money was running

out. She would have
moved to a cheaper -apartment, but there were no cheaper apartments. She
began to skip breakfast and lunch, and to have dinner at one of the little
corner dinettes where the food was bad but the prices were good. She
discovered the Steak & Brew and Roast-and-Brew, where for a modest sum she
was able to get a main course, all the salad she could eat, and all the
beer she could drink. Jennifer hated beer, but it was filling.
When Jennifer had gone through her list of large law firms, she armed
herself with a list of smaller firms and began to call on them, but her
reputation had preceded her even there. She received a lot of propositions
from interested males, but no job offers. She was beginning to get
desperate. All right, she thought defiantly, if no one wants to hire me,
I'll open my own law once. The catch was that that took money. Ten thousand
dollars, at least. She would need enough for rent, telephone, a secretary,
law books, a desk and chairs, stationery . . . she could not even afford
the stamps.
Jennifer had counted on her salary from the District Attorney's office but
that, of course, was gone forever. She could forget about severance pay.
She had not been severed; she had been beheaded. No, there was no way she
could afford to open her own office, no matter how small. The answer was
to
find someone with whom to share offices.

Jennifer bought a copy of The New York Times and began to search through

the want ads. It was not until she was near the bottom of the page that she came across a small advertisement that read:

Wanted./Prof man sh sm o$ w/2
oth/prof men. Rs rent.

The last two words appealed to Jennifer enormously. She was not a professional man, but her sex should not matter. She tore out the ad and took the subway down to the address listed.

It was a dilapidated old building on lower Broadway. The office was on the tenth floor and the flaking sign on the door read:

KENNETH BAILEY
ACE INVEST GA IONS
Beneath it:
ROCKEFELLER C LLBCTION AG NCY

Jennifer took a deep breath, opened the door and walked in. She was standing in the middle of a small, windowless office. There were three scarred desks and chairs crowded into the room, two of them occupied.

Seated at one of the desks was a bald, shabbily dressed, middle-aged man working on some papers. Against the opposite wall at another desk was a man in his early thirties. He had brick-red hair and bright blue eyes. His skin was pale and freckled. He was dressed in tight-fitting jeans, a tee shirt, and white canvas shoes without socks. He was talking into the telephone.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Desser, I have two of my best operatives working on your case. We should have news of your husband any day now. rm afraid I'll have to ask you for a little more expense money . . . No, don't bother mailing it. The mails are terrible, rll be in your neighborhood this afternoon. rll stop by and pick it up."

He replaced the receiver and looked up and saw Jennifer. He rose to his feet, smiled and held out a strong, firm hand. "I'm Kenneth Bailey. And what can I do for you this morning?..

Jennifer looked .around the small, airless room and said uncertainly, "I-I came about your ad."

"Oh." There was surprise in his blue eyes.

The bald-headed man was staring at Jennifer.

Kenneth Bailey said, "This is Otto Wenzel. He's the Rockefeller Collection Agency."

Jennifer nodded. "Hello." She turned back to Kenneth Bailey. "And you're Ace Investigations?"

"That's right. What's your scam?"

"My-?" Then, realizing, "I'm an attorney."

Kenneth Bailey studied her skeptically. "And you want to set up an office here?"

Jennifer looked around the dreary office again and visualized herself at the empty desk, between these two men.

"Perhaps I'll look a little further," she said. "I'm not sure-"

"Your rent would only be ninety dollars a month."

"I could buy this building for ninety dollars a month," Jennifer replied.

She turned to leave.

"Hey, wait a minute."

Jennifer paused.

Kenneth Bailey ran a hand over his pale chin. "Pll make a deal with you. Sixty. When your business gets rolling we'll talk about an increase."

It was a bargain. Jennifer knew that she could never find any space elsewhere for that amount. On the other hand, there was no way she could ever attract clients to this hellhole. There was one

other thing she had
to
consider. She did not have the sixty dollars.
"I'll take it," Jennifer said.

"You won't be sorry," Kenneth Bailey promised. "When do you want to move
your things in?"
"They're in."

Kenneth Bailey painted the sign on the door himself. It read:

JENNIFER PARKER

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Jennifer studied the sign with mixed feelings. In her deepest depressions
it had never occurred to her that she would have her name under that of a
private investigator and a bill collector. Yet, as she looked at the
faintly crooked sign, she could not help feeling a sense of pride. She was
an attorney. The sign on the door proved it.

Now that Jennifer had office space, the only thing she lacked was clients.
Jennifer could no longer afford even the Steak & Brew. She made herself a
breakfast of toast and coffee on the hot plate she had set up over the
radiator in her tiny bathroom. She ate no lunch and had dinner at Chock
Full O'Nuts or Zum Zum, where they served large pieces of worst, slabs of
bread and hot potato salad.
She arrived at her desk promptly at nine o'clock every morning, but there
was nothing for her to do except listen to Ken Bailey and Otto Wenzel
talking on the telephone.

Ken Bailey's cases seemed to consist mostly of finding runaway spouses and
children, and at first Jennifer was convinced that he was a con man, making
extravagant promises and collecting large advances. But Jennifer quickly
learned that Ken Bailey worked hard and delivered often. He was bright and
he was clever.

Otto Wenzel was an enigma. His telephone rang constantly. He would pick it
up, mutter a few words into it, write something on a piece of paper and
disappear for a few hours.
"Oscar does repo's," Ken Bailey explained to Jennifer one day.
"Repo's?"
"Yeah. Collection companies use him to get back automobiles, television
sets, washing machines-,-you name it." He looked at Jennifer curiously.
"You got any clients?"
"I have some things coming up," Jennifer said evasively.
He nodded. "Don't let it get you down. Anyone can make a mistake."
Jennifer felt herself flushing. So he knew about her.
Ken Bailey was unwrapping a large, thick roast-beef sandwich. "Like some?"
It looked delicious. "No, thanks," Jennifer said firmly. "I never eat
lunch."
"Okay."
She watched him bite into the juicy sandwich. He saw her expression and
said, "You sure you-?"
"No, thank you. I-I have an appointment."
Ken Bailey watched Jennifer walk out of the office and his face was
thoughtful. He prided himself on his ability to read character, but
Jennifer Parker puzzled him..From the television and

newspaper accounts he
had been sure someone had paid this girl to destroy the case against
Michael Moretti. After meeting Jennifer, Ken was less certain. He had been
married once and had gone through hell, and he held women in low esteem.
But something told him that this one was special. She was beautiful, bright
and very proud. Jesus! be said to himself. Don't be a fool! One murder on
your conscience is enough.

Emma Lazarus was a sentimental idiot, Jennifer thought.

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free
. . . Send these, the homeless, tempesttossed, to me." Indeed! Anyone
manufacturing welcome mats in New York would have gone out of business in
an
hour. In New York no one cared whether you lived or died. Stop feeling sorry
for yourself! Jennifer told herself. But it was difficult. Her resources had
dwindled to eighteen dollars, the rent on her apartment was overdue, and her
share of the office rent was due in two days. She did not have enough money
to stay in New York any longer, and she did not have enough money to leave.
Jennifer had gone through the Yellow Pages, calling law offices
alphabetically, trying to get a job. She made the calls from telephone
booths because she was too embarrassed to let Ken Bailey and Otto Wenzel
hear her conversations. The results were always the same. No one was
interested in hiring her. She would have to return to Kelso and get a job
as a legal aide or as a secretary to one of her father's

friends. How he
would have hated that! It was a bitter defeat, but there were no choices
left. She would be returning home a failure. The immediate problem facing
her was transportation. She looked through the afternoon New York Post and
found an ad for someone to share driving expenses to Seattle. There was a
telephone number and Jennifer called it. There was no answer. She decided
she would try again in the morning.

The following day, Jennifer went to her office for the last time. Otto
Wenzel was out, but Ken Bailey was there, on the telephone, as usual. He
was wearing blue jeans and a veaneck cashmere sweater.
"I found your wife," he was saying. "The only problem, pal, is that she
doesn't want to go home . . . . I know. Who can figure women out? . . .
Okay. I'll tell you where she's staying and you can try to sweet-talk her
into coming back."

He gave the address of a midtown hotel. "My pleasure." He hung up and swung
around to face Jennifer. "You're late this morning."
"Mr. Bailey, I-rm afraid I'm going to have to be leaving. I'll send you the
rent money I owe you as soon as I'm able to."
Ken Bailey leaned back in his chair and studied her. His look made Jennifer
uncomfortable.
"Will that be all right?" she asked.
"Going back to Washington?"
Jennifer nodded.
Ken Bailey said, "Before you leave, would you do me a little favor? A
lawyer friend's been bugging me to serve some subpoenas for him, and I
haven't got time. He pays twelvefifty for each subpoena

plus mileage. Would
you help me out?"

One hour later Jennifer Parker found herself in the plush law offices of
Peabody & Peabody. This was the kind of firm she had visualized working in
one day, a full partner with a beautiful corner suite. She was escorted to
a small back room where a harassed secretary handed her a stack of
subpoenas.
"Here. Be sure to keep a record of your mileage. You do have a car, don't
you?"

"No, I'm afraid I-:"
"Well, if you use the subway, keep track of the fares:"
.411ight þ
Jennifer spent the rest of the day delivering subpoenas in the Bronx,
Brooklyn and Queens in a downpour. By eight o'clock that evening, she had
made fifty dollars. She arrived back at her tiny apartment chilled and
exhausted. But at least she had earned some money, her first since coming
to New York. And the secretary had told her there were plenty more
subpoenas to serve. It was hard work, running all over town,

and it was humiliating. She had had doors slammed in her face, had been
cursed at, threatened, and propositioned twice. The prospect of facing
another day like that was dismaying; and yet, as long as she could remain
in
New York there was hope, no matter how faint.
Jennifer ran a hot bath and stepped into it, slowly sinking down into the
tub, feeling the luxury of the water lapping over her

body. She had not
realized how exhausted she was. Every muscle seemed to ache. She decided
that what she needed was a good dinner to cheer her up. She would splurge.
I'll treat myself to a real restaurant with tablecloths and napkins,
Jennifer thought. Perhaps they'll have soft music and I'll have a glass of
white wine and-
Jennifer's thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. It was
an alien sound. She had not had a single visitor since she had moved in two
months earlier. It could only be the surly landlady about the overdue rent.
Jennifer lay still, hoping she would go away, too weary to move.
The doorbell rang again. Reluctantly, Jennifer dragged herself from the
warm tub. She slipped on a terry-cloth robe and went to the door.
"Who is it?"
A masculine voice on the other side of the door said, "Miss Jennifer
Parker?"

"Yes." "My name is Adam Warner. I'm an attorney."

Puzzled, Jennifer put the chain on the door and opened it a crack. The man
standing in the hall was in his middle thirties, tall and blond and
broad-shouldered, with gray-blue inquisitive eyes behind horn-rimmed
glasses. He was dressed in a tailored suit that must have cost a fortune.
"May I come in?" he asked.
Muggers did not wear tailored suits, Gucci shoes and silk ties. Nor did
they have long, sensitive hands with carefully manicured nails.

"Just a moment."
Jennifer unfastened the chain and opened the door. As
Adam Warner walked
in, Jennifer glanced around the oneroom apartment,
seeing it through his
eyes, and winced. He looked like a man who was used to
better things.
"What can I do for you, Mr. Warner?"
Even as she spoke, Jennifer suddenly knew why he was
there, and she was
filled with a quick sense of excitement. It was about
one of the jobs she
had applied for! She wished that she had on a nice, dark
blue tailored
robe, that her hair was combed, that
Adam Warner said, ,rm a member of the Disciplinary
Committee of the New
York Bar Association, Miss Parker. District Attorney
Robert Di Silva and
Judge Lawrence Waldman have requested the Appellate
Division to begin
disbarment proceedings against you."
4

The law offices of Needham, Finch, Pierce and Warner
were located at 30
Wall Street, occupying the entire top floor of the
building. There were a
hundred and twenty-five lawyers in the firm. The offices
smelled of old
money and were done in the quiet elegance befitting an
organization that
represented some of the biggest names in industry.
Adam Warner and Stewart Needham were having their ritual
morning tea.
Stewart Needham was a dapper, trim man in his late
sixties. He had a neat
Vandyke beard and wore a tweed suit and vest. He looked
as though he
belonged to an older era, but as hundreds of opponents
had learned to their
sorrow through the years, Stewart Needham's mind
belonged very much to the
twentieth century. He was a titan, but his name was

known only in the
circles where it mattered. He preferred to remain in the background and use
his considerable influence to affect the outcome of legislation, high
government appointments and national politics. He was a New Englander, born
and reared taciturn.

Adam Warner was married to Needham's niece Mary Beth, and was Needhams
prot6g6. Adam's father had been a respected senator. Adam himself was a
brilliant lawyer. When he had been graduated magna cum laude from Harvard
Law School, he had had offers from prestigious law firms all over the
country. He chose Needham, Finch and Pierce, and seven years later became
a partner. Adam was physically attractive and charming, and his
intelligence seemed to add an extra dimension to him. He had an easy
sureness about himself that women found challenging. Adam had long since
developed a system for dissuading overamorous female clients. He had been
married to Mary Beth for fourteen years and did not approve of extramarital
affairs.
"More tea, Adam?" Stewart Needham asked.
"No, thanks." Adam Warner hated tea, and he had been drinking it every
morning for the last eight years only because he did not want to hurt his
partner's feelings. It was a brew that Needham concocted himself and it was
dreadful.
Stewart Needham had two things on his mind and, typically, he began with
the pleasant news. "I had a meeting with a few friends

last night," Needham
said. A few friends would be a group of the top power brokers in the
country. "They're considering asking you to run for United States senator,
Adam: '
Adam felt a sense of elation. Knowing Stewart Needhams cautious nature,
Adam was certain that the conversation had been more than casual or Needham
would not have brought it up now.
"The big question, of course, is whether you're interested. It would mean
a lot of changes in your life."
Adam Warner was aware of that. If he won the election, it would mean moving
to Washington, D.C., giving up his law practice, starting a whole new life.
He was sure that Mary Beth would enjoy it; Adam was not so sure about
himself. And yet, he had been reared to assume responsibility. Also,

he had to admit to himself that there was a pleasure in power.
"I'd be very interested, Stewart."
Stewart Needham nodded with satisfaction. "Good. They'll be pleased." He
poured himself another cup of the dreadful brew and casually broached the
other subject that was on his mind. "There's a little job the Disciplinary
Committee of the Bar Association would like you to handle, Adam. Shouldn't
take you more than an hour or two."
"What is it?"
"It's the Michael Moretti trial. Apparently, someone got to one of Bobby
Di
Silva's young assistants and paid her off."
"I read about it. The canary."
"Right. Judge Waldman and Bobby would like her name removed from the roster

of our honorable profession. So would I. It reeks."
"What do they want me to do?"
"Just make a quick check, verify that this Parker girl behaved illegally or unethically, and then recommend disbarment proceedings. She'll be served with a notice to show cause and they'll handle the rest of it. It's just routine."
Adam was puzzled by something. "Why me, Stewart? We have a couple of dozen young lawyers around here who could handle this."
"Our revered District Attorney specifically asked for you. He wants to make sure nothing goes wrong. As we're both aware," he added dryly, "Bobby's not the most forgiving man in the world. He wants the Parker woman's hide nailed up on his wall."
Adam Warner sat there, thinking about his busy schedule.
"You never know when we might need a favor from the D.A.'s office, Adam. Quid pro quo. It's all cut and dried"
"All right, Stewart." Adam rose to his feet.
"Sure you won't have some more tea?"
"No, thanks. It was as good as always."
x . .

When Adam Warner returned to his office he rang for one of his paralegal assistants, Lucinda, a bright, young Black woman.
"Cindy, get me all the information you can on an attorney named Jennifer Parker."
She grinned and said, "The yellow canary."
Everybody knew about her.

Late that afternoon Adam Warner was studying the transcript of the court proceedings in the case of The People of New York v. Michael Moretti.

Robert Di Silva had had it delivered by special messenger. It was long past midnight when Adam finished. He had asked Mary Beth to attend a dinner party without him, and had sent out for sandwiches. When Adam was through reading the transcript, there was no doubt in his mind that Michael Moretti would have been found guilty by the jury if fate had not intervened in the form of Jennifer Parker. Di Silva had prosecuted the case flawlessly.

Adam turned to the transcript of the deposition that had been taken in Judge Waldman's chambers afterward.

DI SILVA: You are a college graduate?
PARKER: Yes, sir.
DI SILVA' And a law school graduate?
PARKER: Yes, sir.
DI SILVA: And a stranger hands you a package, tells you to deliver it to a key witness in a murder trial and you just do it? Wouldn't you say that went beyond the bounds of stupidity?
PARKER: It didn't happen that way.
DI SILVA: You said it did.
PARKER: What 1 mean is, l didn't think he was a stranger. 1 thought he was on your staff.
DI SILVA: What made you think that?

PARKER: I've told you. I saw him talking to you and then he came over to me with this envelope and he called me by name, arid he said you wanted me to deliver it to the witness. It all happened so fast that-
DI SILVA: 1 don't think it happened that fast. I think it took time to set ft

up. It took time to arrange for someone to pay you off to deliver it.
PARKER: That's not true. l-
DI SILVA: What's not true? That you didn't know you were delivering the
envelope?
PARKER: I didn't know what was in it.
DI SILVA: So it's true that someone paid you.
PARKER: I'm not going to let you twist my words around. No one paid me
anything.
DI SILVA: You did it as a favor?
PARKER: No. I thought I was acting on your instructions.
DI SILVA: You said the man called you by name.

PARKER: YES.
DI SILVA: How did he know your name?
PARKER: I don't know.
DI SILVA: Oh, come on. You must have some idea. Maybe it was a lucky guess.
Maybe he just looked around that courtroom and said, There's someone who
looks like her name could be Jennifer Parker. Do you think that was it?
PARKER: I've told you. I don't know.
DI SILVA: How long have you and Michael Moretti been sweethearts?
PARKER: Mr. Di Silva, we've gone all over this. You've been questioning me
now
for eve hours. I'm tired. 1 have nothing more to add. May 1 be excused?
DI SILVA: If you move out of that chair I'll have you placed under arrest.
You're in big trouble, Miss Parker. There's only one way you're going to get
out

of it. Stop lying and start telling the truth.
PARKER: I've told you the truth. I've told you everything 1 know.
DI SILVA: Except the name of the man who handed you the envelope. 1 want his

name and I want to know how much he paid you.

There were thirty more pages of transcript. Robert Di Silva had done everything but beat Jennifer Parker with a rubber hose. She had stuck to her story.
Adam closed the transcript and wearily rubbed his eyes. It Was two A.M.
Tomorrow he would dispose of the Jennifer Parker matter.

To Adam Warner's surprise, the Jennifer Parker case would not be disposed of so easily. Because Adam was a methodical man he ran a check on Jennifer Parker's background. As far as he could determine, she had no crime connections, nor was there anything to link her with Michael Moretti.
There was something about the case that disturbed Adam. Jennifer Parker's defense was too flimsy. If she were working for Moretti, he would have protected her with a reasonably plausible story. As it was, her story was so transparently naive that it had a ring of truth about it.
At noon Adam received a call from the District Attorney. "How goes it, Adam?"
"Fine, Robert."
"I understand you're handling the hatchet-man job on the Jennifer Parker matter."
Adam Warner winced at the phrase. "I've agreed to make a recommendation, yes."
"I'm going to put her away for a long time." Adam was taken aback by the hatred in the District Attorney's voice.
"Easy, Robert. She's not disbarred yet."
Di Silva chuckled. "I'll leave that to you, my friend." His

tone changed. "I hear on the grapevine that you may be moving to Washington
soon. I want you to know that you can count on my full support."
Which was considerable, Adam Warner knew. The District Attorney had been
around a long rime. He knew where the bodies were buried and he knew how
to
squeeze the most out of that information.
"Thanks, Robert. I appreciate that."
"My pleasure, Adam. I'll wait to hear from you."
Meaning Jennifer Parker. The quid pro quo Stewart Needham had mentioned,
with the girl used as a pawn. Adam Warner thought about Robert Di Silva's
words: I'm going to put her away for a long time. From reading *the
transcript, Adam judged that there was no real evidence against Jennifer
Parker. Unless she confessed, or unless someone came forward with
information that proved criminal complicity, Di Silva would not be able to
touch the girl. He was counting on Adam to give him his vengeance.
The cold, harsh words of the transcript were clear-cut, and yet Adam wished
he could have heard the tone of Jennifer Parker's voice when she denied her
guilt.
There were pressing matters claiming Adam's attention, important cases
involving major clients. It would have been easy to go ahead and carry out
the wishes of Stewart Needham, Judge Lawrence Waldman and Robert Di Silva,
but some instinct made Adam Warner hesitate. He picked up Jennifer Parker's
file again, scribbled some notes and began to make some long-distance
telephone calls.
Adam had been given a responsibility and he intended to

carry it through
to
the best of his ability. He was all too familiar with
the long,
back-breaking hours of study and hard work it took to
become an attorney
and to pass the bar. It was a prize that took years to
attain, and he was
not about to deprive someone of it unless he was cerain
there was
justification.
The following morning Adam Warner was on a plane to

Seattle, Washington. He had meetings with Jennifer
Parker's law professors,
with the head of a law firm where she had clerked for two
summers, and with
some of Jennifer's former classmates.
Stewart Needham telephoned Adam in Seattle. "What are
you doing up there,
Adam? You've got a big case load waiting for you back
here. That Parker
thing should have been a snap."
"A few questions have arisen," Adam said carefully. "TIl
be back in a day
or so, Stewart."
There was a pause. "I see. Let's not waste any more time
on her than we
have to."

By the time Adam Warner left Seattle, he felt he knew
Jennifer Parker
almost as well as she knew herself. He had built up a
portrait of her in
his mind, a mental identikit, with pieces filled in by
her law professors,
her landlady, members of the law firm where she had
served as a clerk, and
classmates. The picture that Adam had acquired bore no
resemblance to the
picture Robert Di Silva had given him. Unless Jennifer
Parker was the most
consummate actress who ever lived, there was no way she

could have been
involved in a plot to free a man like Michael Moretti.

Now, almost two weeks after he had had that morning conversation with
Stewart Needham, Adam Warner found himself facing the girl whose past he
had been exploring. Adam had seen newspaper pictures of Jennifer, but they
had not prepared him for the impact she made in person. Even in an old
robe, without makeup, and her dark brown hair bath-damp, she was
breathtaking. .
Adam said, `Tve been assigned to investigate your part in the Michael
Moretti trial, Miss Parker."
"Have you now!" Jennifer could feel an anger rising in her. It started as
a spark and became a flame that exploded inside

her. They still were not through with her. They were going to make her pay
for the rest of her life. Well, she had had enough.
When Jennifer spoke, her voice was trembling. "I have
nothing to say to you! You go back and tell them whatever you
please. I did something stupid, but as far as I know, there's no
law against stupidity. The District Attorney thinks someone
paid me off." She waved a scornful hand in the air. "H I had
any money, do you think I'd be living in a place like this?" Her
voice was beginning to choke up. "I -I don't care what you
do. All I want is to be left alone. Now please go away!"
Jennifer turned and fled into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.
She stood against the sink, taking deep breaths, wiping the tears from her
eyes. She knew she had behaved stupidly. That's twice,

she thought wryly.
She should have handled Adam Warner differently. She should have tried to
explain, instead of attacking him. Maybe then she would not be disbarred.
But she knew that was wishful thinking. Sending someone to question her was
a charade. The next step would be to serve her with an order to show cause,
and the formal machinery would be set in motion. There would be a trial
panel of three attorneys who would make their recommendation to the Disci-
plinary Board which would make its report to the Board of Governors. The
recommendation was a foregone conclusion: disbarment. She would be
forbidden to practice law in the state of New York. Jennifer thought
bitterly, There's one bright side to this. I can get into the Guinness Book
of Records for the shortest law career in history.
She stepped into the bath again and lay back, letting the still-warm water
lap at her, soothing away her tension. At this moment she was too tired to
care what happened to her. She closed her eyes and let her mind drift. She
was half asleep when the chill of the water awakened her. She had no idea
how long she had lain in the tub. Reluctantly she stepped out and began
toweling herself dry. She was no longer hungry. The

scene with Adam Warner had taken her appetite away.
Jennifer combed her hair and creamed her face and decided she would go to
bed without dinner. In the morning she would telephone about the ride to
Seattle. She opened the bathroom door and walked into the living room.
Adam Warner was seated in a chair, leafing through a magazine. He looked

up
as Jennifer came into the room, naked.
"I'm sorry," Adam said. "I='
Jennifer gave a small cry of alarm and fled to the bathroom, where she put
on her robe. When she stepped out to confront Adam again, Jennifer was
furious.
"The inquisition is over. I asked you to leave."
Adam put the magazine down and said quietly, "Miss Parker, do you think we
could discuss this calmly for a moment?"
"No!" All the old rage boiled up in Jennifer again. "I have nothing more
to
say to you or your damned disciplinary committee. I'm tired of being
treated like-like I'm some kind of criminal!"
"Have I said you were a criminal?" Adam asked quietly.
"You isn't that why you're here?"
"I told you why I'm here. I'm empowered to investigate and recommend for
or
against disbarment proceedings. I want to get your side of the story."
"I see. And how do I buy you off?"
Adam's face tightened. "I'm sorry, Miss Parker:" He rose to his-feet and
started for the door.
"Just a minute!" Adam turned. "Forgive me," she said. "I-everybody seems
to
be the enemy. I apologize."
"Your apology is accepted."
Jennifer was suddenly aware of the flimsy robe she was wearing. "If you
still want to ask me questions, I'll put some clothes on and we can talk."
"Fair enough. Have you had dinner?"
She hesitated. "I~"

"I know a little French restaurant that's just perfect for inquisitions."

It was a quiet, charming bistro on 56th Street on the East Side.
"Not too many people know about this place," Adam Warner said when they had been seated. "It's owned by a young French couple who used to work at Les Pyr6n6es. The food is excellent."
Jennifer had to take Adam's word for it. She was incapable of tasting anything. She had not eaten all day, but she was so nervous that she was unable to force any food down her throat. She tried to relax, but it was impossible. No matter how much he pretended, the charming man seated opposite her was the enemy. And he was charming, Jennifer had to admit. He was amusing and attractive, and under other circumstances Jennifer would have enjoyed the evening enormously; but these were not other circumstances. Her whole future was in the hands of this stranger. The next hour or two would determine in which direction the rest of her life would move.
Adam was going out of his way to try to relax her. He had recently returned from a trip to Japan where he had met with top government officials. A special banquet had been prepared in his honor.
"Have you ever eaten chocolate-covered ants?" Adam asked.
"No."

He grinned. "They're better than the chocolate-covered grasshoppers."
He talked about a hunting trip he had taken the year before in Alaska, where he had been attacked by a bear. He talked about everything but why they were there.
Jennifer had been steeling herself for the moment when

Adam would begin to interrogate her, yet when he finally brought up the
subject, her whole body went rigid.
He had finished dessert and he said quietly, "I'm going to ask you some
questions, and I don't want you to get upset. Okay?"
There was a sudden lump in Jennifer's throat. She was not sure she would
be
able to speak. She nodded.
"I want you to tell me exactly what happened in the courtroom that day.
Everything you remember, everything you felt. Take your time."
Jennifer had been prepared to defy him, to tell him to do whatever he
pleased about her. But somehow, sitting across from Adam Warner, listening
to his quiet voice, Jennifer's resistance was gone. The whole experience
was still so vivid in her mind that it hurt just to think about it. She had
spent more than a month trying to forget it. Now he was asking her to go
through it again.
She took a deep, shaky breath and said, "All right."
Haltingly, Jennifer began to recount the events in the courtroom, gradually
speaking more rapidly as it all came to life again. Adam sat there quietly
listening, studying her, saying nothing.
When Jennifer had finished, Adam said, "The man who gave you the
envelope-was he in the District Attorney's office earlier that morning when
you were sworn in?"
"I've thought about that. I honestly don't remember. There were so many
people in the office that day and they were all strangers."
"Had you ever seen the man before, anywhere?"
Jennifer shook her head helplessly. "I can't recall. I

don't think so."
"You said you saw him talking to the District Attorney just before he
walked over to give you the envelope. Did you see the District Attorney
hand him the envelope?"
"I-no."

"Did you actually see this man talking to the District Attorney, or was he
just in the group around him?"
Jennifer closed her eyes for a second, trying to bring back
that moment. "I'm sorry. Everything was so confused. I -I just don't know."
"Do you have any idea how he could have known your name?"
"No."

"Or why he selected you?"
"That one's easy. He probably knew an idiot when he saw one." She shook her
head. "No. I'm sorry, Mr. Warner, I have no idea."
Adam said, "A lot of pressure is being brought to bear on this. District
Attorney Di Silva has been after Michael Moretti for a long time. Until you
came along, he had an airtight case. The D.A.'s not very happy with you."
"rm not very happy with me, either." Jennifer could not blame Adam Warner
for what he was about to do. He was just carrying out his job. They were
out to get her and they had succeeded. Adam Warner was not responsible; he
was merely the instrument they were using.
Jennifer felt a sudden, overwhelming urge to be alone. She did not want
anyone else to see her misery.
"rm sorry," she apologized. "I-I'm not feeling very well. I'd like to go
home, please."
Adam studied her a moment. "Would it make you feel any

better if I told you
rm going to recommend that disbarment proceedings
against you be dropped?"
It took several seconds for Adam's words to sink in.
Jennifer stared at
him, speechless, searching his face, looking into those
gray-blue eyes
behind the horn-rimmed glasses. "Dodo you really mean
that?"
"Being a lawyer is very important to you, isn't it?"
Adam asked
Jennifer thought of her father and his comfortable
little law

office, and of the conversations they used to have, and
the long years of
law school, and their hopes and dreams. We're going into
partnership. You
hurry up and get that law degree.
"Yes," Jennifer whispered.
"If you can get over a rough beginning, I have a feeling
you'll be a very
good one:"
Jennifer gave him a grateful smile. "Thank you. rm going
to try."
She said the words over again in her mind. I'm going to
try! It did not
matter that she shared a small and dingy office with a
seedy private
detective and a man who repossessed cars. It was a law
office. She was a
member of the legal profession, and they were going to
allow her to
practice law. She was filled with a feeling of
exultation. She looked
across at Adam and knew she would be forever grateful to
this man.
The waiter had begun to clear the dishes from the table.
Jennifer tried to
speak, but it came out a cross between a laugh and a
sob. "Mr. Warner-"
He said gravely, "After all we've been through together,
I think it should

be Adam."
"Adam-"
"Yes?"
"i hope it won't ruin our relationship, but-2' Jennifer moaned, "Pm starvedt"

5

The next few weeks raced by. Jennifer found herself busy from early morning until late at night, serving summonsescourt orders to appear to answer a legal action-and subpoenas--court orders to appear as a witness. She knew that her chances of getting into a large law firm were nonexistent, for after the fiasco she had been involved in, no one would dream of hiring her. She would just have to find some way to make a reputation for herself, to begin all over.
In the meantime, there was the pile of summonses and subpoenas on her desk from Peabody & Peabody. While it was not exactly practicing law, it was twelve-fifty and expenses.

Occasionally, when Jennifer worked late, Ken Bailey would take her out to dinner. On the surface he was a cynical man, but Jennifer felt that it was a facade. She sensed that he was lonely. He had been graduated from Brown University and was bright and well-read. She could not imagine why he was satisfied to spend his life working out of a dreary office, trying

to locate stray husbands and wives. It was as though he had resigned himself to being a failure and was afraid to try for success.

Once, when Jennifer brought up the subject of his marriage, he growled at
her, "It's none of your business," and Jennifer had never mentioned it
again.
Otto Wenzel was completely different. The short, potbellied little man was
happily married. He regarded Jennifer as a daughter and he constantly
brought her soups and cakes that his wife made. Unfortunately, his wife was
a terrible cook, but Jennifer forced herself to eat whatever Otto Wenzel
brought in, because she did not want to hurt his feelings. One Friday
evening Jennifer was invited to the Wenzel home for dinner. Mrs. Wenzel had
prepared stuffed cabbage, her specialty. The cabbage was soggy, the meat
inside was hard, and the rice halfcooked. The whole dish swam in a lake of
chicken fat. Jennifer attacked it bravely, taking small bites and pushing
the food around on her plate to make it seem as though she were eating.
"How do you like it?" Mrs. Wenzel beamed.
"It-it's one of my favorites."
From that time on, Jennifer had dinner at the Wenzel's every Friday night,
and Mrs. Wenzel always prepared Jennifer's favorite dish.

Early one morning, Jennifer received a telephone call from the personal
secretary of Mr. Peabody, 1r.
"Mr. Peabody would like to see you this morning at eleven o'clock. Be
prompt, please."
"Yes, maam."

In the past, Jennifer had only dealt with secretaries and law clerks in the
Peabody office. It was a large, prestigious firm, one that young lawyers

dreamed of being invited to join. On the way to keep her appointment,
Jennifer began to fantasize. If Mr. Peabody himself wanted to see her, it
had to be about

something important. He probably had seen the light and was going to offer
her a job as a lawyer with his firm, to give her a chance to show what she
could do. She was going to surprise all of them. Some day it might even be
Peabody, Peabody & Parker.
Jennifer killed thirty minutes in the corridor outside the office, and at
exactly eleven o'clock, she entered the reception room. She did not want
to
seem too eager. She was kept waiting for two hours, and was finally ushered
into the office of Mr. Peabody, Jr. He was a tall, thin man wearing a
vested suit and shoes that had been made for him in London.
He did not invite her to sit down. "Miss Potter-" He had an unpleasant,
high-pitched voice.
"Parker."
He picked up a piece of paper from his desk. "This is a summons. I would
like you to serve it."
At that instant, Jennifer sensed that she was not going to become a member
of the firm.
Mr. Peabody, Jr., handed Jennifer the summons and said, "Your fee will be
five hundred dollars."
Jennifer was sure she had misunderstood him. "Did you say five hundred
dollars?"
"That is correct. If you are successful, of course:"
"'There's a problem," Jennifer guessed.
"Well, yes," Mr. Peabody, Jr., admitted "We've been

trying to serve this
man for more than a year. His name is William Carlisle.
He lives on an
estate in Long bland and he never leaves his house. To
be quite truthful,
a dozen people have tried to serve him. He has a
bodyguard-butler who keeps
everyone away."
Jennifer said, "I don't see how I"
Mr. Peabody, Jr. leaned forward. "There's a great deal
of money at stake
here. But I can't get William Carlisle into court unless
I can serve him,
Miss Potter." Jennifer did not bother to correct him.
"Do you think you can
handle it?"

Jennifer thought about what she could do with five
hundred dollars. "I'll
find a vvay."

At two o'clock that afternoon, Jennifer was standing
outside the imposing
estate of William Carlisle. The house itself was
Georgian, set in the
middle of ten acres of beautiful, carefully tended
grounds. A curving
driveway led to the front of the house, which was framed
by graceful fir
trees. Jennifer had given a lot of thought to her
problem. Since it was
impossible to get into the house, the only solution was
to find a way to
get Mr: William Carlisle to come out.
Half a block down the street was a gardener's truck.
Jennifer studied the
truck a moment, then walked over to it, looking for the
gardeners. There
were three of them at work, and they were Japanese.
Jennifer walked up to the men. "Who's in charge here?"
One of them straightened up. "I am."
"I have a little job for you . . " Jennifer began.
"Sorry, miss. Too busy."

"This will only take five minutes."
"No. Impossible to-"
"I'll pay you one hundred dollars."
The three men stopped to look at her. The chief gardener said, "You pay us
one hundred dollars for five minutes' work?"
"That's right."
"What we have to do . . . ?"

Five minutes later, the gardener's truck pulled into the driveway of
William Carlisle's estate and Jennifer and the three gardeners got out.
Jennifer looked around, selected a beautiful tree next to the front door
and said to the gardeners, "Dig it up."
They took their spades from the truck and began to dig. Before a minute had
gone by, the front door burst open and an enormous man in a butler's
uniform came storming out.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"
"Long Island Nursery," Jennifer said crisply. "We're takin' out all these
trees."
The butler stared at her. "You're what?"
Jennifer held up a piece of paper. "I have an order here to dig up these
trees."
"That's impossible! Mr. Carlisle would have a fit!" He turned to the
gardeners. "You stop that!"
"Look, mister," Jennifer said, "I'm just Join' my job." She looked at the
gardeners. "Keep diggin', fellas:'
"No!" the butler shouted. "I'm telling you there's been a mistake! Mr.
Carlisle didn't order any trees dug up."
Jennifer shrugged and said, "My boss says he did."
"Where can I get in touch with your boss?"
Jennifer looked at her watch. "He's out on a job in Brooklyn. He should be

back in the office around six."
The butler glared at her, furious. "Just a minute! Don't do anything until
I return."
"Keep diggin'," Jennifer told the gardeners.
The butler turned and hurried into the house, slamming the door behind him.
A few moments later the door opened and the butler returned, accompanied
by
a tiny middle-aged man.
"Would you mind telling me what the devil is going on here?"
"What business is it of yours?" Jennifer demanded.
"rll tell you what business it is of mine," he snapped. "I'm William
Carlisle and this happens to be my property."
"In that case, Mr. Carlisle," Jennifer said, "I have something for you."
She reached in her pocket and put the summons in his hand. She turned to
the gardeners. "You can stop digging now."

Early the next morning Adam Warner telephoned. Jennifer recognized his
voice instantly.
"I thought you would like to know," Adam said, "that the

disbarment proceedings have been officially dropped. You have nothing more
to worry about."
Jennifer closed her eyes and said a silent prayer of thanks. "I-I can't
tell you how much I appreciate what you've done."
"Justice isn't always blind."
Adam did not mention the scene he had had with Stewart Needham and Robert
Di Silva. Needham had been disappointed, but philosophical.
The District Attorney had carried on like a raging bull. "You let that
bitch get away with this? Jesus Christ, she's Mafia,

Adam! Couldn't you see
that? She's conning youl"
And on and on, until Adam had tired of it.
"All the evidence against her was circumstantial,
Robert. She was in the
wrong place at the wrong time and she got mousetrapped.
That doesn't spell
Mafia to me."
Finally Robert Di Silva had said, "Okay, so she's still
_a
lawyer. I just hope to God she practices in New York,
because
the minute she sets foot in any of my courtrooms, I'm
going
to wipe her out: "
Now, talking to Jennifer, Adam said nothing of this.
Jennifer had made a
deadly enemy, but there was nothing that could be done
about it. Robert Di
Silva was a vindictive man, and Jennifer was a
vulnerable target. She was
bright and idealistic and achingly young and lovely.
Adam knew he must never see her again.

There were days and weeks and months when Jennifer was
ready to quit. The
sign on the door still read Jennifer Parker, Attorney at
Law, but it did
not deceive anyone, least of all Jennifer. She was not
practicing law: Her
days were spent running around in rain and sleet and
snow, delivering sub-
poenas and summons to people who hated her for it. Now
and then she
accepted a pro bono case, helping the elderly get food
stamps, solving
various legal problems of ghetto Blacks and

Puerto Ricans and other underprivileged people. But she
felt trapped.
The nights were worse than the days. They were endless,
for Jennifer had
insomnia and when she did sleep, her dreams were filled

with demons. It had begun the night her mother had deserted Jennifer and her father, and she had not been able to exorcise whatever it was that was causing her nightmares.

She was consumed by loneliness. She went out on occasional dates with young lawyers, but inevitably she found herself comparing them to Adam Warner, and they all fell short. There would be dinner and a movie or a play, followed by st struggle at her front door. Jennifer was never sure whether they expected her to go to bed with them because they had bought her dinner, or because they had had to climb up and down four steep flights of stairs. There were times when she was strongly tempted to say Yes, just to have someone with her for the night, someone to hold, someone to share herself with. But she needed more in her bed than a warm body that talked; she needed someone who cared, someone for whom she could care.

The most interesting men who propositioned Jennifer were all married, and she flatly refused to go out with any of them. She remembered a line from Billy Wilder's wonderful film The Apartment: "When you're in love with a married man you shouldn't wear mascara." Jennifer's mother had destroyed a marriage, had killed Jennifer's father. She could never forget that.

Christmas came and New Year's Eve, and Jennifer spent them alone. There had been a heavy snowfall and the city looked like a gigantic Christmas card. Jennifer walked the streets, watching pedestrians hurrying to the warmth

of
their homes and families, and she ached with a feeling of emptiness.

She missed her father terribly. She was glad when the holidays were over.
Nineteen seventy is going to be a better year, Jennifer told herself.
On Jennifer's worst days, Ken Bailey would cheer her up. He took her out
to
Madison Square Garden to watch the Rangers play, to a disco club and to an
occasional play or movie. Jennifer knew he was attracted to her, and yet
he
kept a barrier between them.

In March, Otto Wenzel decided to move to Florida with his wife.
"My bones are getting too old for these New York winters," he told
Jennifer.
"I'll miss you." Jennifer meant it. She had grown genuinely fond of him.
"Take care of Ken.",
Jennifer looked at him quizzically.
"He never told you, did he?"
"Told me what?"
He hesitated, then said, "Isis wife committed suicide. He blames himself."
Jennifer was shocked. "How terrible! Why-why did she do it?"
"She caught Ken in bed with a young blond man."
"Oh, my God!"
"She shot Ken and then turned the gun on herself. He lived. She didn't."
"How awful! I had no idea that . . . that---"
"I know. He smiles a lot; but he carries his own hell with

"Thanks for telling me"
When Jennifer returned to the office, Ken said, "So old

Otto's leaving us."
"Yes."

Ken Bailey grinned. "I guess it's you and me against the world."
"I guess so."
And in a way, Jennifer thought, it is true.

Jennifer looked at Ken with different eyes now. They had lunches and
dinners together, and Jennifer could detect no signs of homosexuality about
him but she knew that Otto Wenzel had told her the truth: Ken Bailey
carried his own private hell with him.

A few clients walked in off the street. They were usually poorly dressed,
bewildered and, in some instances, out-andout nut cases.
Prostitutes came in to ask Jennifer to handle their bail, and Jennifer was
amazed at how young and lovely some of them were. They became a small but
steady source of income. She could not find out who sent them to her. When
she mentioned it to Ken Bailey, he shrugged in a gesture of ignorance and
walked away.
Whenever a client came to see Jennifer, Ken Bailey would discreetly leave.
He was like a proud father, encouraging Jennifer to succeed.
Jennifer was offered several divorce cases and turned them down. She could
not forget what one of her law professors had once said: Divorce is to the
practice of law what proctor ogy is to the practice of medicine. Most
divorce lawyers had bad reputations. The maxim was that when x married
couple saw red, lawyers saw green. A high-priced divorce lawyer was known
as a bomber, for he would use legal high explosives to

win a case for a
client and, in the process, often destroyed the husband, the wife and the
children.
A few of the clients who came into Jennifer's office were different in a
way that puzzled her.

They were well dressed, with an air of affluence about them, and the cases
they brought to her were not the nickel-anddime cases Jennifer had been
accustomed to handling. There were estates to be settled that amounted to
substantial sums of money, and lawsuits that any large firm would have been
delighted to represent.
"Where did you hear about me?" Jennifer would ask.
The replies she got were always evasive. From a friend . . . I read about
you . . . your name was mentioned at a party . . . It was not until one of
her clients, in the course of explaining his problems, mentioned Adam
Warner that Jennifer suddenly understood.
"Mr. Warner sent you to me, didn't he?"
The client was embarrassed. "Well, as a matter of fact, he suggested it
might be better if I didn't mention his name."
Jennifer decided to telephone Adam. After ah, she did owe him a debt of
thanks. She would be polite, but formal. Naturally, she would not let him
get the impression that she was calling him for any reason other than to
express her appreciation. She rehearsed the conversation over and over in
her mind. When Jennifer finally got up enough nerve to telephone, a
secretary informed her that Mr. Warner was in Europe and was not expected
back for several weeks. It was an anticlimax that left Jennifer depressed.

She found herself thinking of Adam Warner more and more often. She kept
remembering the evening he had come to her apartment and how badly she had
behaved. He had been wonderful to put up with her childish behavior when
she had taken out her anger on him. Now, in addition to everything else he
had done for her, he was sending her clients.
Jennifer waited three weeks and then telephoned Adams again. This time he
was in South America.
"Is there any message?" his secretary asked.
Jennifer hesitated. "No message."

Jennifer tried to put Adam out of her mind, but it was impossible. She
wondered whether he was married or engaged. She wondered what it would be
like to be Mrs. Adam Warner. She wondered if she were insane.
From time to time Jennifer came across the name of Michael Moretti in the
newspapers or weekly magazines. There was an in-depth story in the New
Yorker magazine on Antonio Granelli and the eastern Mafia Families. Antonio
Granelli was reported to be in failing health and Michael Moretti, his
son-in-law, was preparing to take over his empire. Life magazine ran a
story about Michael Moretti's lifestyle, and at the end of the story it
spoke of Moretti's trial. Camillo Stela was serving time in Leavenworth,
while Michael Moretti was free. It reminded its readers how Jennifer Parker
had destroyed the case that would have sent him to prison or the electric
chair. As Jennifer read the article, her stomach churned. The electric
chair? She could cheerfully have pulled the switch on

Michael Moretti
herself.

Most of Jennifer's clients were unimportant, but the education was
priceless. Over the months, Jennifer came to know every room in the
Criminal Courts Building at 100 Centre Street and the people who inhabited
them.
When one of her clients was arrested for shoplifting,. mugging,
prostitution or drugs, Jennifer would head downtown to arrange bail, and
bargaining was a way of life.
"Bail is set at five hundred dollars."
"Your Honor, the defendant doesn't have that much money. If the court will
reduce bail to two hundred dollars, he can go back to work and keep
supporting his family."
"Very well. Two hundred."
"Thank you, Your Honor."

Jennifer got to know the supervisor of the complaint room, where copies of
the arrest reports were sent.

"You again, Parker! For God's sake, don't you ever sleep?"
"Hi, Lieutenant. A client of mine was picked up on a vagrancy charge. May
I see the arrest sheet? The name is Connery. Clarence Connery."
"Tell me something, honey. Why would you come down here at three A.M. to
defend a vagrant?"
Jennifer grinned. "It keeps me off the streets."

She became familiar with night court, held in Room 218 of the Centre Street
courthouse. It was a smelly, overcrowded world, with its own arcane jargon.

Jennifer was baffled by it at first.
"Parker, your client is booked on bedpain."
"My client is booked on what?"
"Bedpain. Burglary, with a Break, Enter, Dwelling, Person, Armed, Intent to kill, at Night. Get it?"
"Got it."

"I'm here to represent Miss Luna Tamer."
"Jesus H. Christ!"
"Would you tell me what the charges are?"
"Hold on. I'll find her ticket. Luna Tamer. That's a hot one . . , here we are. Pross. Picked up by CWAC, down below."
"Quack?"
"You're new around here, huh? CWAC is the City-Wide Anti-Crime unit. A gross is a hooker, and down below is south of Forty-Second Street. Capish?"
"Capish."

Night court depressed Jennifer. It was filled with a human tide that ceaselessly surged in and out, washed up on the shores of justice. There were more than a hundred and fifty cases heard each night. There were whores and transvestites, stinking, battered

drunks and drug addicts. There were Puerto Ricans and Mexicans and Jews and Irish and Greeks and Italians, and they were accused of rape and theft and possession of guns or dope or assault or prostitution. And they all had one thing in common: They were poor. They were poor and defeated and lost. They were the dregs, the misfits whom the affluent society had passed by. A large proportion of them came from Central Harlem, and because there was no more room in the prison system, all but the most serious

offenders were dismissed
or fined. They returned home to St. Nicholas Avenue and Morningside and
Manhattan Avenues, where in three and one-half square miles there lived two
hundred and thirty-three thousand Blacks, eight thousand Puerto Ricans, and
an estimated one million rats.
The majority of clients who came to Jennifer's office were people who had
been ground down by poverty, the system, themselves. They were people who
had long since surrendered. Jennifer found that their fears fed her
self-confidence. She did not feel superior to them. She certainly could not
hold herself up as a shining example of success, and yet she knew there was
one big difference between her and her clients: She would never give up.

Ken Bailey introduced Jennifer to Father Francis Joseph Ryan. Father Ryan
was in his late fifties, a radiant, vital man with crisp gray-and-black
hair that curled about his ears. He was always in serious need of a
haircut. Jennifer liked 'him at once.
From time to time, when one of his parishioners would disappear, Father
Ryan would come to Ken and enlist his services. Invariably, Ken would find
the errant husband, wife, daughter or son. There would never be a charge.
"It's a down payment on heaven," Ken would explain.
One afternoon when Jennifer was alone Father Ryan dropped by the once.

"Ken's out, Father Ryan. He won't be back today."
"It's really you I wanted to see, Jennifer," Father Ryan said. He sat down
in the uncomfortable old wooden chair in front of Jennifer's desk. "I have

a friend who has a bit of a problem: '
That was the way he always started out with Ken.
"Yes, Father?"
"She's an elderly parishioner, and the poor dear's having trouble getting
her Social Security payments. She moved into my neighborhood a few months
ago and some damned computer lost all her records, may it rust in hell."
"I see."
"I knew you would," Father Ryan said, getting to his feet. "I'm afraid
there won't be any money in it for you."
Jennifer smiled. "Don't worry about that. I'll try to straighten things
out."
She had thought it would be a simple matter, but it had taken her almost
three days to get the computer reprogrammed.

One morning a month later, Father Ryan walked into Jennifer's office and
said, "I hate to bother you, my dear, but I have a friend who has a bit of
a problem. I'm afraid he has no-" He hesitated.
"-Money," Jennifer guessed.
"Ah! That's it. Exactly. But the poor fellow needs help badly."
"All right. Tell me about him."
"His name is Abraham. Abraham Wilson. He's the son of one of my
parishioners. Abraham is serving a life sentence in Sing Sing for killing
a liquor store owner during a holdup."
"If he was convicted and is serving his sentence, I don't see how I can
help, Father "
Father Ryan looked at Jennifer and sighed. "That's not his problem."

"It isn't?"
"No. A few weeks ago Abraham killed another man--a fellow prisoner named

Raymond Thorpe. They're going to try him for murder, and go for the death
penalty."
Jennifer had read something about the case. "If I remember correctly, he
beat the man to death"
"So they say."
Jennifer picked up a pad and a pen. "Do you know if there were any
witnesses?"
"rm afraid so.'`
"How many?"
"Oh, a hundred or so. It happened in the prison yard, you see."
"Terrific. What is it you want me to do?"
Father Ryan said simply, "Help Abraham."
Jennifer put down her pen. "Father, it's going to take your Boss to help
him." She sat back in her chair. "He's going in with three strikes against
him. He's Black, he's a convicted murderer, and he killed another man in
front of a hundred witnesses. Assuming he did it, there just aren't any
grounds for defense. If another prisoner was threatening him, there were
guards he could have asked to help him. Instead, he took the law into his
own hands. There isn't a jury in the world that wouldn't convict him."
"He's still a fellow human being. Would you just talk to him"
Jennifer sighed. "I'll talk to him if you want me to; but I won't make any
commitment."
Father Ryan nodded. "I understand. It would probably mean a great deal of
publicity."
They were both thinking the same thing. Abraham Wilson was not the only one
who had strikes against him.

Sing Sing Prison is situated at the town of Ossining, thirty miles upstate

of Manhattan on the east bank of the Hudson

River, overlooking the Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay. Jennifer went up by bus.
She had telephoned the assistant warden and he had made arrangements for her to see Abraham Wilson, who was being held in solitary confinement.
During the bus ride, Jennifer was filled with a sense of purpose she had not felt in a long time. She was on her way to Sing Sing to meet a possible client charged with murder. This was the kind of case she had studied for, prepared herself for. She felt like a lawyer for the first time in a year, and yet she knew she was being unrealistic. She was not on her way to see a client. She was on her way to tell a man she could not represent him. She could not afford to become involved in a highly publicized case that she had no chance of winning.
Abraham Wilson would have to find someone else to defend him.

A dilapidated taxi took Jennifer from the bus station to the penitentiary, situated on seventy acres of land near the river. Jennifer rang the bell at the side entrance and a guard opened the door, checked off her name against his list, and directed her to the assistant warden's office.
The assistant warden was a large, square man with an old-fashioned military haircut and an acne-pitted face. His name was Howard Patterson.
"I would appreciate anything you can tell me about Abraham Wilson," Jennifer began.

"If you're looking for comfort, you're not going to get it here." Patterson
glanced at the dossier on the desk in front of him. "Wilson's been in and
out of prisons all his life. He was caught stealing cars when he was
eleven, arrested on a mugging charge when he was thirteen, picked up for
rape when he was fifteen, became a pimp at eighteen, served a sentence for
putting one of his girls in the hospital . . ."

He leafed through the dossier. "You name it-stabbings, armed robbery and
finally the big time-murder."
It was a depressing recital.
Jennifer asked, "Is there any chance that Abraham Wilson didn't kill
Raymond Thorpe?"
"Forget it. Wilson's the first to admit it, but it wouldn't make any
difference even if he denied it. We've got a hundred and twenty witnesses."
"May I see Mr. Wilson?"
Howard Patterson rose to his feet. "Sure, but you're wasting your time."

Abraham Wilson was the ugliest human being Jennifer Parker had ever seen.
He was coal-black, with a nose that had been broken in several places,
missing front teeth and tiny, shifty eyes set in a knife-scarred face. He
was about six feet four inches and powerfully built. He had huge fiat feet
which made him lumber. If Jennifer had searched for one word to describe
Abraham Wilson, it would have been menacing. She could imagine the effect
this man would have on a jury.
Abraham Wilson and Jennifer were seated in a highsecurity visiting room,
a

thick wire mesh between them, a guard standing at the door. Wilson had just
been taken out of solitary confinement and his beady eyes kept blinking
against the light. If Jennifer had come to this meeting feeling she would
probably not want to handle this case, after seeing Abraham Wilson she was
positive. Merely sitting opposite him she could feel the hatred spewing out
of the man.
Jennifer opened the conversation by saying, "My name is Jennifer Parker.
I'm an attorney. Father Ryan asked me to see you."
Abraham Wilson spat through the screen, spraying Jennifer with saliva.
"That mothafuckin' .do-gooder."
It's a wonderful beginning, Jennifer thought. She carefully

refrained from wiping the saliva from her face. "Is there anything you need
here, Mr. Wilson?"
He gave her a toothless smile. "A piece of ass, baby. You innersted?"
She ignored that. "Do you want to tell me what happened?"
"Hey, you lookin' for my life story, yon gotta pay me for it. I gonna sell
it for da movie' pitchers. Maybe I'll star in it mysef."
The anger coming out of him was frightening. All Jennifer wanted was to get
out of there. The assistant warden had been right. She was wasting her
time.
"Tm afraid there's really nothing I can do to help you unless you help me,
Mr. Wilson. I promised Father Ryan I would at least come and talk to you."
Abraham Wilson gave her a toothless grin again. "Thafs mighty white of ya,
sweetheart. Ya sure ya don't wanna change your mind 'bout that piece of

ass?"
Jennifer rose to her feet. She had had enough. "Do you hate everybody?"
"Tell ya what, doll, you crawl inta my skin and Pll crawl inta yours, and
then you'n me'll rap 'bout hate:'
Jennifer stood there, looking into that ugly black face, digesting what he
had said, and then she slowly sat down. "Do you want to tell me your side
of the story, Abraham?"
He stared into her eyes, saying nothing. Jennifer waited, watching him,
wondering what it must be like to wear that scarred black skin. She
wondered how many scars were hidden inside the man.
The two of them sat there in a long silence. Finally, Abraham Wilson said,
"I killed the somabitch"
"Why did you kill him?"
He shrugged. "The moths' was coin' at me with this great big butcher knife,
and-"

"Don't con me. Prisoners don't walk around carrying butcher knives."
Wilson's face tightened and he said, "Get the fuck outs here, lady. I dint
sen' for ya." He rose to his feet. "An' don't come round heah botherin' me
no more, you heah? I'm a busy man."
He turned and walked over to the guard. A moment later they were both gone.
That was that. Jennifer could at least tell Father Ryan that she had talked
to the man. There was nothing further she could do.
A guard let Jennifer out of the building. She started across the courtyard
toward the main gate, thinking about Abraham Wilson and her reaction to
him. She disliked the man and, because of that, she was doing something she
had no right to do: She was judging him. She had already

pronounced him
guilty and he had not yet had a trial. Perhaps someone
had attacked him,
not with a knife, of course, but with a rock or a brick.
Jennifer stopped
and stood there indecisively. Every instinct told her to
go back to
Manhattan and forget about Abraham Wilson.
Jennifer turned and walked back to the assistant
warden's office.

"He's a hard case," Howard Patterson said. "When we can,
we try
rehabilitation instead of punishment, but Abraham
Wilson's too far gone.
The only thing that will calm him down is the electric
chair."
What a weird piece of logic, Jennifer thought, "He told
me the man he
killed attacked him with a butcher knife."
"I guess that's possible."
The answer startled her. "What do you mean, `that's
possible'? Are you
saying a convict in here could get possession of a
knife? A butcher knife?"
Howard Patterson shrugged. "Miss Parker, we have twelve

hundred and forty convicts in this place, and some of
them are men of
great ingenuity. Come on. I'll show you something."
Patterson led Jennifer down a long corridor to a locked
door. He selected
a key from a large key ring, opened the door and turned
on the light.
Jennifer followed him into a small, bare room with
built-in shelves.
"This is where we keep the prisoners' box of goodies."
He walked over to
a large box and lifted the lid.
Jennifer stared down into the box unbelievingly.
She looked up at Howard Patterson and said, "I want to
see my client
again."

6

Jennifer prepared for Abraham Wilson's trial as she had never prepared for anything before in her life. She spent endless hours in the law library checking for procedures and defenses, and with her client, drawing from him every scrap of information she could. It was no easy task. From the beginning, Wilson was truculent and sarcastic.

"You wanna know about me, honey? I got my first fuck when I was ten. How ole was you?"

Jennifer forced herself to ignore his hatred and his contempt, for she was aware that they covered up a deep fear. And so Jennifer persisted, demanding to know what Wilson's early life was like, what his parents were like, what had shaped the boy into the man. Over a period of weeks, Abraham Wilson's reluctance gave way to interest, and his interest finally gave way to fascination. He had never before had reason to think of himself in terms of what kind of person he was, or why.

Jennifer's prodding questions began to arouse memories,

some merely unpleasant, others unbearably painful. Several times during the sessions when Jennifer was questioning Abraham Wilson about his father, who had regularly given him savage beatings, Wilson would order Jennifer to leave him alone. She left, but she always returned.

If Jennifer had had little personal life before, she now had none. When she was not with Abraham Wilson, she was at her office, seven days a week, from early morning until long after midnight, reading

everything she could find
about the crimes of murder and manslaughter, voluntary
and involuntary. She
studied hundreds of appellate court decisions, briefs,
affidavits,
exhibits, motions, transcripts. She pored over files on
intent and
premeditation, self-defense, double jeopardy, and
temporary insanity.
She studied ways to get the charge reduced to
manslaughter.
Abraham had not planned to kill the man. But would a
jury believe that?
Particularly a local jury. The townspeople hated the
prisoners in their
midst. Jennifer moved for a change of venue, and it was
granted. The trial
would be held in Manhattan.
Jennifer had an important decision to make: Should she
allow Abraham Wilson
to testify? He presented a forbidding figure, but if the
jurors were able
to hear his side of the story from his own lips, they
might have some
sympathy for him. The problem was that putting Abraham
Wilson on the stand
would allow the prosecution to reveal Wilson's
background and past record,
including the previous murder he had committed.
Jennifer wondered which one of the assistant district
at= torneys Di Silva
would assign to be her adversary. There were half a
dozen very good ones
who prosecuted murder trials, and Jennifer familiarized
herself with their
techniques.
She spent as much time as possible at Sing Sing, looking
over the scene of
the killing in the recreation yard, talking

to guards and Abraham, and she interviewed dozens of
convicts who had
witnessed the killing.

"Raymond Thorpe attacked Abraham Wilson with a knife," Jennifer said. "A large butcher knife. You must have seen it:"
"Me? I didn't see no knife."
"You must have. You were right there."
"Lady, I didn't see nothin'."
Not one of them was willing to get involved.

Occasionally Jennifer would take time out to have a regular meal, but usually she grabbed a quick sandwich at the coffee shop on the main floor of the courthouse. She was beginning to lose weight and she had dizzy spells.
Ken Bailey was becoming concerned about her. He took her to Forlini's across from the courthouse, and ordered a large lunch for her.
"Are you trying to kill yourself?" he demanded.
"Of course not."
"Have you looked in a mirror lately?"
"No."

He studied her and said, "If you have any sense, you'll drop this case."
,.Why?.,

"Because you're setting yourself up as a clay pigeon. Jennifer, I hear things on the street. The press is peeing in its collective pants, they're so eager. to start taking potshots at you again."
"I'm an attorney," Jennifer said stubbornly. "Abraham Wilson is entitled to a fair trial. I'm going to try to see that he gets one." She saw the look of concern on Ken Bailey's face. "Don't worry about it. The case isn't going to get that much publicity."
"It isn't, huh? Do you know who's prosecuting?"
"No."
"Robert Di Silva."

~ s s

Jennifer arrived at the Leonard Street entrance of the Criminal Courts Building and pushed her way past the people churning through the lobby, past the uniformed policemen, the detectives dressed like hippies, the lawyers identified by the briefcases they carried. Jennifer walked toward the large circular information desk, where no attendant had ever been posted, and took the elevator to the sixth floor. She was on her way to see the District Attorney. It had been almost a year since her last encounter with Robert Di Silva, and Jennifer was not looking forward to this one. She was going to inform him that she was resigning from Abraham Wilson's defense.

It had taken Jennifer three sleepless nights to make her decision. What it came down to finally was that the primary consideration had to be the best interests of her client. The Wilson case was not important enough for Di Silva to handle himself. The only reason, therefore, for the District Attorney's giving it his personal attention was because of Jennifer's in-volvement. Di Silva wanted vengeance. He was planning to teach Jennifer a lesson. And so she had finally decided she had no choice but to withdraw from Wilson's defense. She could not let him be executed because of a mistake she had once made. With her off. the case, Robert Di Silva would probably deal with Wilson more leniently. Jennifer was an her way to save Abraham Wilson's life.

There was an odd feeling of reliving the past as she got off at the sixth
floor and walked toward the familiar door marked District Attorney, County
of New York. Inside, the same secretary was seated at the same desk.
"I'm Jennifer Parker. I have an appointment with"
"Go right in," the secretary said. "The District Attorney is expecting
you."
Robert Di Silva was standing behind his desk, chewing

on a wet cigar, giving orders to two assistants. He stopped as Jennifer
entered.
"I was betting you wouldn't show up."
"I'm here."
"I thought you would have turned tail and run out of town by now. What do
you want?"
There were two chairs opposite Robert Di Silva's desk, but he did not
invite Jennifer to sit.
"I came here to talk about my client, Abraham Wilson."
Robert Di Silva sat down, leaned back in his chair and pretended to think.
"Abraham Wilson . . . oh, yes. That's the nigger murderer who beat a man
to
death in prison. You shouldn't have any trouble defending him." He glanced
at his two assistants and they left the room.
"Well, counselor?"
"I'd like to talk about a plea."
Robert Di Silva looked at her with exaggerated surprise. "You mean you came
in to make a deal? You amaze me. I would have thought that someone with
your great legal talent would be able to get him off scot-free."
"Mr. Di Silva, I know this looks like an open-and-shut case," Jennifer
began, "but there are extenuating circumstances. Abraham

Wilson was-"
District Attorney Di Silva interrupted. "Let me put it in legal language
you can understand, counselor. You can take your extenuating circumstances
and shove them up your ass!" He got to his feet and when he spoke his voice
was trembling with rage. "Make a deal with you, lady? You fucked up my
life! There's a dead body and your boy's going to burn for it. Do you hear
me? I'm making it my personal business to see that he's sent to the chair."
"I came up here to withdraw from the case. You could reduce this to a
manslaughter charge. Wilson's already in for life. You could-"
"No way! He's guilty of murder plain and simple!"

Jennifer tried to control her anger. "I thought the jury was supposed to
decide that."
Robert Di Silva smiled at her without mirth. "You don't know how
heartwarming it is to have an expert like you walk into my office and
explain the law to me"
"Can't we forget our personal problems? I-"
"Not as long as I live. Say hello to your pal Michael Moretti for me."

Half an hour later, Jennifer was having coffee with Ken Bailey.
"I don't know what to do," Jennifer confessed. "I thought if I got off the
case Abraham Wilson would stand a better chance. Hut Di Silva won't make
a
deal. He's not after Wilson-he's after me."
Ken Bailey looked at her thoughtfully. "Maybe he's trying to psych you out.
He wants you running scared."
"I am running scared:" She took a sip of her coffee. It

tasted bitter.
"It's a bad case. You should see Abraham Wilson. All the
jury will have to
do is look at him and they'll vote to convict."
"When does the trial come up?"
"In four weeks."
"Anything I can do to help?"
"Uh-huh. Put out a contract on Di Silva."
"Do you think there's any chance you can get Wilson an
acquittal?"
"Looking at it from the pessimist's point of view, I'm
trying my first case
against the smartest District Attorney in the country,
who has a vendetta
against me, and my client is a convicted Black killer
who killed again in
front of a hundred and twenty witnesses."
"Terrific. What's the optimist's point of view?"
"I could get hit by a truck this afternoon."

The trial date was only three weeks away now. Jennifer
arranged for Abraham
Wilson to be transferred to the prison at Riker's
Island. He was put in the
House of Detention for Men, the largest and oldest jail
on the island.
Ninety-five percent of his prison mates were there
awaiting trial for
felonies: murder, arson, rape, armed robbery and sodomy.
No private cars were allowed on the island, and Jennifer
was transported
in
a small green bus to the gray brick control building
where she showed her
identification. There were two armed guards in a green
booth to the left
of
the building, and beyond that a gate where all
unauthorized visitors were
stopped. From the control building, Jennifer was driven
down Hazen Street,
the little road that went through the prison grounds, to
the Anna M. Kross

Center Building, where Abraham Wilson was brought to see her in the counsel room, with its eight cubicles reserved for attorney-client meetings.
Walking down the long corridor on her way to meet with Abraham Wilson,
Jennifer thought: This must be like the waiving room to hell. There was an incredible cacophony. The prison was made of brick and steel and stone and tile. Steel gates were constantly opening and clanging shut. There were more than one hundred men in each cellblock, talking and yelling at the same time, with two television sets tuned to different channels and a music system playing country rock. Three hundred guards were assigned to the building, and their bellowing could be heard over the prison symphony.
A guard had told Jennifer, "Prison society is the politest society in the world. If a prisoner ever brushes up against another one, he immediately says, 'Excuse me.' Prisoners have a lot on their minds and the least little thing . . :'

Jennifer sat across from Abraham Wilson and she thought:

This man's life is in my hands. If he dies, it will be because l failed him.
She looked into his eyes and saw the despair there.
"Tm going to do everything I can," Jennifer promised.

Three days before the Abraham Wilson trial was to begin, Jennifer learned that the presiding judge was to be the Honorable Lawrence Waldman, who had presided over the Michael Moretti trial and had tried to get Jennifer disbarred.

At four o'clock on a Monday morning in late September of 1970, the day the trial of Abraham Wilson was to begin, Jennifer awakened feeling tired and heavy-eyed. She had slept badly, her mind filled with dreams of the trial.
In one of the dreams, Robert Di Silva had put her in the witness box and asked her about Michael Moretti. Each time Jennifer tried to answer the questions, the jurors interrupted her with a chant:
Liar! Liar! Liar!
Each dream was different, but they were all similar. In the last one, Abraham Wilson was strapped in the electric chair. As Jennifer leaned over to console him, he' spit in her face. Jennifer awoke trembling, and it was impossible for her to go back to sleep. She sat up in a chair until dawn and watched the sun come up. She was too nervous to eat. She wished she could have slept the night before. She wished that she were not so tense.
She wished that this day was over.
As she bathed and dressed she had a premonition of doom.

She felt like wearing black, but she chose a green Chanel copy she had bought on sale at Loehmann's.

At eight-thirty, Jennifer Parker arrived at the Criminal Courts Building to begin the defense in the case of The People of the State of New York against Abraham Wilson. There was a crowd outside the entrance and Jennifer's first thought was that there had been an accident., She saw a

battery of television cameras and microphones, and before Jennifer realized
what was happening, she was surrounded by reporters.
A reporter said, "Miss Parker, this is your first time in court, isn't it,
since you fouled up the Michael Moretti case for the District Attorney?"
Ken Bailey had warned her. She was the central attraction, not her client.
The reporters were not there as objective observers; they were there as
birds of prey and she was to be their carrion.
A young woman in jeans pushed a microphone up to Jennifer's face. "Is it
true that District Attorney Di Silva is out to get you?"
"No comment." Jennifer began to fight her way toward the entrance of the
building.
"The District Attorney issued a statement last night that he thinks you
shouldn't be allowed to practice law in the New York courts. Would you like
to say anything about that?"
"No comment." Jennifer had almost reached the entrance.
"Last year Judge Waldman tried to get you disbarred. Are you going to ask
him to disqualify himself from-?"
Jennifer was inside the courthouse.

The trial was scheduled to take place in Room 37. The corridor outside was
crowded with people trying to get in, but the courtroom was already full.
It was buzzing with noise and there was a carnival atmosphere in the air.
There were

extra rows reserved for members of the press. Di Silva saw to that, Jennifer
thought.

Abraham Wilson was seated at the defense table, towering over everyone

around him like an evil mountain. He was dressed in a dark blue suit that
was too small for him, and a white shirt and blue tie that Jennifer had
bought him. They did not help. Abraham Wilson looked like an ugly killer
in
a dark blue suit. He might just as well have worn his prison clothes,
Jennifer thought, discouraged.
Wilson was staring defiantly around the courtroom, glowering at everyone
who met his look. Jennifer knew her client well enough now to understand
that his belligerence was a cover-up for his fright; but what would come
over to everyone -including the judge and the jury-was an impression of
hostility and hatred. The huge man was a threat. They would regard him as
someone to be feared, to be destroyed.
There was not a trace in Abraham Wilson's personality that was loveable.
There was nothing about his appearance that could evoke sympathy. There was
only that ugly, scarred face with its broken nose and missing teeth, that
enormous body that would inspire fear.
Jennifer walked over to the defense table where Abraham Wilson was sitting
and took the seat next to him. "Good morning, Abraham."
He glanced over at her and said, "I didn't think you was comin'."
Jennifer remembered her dream. She looked into his small, slitted eyes.
"You knew I'd be here."
He shrugged indifferently. "It don't matter one way or another. They's
gonna get me, baby. They's gonna convict me of murder and then they's gonna
pass a law makin' it legal to boil me in oil, then they's gonna boil me in
oil. This ain't gonna be no trial. This is gonna be a show. I hope you

brung your popcorn."

There was a stir around the prosecutor's table and Jennifer looked up to see District Attorney Di Silva taking his place at the table next to a battery of assistants. He looked at Jennifer and smiled. Jennifer felt a growing sense of panic.
A court officer said, "All rise," and Judge Lawrence Waldman entered from the judge's robing room.
"Hear ye, Hear ye. All people having business with Part Thirty-seven of this Court, draw near, give your attention and you shall be heard. The Honorable Justice Lawrence Waldman presiding."
The only one who refused to stand was Abraham Wilson. Jennifer whispered out of the corner of her mouth, "Stand

Up!.?
"Fuck 'em, baby. They gonna have to come and drag me up."
Jennifer took his giant hand in hers. "On your feet, Abraham. We're going to beat them:"
He looked at her for a long moment, then slowly got to his feet, towering over her.
Judge Waldman took his place on the bench. The spectators resumed their seats. The court clerk handed a court calendar to the judge.
"The People of the State of New York versus Abraham Wilson, charged with the murder of Raymond Thorpe."

Jennifer's instinct normally would have been to fill the jury box with Blacks, but because of Abraham Wilson she was not so sure. Wilson was not one of them. He was a renegade, a killer, "a disgrace to

their race." They
might convict him more readily than would whites. All
Jennifer could do was
try to keep the more obvious bigots off the jury. But
bigots did not go
around advertising. They would keep quiet about their
prejudices, waiting
to get their vengeance. _
By late afternoon of the second day, Jennifer had used
up her ten
peremptory challenges. She felt that her voir dire-

the questioning of the jurors-was clumsy and awkward,
while Di Silva's was
smooth and skillful. He had the knack of putting the
jurors at ease, drawing
them into his confidence, making friends of them.
How could I have forgotten what a good actor Di Silva is?
Jennifer wondered.

Di Silva did not exercise his peremptory challenges anhl
Jennifer had
exhausted hers, and she could not understand why. When
she discovered the
reason, it was too late. Di Silva had outsmarted her.
Among the final
prospective jurors questioned were a private detective,
a bank manager and
the mother of a doctor-all of them Establishment-and
there was nothing now
that Jennifer could do to keep them off the jury. The
District Attorney had
sandbagged her.

Robert Di Silva rose to his feet and began his opening
statement.
"If it please the court"-he turned to the jury= `and you
ladies and
gentlemen of the jury, first of all I would like to
thank you for giving
up
your valuable time to sit in this case." He smiled
sympathetically. "I know

what a disruption jury service can be. You all have jobs to get.back to,
families needing your attention."
'It's as though he's one of them, Jennifer thought, the thirteenth juror.
"I promise to take up as little of your time as possible. This is really
a
very simple case. That's the defendant sitting over there-Abraham Wilson.
The defendant is accused by the State of New York of murdering a fellow
inmate at Sing Sing Prison, Raymond Thorpe. There's no doubt that he did.
He's admitted it. Mr. Wilson's attorney is going to plead selfdefense."
The District Attorney turned to look at the huge figure of Abraham Wilson,
and the eyes of the jurors automatically

followed him. Jennifer could see the reactions on their faces. She forced
herself to concentrate on what District Attorney Di Silva was saying.
"A number of years ago twelve citizens, very much like yourselves, I am
sure, voted to put Abraham Wilson away in a penitentiary. Because of
certain legal technicalities, I am not permitted to discuss with you the
crime that Abraham Wilson committed. I can tell you that that jury
sincerely believed that locking Abraham Wilson up would prevent him from
committing any further crimes. Tragically, they were wrong. For even locked
away, Abraham Wilson was able to strike, to kill, to satisfy the blood lust
in him. We know now, finally, that there is only one way to prevent Abraham
Wilson from killing again. And that is to execute him. It won't bring back
the life of Raymond Thorpe, but it can save the lives of

other men who
might otherwise become the defendant's next victims."
Di Silva walked along the jury boa, looking each juror in the eye. "I told
you that this case won't take up much of your time. I'll tell you why I
said that. The defendant sitting over there-Abraham Wilson-murdered a man
in cold blood. He has confessed to the killing. But even if he had not
confessed, we have witnesses who saw Abraham Wilson commit that murder in
cold blood. More than a hundred witnesses, in fait.
"Let us examine the phrase, `in cold blood.' Murder for any reason is as
distasteful to me as I know it is to you. But sometimes murders are
committed for reasons we can at least understand. Let's say that someone
with a weapon is threatening your loved one-a child, or a husband or a
wife. Well, if you had a gun you might pull that trigger in order to save
your loved one's life. You and I might not condone that kind of thing, but
I'm sure we can at least understand it. Or, let's take another example. If
you were suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by an intruder
threatening your life and you had a chance to kill him to save yourself,
and you killed

him-well, I think we can all understand how that might happen. And that
wouldn't make us desperate criminals or evil people, would it? It was
something we did in the heat of the moment." Di Silva's voice hardened. "But
cold-blooded murder is something else again. To take the life of another
human being, without the excuse of any feelings or passions, to do it for

money or drugs or the sheer pleasure of killing-"
He was deliberately prejudicing the jury, yet not overstepping the bounds,
so that there could be no error calling for mistrial or reversal.
Jennifer watched the faces of the jurors, and there was no question but
that Robert Di Silva had them. They were agreeing with every word he said.
They shook their heads and nodded and frowned. They did everything but
applaud him. He was an orchestra leader and the jury was his orchestra.
Jennifer had never seen anything like it. Every time the District Attorney
mentioned Abraham Wilson's name-and he mentioned it with almost every
sentence-the jury automatically looked over at the defendant. Jennifer had
cautioned Wilson not to look at the jury. She had drilled it into him over
and over again that he was to look anywhere in the courtroom except at the
jury box, because the air of defiance he exuded was enraging. To her horror
now, Jennifer found that Abraham Wilson's eyes were fastened on the jury
box, locking eyes with the jurors. Aggression seemed to be pouring out of
him.
Jennifer said in a low voice, "Abraham . . :'
He did not turn.
The District Attorney was finishing his opening address. "'The Bible says,
`An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' That is vengeance. The State is
not asking for vengeance. It is asking for justice. Justice for the poor
man whom Abraham Wilson
cold-bloodedly--cold-bloodedty-murdered. Thank you."
The District Attorney took his seat.
As Jennifer rose to address the jury, she could feel their hostility and

impatience. She had read books about how law-

yers were able to read juries' minds, and she had been skeptical. But no
longer. The message from the jury was coming at her loudly and clearly. They
had already decided her client was guilty, and they were impatient because
Jennifer was wasting their time, keeping them in court when they could be
out doing more important things, as their friend the District Attorney had
pointed out. Jennifer and Abraham Wilson were the enemy.
Jennifer took a deep breath and said, "If Your Honor please," and then she
turned back to the jurors. "Ladies and gentlemen, the reason we have
courtrooms, the reason we are all here today, is because the law, in its
wisdom, knows that there are always two sides to every case. Listening to
the District Attorney's attack on my client, listening to him pronounce
my-client guilty without benefit of a jury's verdict your verdict-one would
not think so."
She looked into their faces for a sign of sympathy or support. There was
none. She forced herself to go on. "District Attorney Di Silva used the
phrase over and over, `Abraham Wilson is guilty: That is a lie. Judge
Waldman will tell you that no defendant is guilty until a judge or jury
declares that he is guilty. That is what we are all here to find out, isn't
it? Abraham Wilson has been charged with murdering a fellow inmate at Sing
Sing. But Abraham Wilson did not kill for money or for dope. He killed to
save his own life. You remember those clever examples that the District
Attorney gave you when he explained the difference

between killing in cold
blood and in hot blood. Killing in hot blood is when you're protecting
someone you love, or when you're defending yourself. Abraham Wilson killed
in self-defense, and I tell you now that any of us in this courtroom, under
identical circumstances, would have done exactly the same thing.
"The District Attorney and I agree on one point: Every man has the right
to
protect his own life. If Abraham Wilson had not acted exactly as he did,
he
would be dead." Jennifer's

voice was ringing with sincerity. She had forgotten her nervousness in the
passion of her conviction. "I ask each of you to remember one thing: Under
the law of this state, the prosecution must prove beyond any reasonable
doubt that the act of killing was not committed in self-defense. And before
this trial is over we will present solid evidence to show you that Raymond
Thorpe was killed in order to prevent his murdering my client. Thank you."

The parade of witnesses for the State began. Robert Di Silva had not missed
a single opportunity. His character witnesses for the deceased, Raymond
Thorpe, included a minister, prison guards and fellow convicts. One by one
they took the stand and testified to the sterling character and pacific
disposition of the deceased.
Each time the District Attorney was finished with a witness, he turned to
Jennifer and said, "Your witness."
And each time Jennifer replied, "No cross-examination."

She knew that there was no point in trying to discredit the character
witnesses. By the time they were finished, one would have thought that
Raymond Thorpe had been wrongfully deprived of sainthood. The guards, who
had been carefully coached -by Robert Di Silva, testified that Thorpe had
been a model prisoner who went around Sing Sing doing good works, intent
only on helping his fellow man. The fact that Raymond Thorpe was a
convicted bank robber and rapist was a tiny flaw in an otherwise perfect
character.
What badly damaged Jennifer's already weak defense was the physical
description of Raymond Thorpe. He had been a slightly built man, only five
feet nine inches tall. Robert Di Silva dwelt on that, and he never let the
jurors forget it. He painted a graphic picture of how Abraham Wilson had
viciously attacked the smaller man and had smashed Thorpe's head against
a
concrete building in the exercise yard, instantly killing him. As Di Silva
spbke, the jurors' eyes were fastened

on the giant figure of the defendant sitting at the table, dwarfing everyone
near him.

The District Attorney was saying, "We'll probably never know what caused
Abraham Wilson to attack this harmless, defenseless little man-" '
And Jennifer's heart suddenly leaped. One word that Di Silva had said had
given her the chance she needed.
"-We may never know the reason for the defendant's vicious attack, but one

thing we do know, ladies and gentlemen -it wasn't because the murdered man
was a threat to Abraham Wilson.
"Self-defense?" He turned to Judge Waldman. "Your Honor, would you please
direct the defendant to rise?"
Judge Waldman looked at Jennifer. "Does counsel for the defense have any
objection?"
Jennifer had an idea what was coming, but she knew that any objection on
her part could only be damaging. "No, Your Honor."
Judge Waldman said, "Will the defendant rise, please?"
Abraham Wilson sat there a moment, his face defiant; then he slowly rose
to
his full height of six feet four inches.
Di Silva said, "There is a court clerk here, Mr. Galin, who is five feet
nine inches tall, the exact height of the murdered man, Raymond Thorpe. Mr.
Galin, would you please go over and stand next to the defendant?"
The court clerk walked over to Abraham Wilson and stood next to him. The
contrast between the two men was ludicrous. Jennifer knew she had been
outmaneuvered again, but there was nothing she could do about it. The
visual impression could never be erased. The District Attorney stood there
looking at the two men for a moment, and then said to the jury, his voice
almost a whisper, "Self-defense?"

The trial was going worse than Jennifer had dreamed in

her wildest nightmares. She could feel the jury's eagerness to get the trial
over with so they could deliver a verdict of guilty.
Ken Bailey was seated among the spectators and, during a recess, Jennifer
had a chance to exchange a few words with him.

"It's not an easy case," Ken said sympathetically. "I wish you didn't have
King Kong for a client. Christ, just looking at him is enough to scare the
hell out of anybody." -
"He can't help that."
"As the old joke goes, he could have stayed home. How are you and our
esteemed District Attorney getting along?"
Jennifer gave him a mirthless smile. "Mr. Di Silva sent me a message this
morning. He intends to remove me from-the law business."

When the parade of prosecution witnesses was over and Di Silva had rested
his case, Jennifer rose and said, "I would like to call Howard Patterson
to
the stand."
The assistant warden of Sing Sing Prison reluctantly rose and moved toward
the witness box, all eyes fixed on him. Robert Di Silva watched intently
as
Patterson took the oath. Di Silva's mind was racing, computing , all the
probabilities. He knew he had won the case. He had his victory speech all
prepared.
Jennifer was addressing the witness. "Would you fill the jury in on your
background, please, Mr. Patterson?"
District Attorney Di Silva was on his feet. "The State will waive the
witness's background in order to save time, and we will stipulate that Mr.
Patterson is the assistant warden at Sing Sing Prison."
"Thank you," Jennifer said. "I think the jury should be informed that Mr.
Patterson had to be subpoenaed to come here today. He is here as a hostile
witness." Jennifer turned to Patterson. "When I asked you to come here
voluntarily and testify on behalf of my client, you

refused. Is that true?"

"Yes."
"Would you tell the jury why you had to be subpoenaed to get you here?"
"I'll be glad to. rve been dealing with men like Abraham Wilson all my
life. They're born troublemakers:"
Robert Di Silva was leaning forward in his chair, grinning, his eyes locked
on the faces of the jurors. He whispered to an assistant, "Watch her hang
herself."
Jennifer said, "Mr. Patterson, Abraham Wilson is not on trial here for
being a troublemaker. He's on trial for his life. Wouldn't you be willing
to help a fellow human being who was unjustly accused of a capital crime?"
"If he were unjustly accused, yes." The emphasis on unjustly brought a
knowing look to the faces of the jurors.
"There have been killings in prison before this case, have there not?"
"When you lock up hundreds of violent men together in an artificial
environment, they're bound to generate an enormous amount of hostility, and
there's-"
"Just yes or no, please, Mr. Patterson."
..Yes."

"Of those killings that have occurred in your experience, would you say
that there have been a variety of motives?"
"Well, I suppose so. Sometimes-"
"Yes or no, please."
"Yes."
"Has self-defense ever been a motive in any of those prison killings?"
"Well, sometimes-" He saw the expression on Jennifer's face. "Yes."
"So, based on your vast experience, it is entirely

possible, is it not,
that Abraham Wilson was actually defending his own life
when he killed
Raymond Thorpe?"
"I don't think it--21
"I asked if it is possible. Yes or no."

"It is highly unlikely," Patterson said stubbornly.
Jennifer turned to Judge Waldman. "Your Honor, would you
please direct the
witness to answer the question?"
Judge Waldman looked down at Howard Patterson. "The
witness will answer the
question."
"Yes..

But the fact that his whole attitude said no had
registered on the jury.
Jennifer said, "If the court please, I have subpoenaed
from the witness
some material I would like to submit now in evidence."
District Attorney Di Silva rose. "What kind of
material?"
"Evidence that will prove our contention of
self-defense."
"Objection, Your Honor."
"What are you objecting to?" Jennifer asked. "You
haven't seen it yet."
Judge Waldman said, "The court will withhold a ruling
until it sees the
evidence. A man's life is at stake here. The defendant
is entitled to every
possible consideration."
"Thank you, Your Honor." Jennifer turned to Howard
Patterson. "Did you
bring it with you?" she asked.
He nodded, tight-Tipped. "Yes. But rm doing this under
protest."
"I think you've already made that very clear, Mr.
Patterson. May we have
it, please?"
Howard Patterson looked over to the spectator area where
a man in a prison

guard uniform was seated. Patterson nodded to him. The guard rose and came
forward, carrying a covered wooden box.
Jennifer took it from him. "The defense would like to place this in
evidence as Exhibit A, Your Honor."
"What is it?" District Attorney Di Silva demanded.

"It's called a goodie box."
There was a titter from the spectators.
Judge Waldman looked down at Jennifer and said slowly,

"Did you say a goodie box? What is in the box, Miss Parker?" "Weapons.
Weapons
that were made in Sing Sing by the prisoners for the purpose of-"
"Objection!" The District Attorney was on his feet, his voice a roar. He
hurried toward the bench. "I'm willing to make allowances for my
colleague's inexperience, Your Honor, but if she intends to practice
criminal law, then I would suggest she study the basic rules of evidence.
There is no evidence linking anything in this so-called goodie box with the
case that is being tried in this court."
"This box proves"
"This box proves nothing." The District Attorney's voice was withering. He
turned to Judge Waldman. "The State objects to the introduction of this
exhibit as being immaterial and irrelevant."
"Objection sustained."
And Jennifer stood there, watching her case collapse. Everything was
against her: the judge, the jury, Di Silva, the evidence. Her client was
going to the electric chair unless . . .
Jennifer took a deep breath. "Your Honor, this exhibit is absolutely vital
to our defense. I feel-"

Judge Waldman interrupted. "Miss Parker, this court does not have the time
or the inclination to give you instructions in the law, but the District
Attorney is quite right. Before coming into this courtroom you should have
acquainted yourself with the basic rules of evidence. The first rule is
that you cannot introduce evidence that has not been properly prepared for.
Nothing has been put into the record about the deceased being armed or not
armed. Therefore, the question of these weapons becomes extraneous. You are
overruled."
Jennifer stood there, the blood rushing to her cheeks. "I'm sorry," she
said stubbornly, "but it is not extraneous."
"That is enough! You may file an exception."

"I don't want to file an exception, Your Honor. You're denying my client
his rights:"
"Miss Parker, if you go any further I will hold you in contempt of court."
"I don't care what you do to me," Jennifer said. "The ground has been
prepared for introducing this evidence. The District Attorney prepared it
himself."
Di Silva said, "What? I never-"
Jennifer turned to the court stenographer. "Would yon please read Mr. Di
Silva's statement, beginning with the line, `We'll probably never know what
caused Abraham Wilson to attack . . .'?"
The District Attorney looked up at Judge Waldman. "Your Honor, are you
going to allow-?"
Judge Waldman held up a hand. He turned to Jennifer. "This court does not
need you to explain the law to it, Miss Parker. When this trial is ended,

you will be held in contempt of court. Because this is a capital case, I am going to hear you out." He turned to the court stenographer. "You may proceed."

The court stenographer turned some pages and began reading. "We'll probably never know what caused Abraham Wilson to attack this harmless, defenseless little man-"

"That's enough," Jennifer interrupted. "Thank you." She looked at Robert Di Silva and said slowly, "Those are your words, Mr. Di Silva. We'll probably never know what caused Abraham Wilson to attack this harmless, defenseless little man . . :" She turned to Judge Waldman. "The key word, Your Honor, is defenseless. Since the District Attorney himself told this jury that the victim was defenseless, he left an open door for us to pursue the fact that the victim might not have been defenseless, that he might, in fact, have had a weapon. Whatever is brought up in the direct is admissible in the cross."

There was a long silence.

Judge Waldman turned to Robert Di Silva. "Miss Parker has a valid point. You did leave the door open."

Robert Di Silva was looking at him unbelievingly. "But I only-"

"The court will allow the evidence to be entered as Exhibit A."

Jennifer took a deep, grateful breath. "Thank you, Your Honor." She picked up the covered box, held it up in her hands and turned to face the jury.

"Ladies and gentlemen, in his final summation the

District Attorney is
going to tell you that what you are about to see in this box is .not direct
evidence. He will be correct. He is going to tell you that there is nothing
to link any of these weapons to the deceased. He will be correct. I am
introducing this exhibit for another reason. For days now, you have been
hearing how the ruthless, trouble-making defendant, who stands six feet
four inches tall, wantonly attacked Raymond Thorpe, who stood only five
feet nine inches tall. The picture that has been so carefully, and falsely,
painted for you by the prosecution is that of a sadistic, murdering bully
who killed another inmate for no reason. But ask yourselves this: Isn't
there always some motive? Greed, hate, .lust, something? I believe-and I'm
staking my client's life on that belief-that there was a motive for that
killing. The only motive, as the District Attorney himself told you, that
justifies killing someone: self-defense. A man fighting to protect his own
life. You have heard Howard Patterson testify that in his experience
murders have occurred in prison, that convicts do fashion deadly weapons.
What that means is that it was possible that Raymond Thorpe was armed with
such a weapon, that indeed it was he who was attacking the defendant, and
the defendant, trying to protect himself, was forced to kill him--in
self-defense. If you decide that Abraham Wilson ruthlessly-and without any
motivation at aIlkilled Raymond Thorpe, then you must bring in a verdict
of
guilty as charged. If, however, after seeing this evidence, you

have a reasonable doubt in your minds, then it is your duty to return a verdict of not guilty." The covered box was becoming heavy in her hands.
"When I first looked into this box I could not believe what I saw. You, too, may find it hard to believebut I ask you to remember that it was brought here under protest by the assistant warden of Sing Sing Prison. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a collection of confiscated weapons secretly made by the convicts at Sing Sing."
As Jennifer moved toward the jury box, she seemed to stumble and lose her balance. The box fell out of her grasp, the top flew off, and the contents spilled out over the courtroom floor. There was a gasp. The jurors began to get to their feet so they could have a better look. They were staring at the hideous collection of weapons that had tumbled from the box. There were almost one hundred of them, of every size, shape and description. Homemade hatchets and butcher knives, stilettos and deadly looking scissors with the ends, honed, pellet guns, and a large, vicious-looking cleaver. There were thin wires with wooden handles, used for strangling, a leather sap, a sharpened ice pick, a machete.
Spectators and reporters were on their feet now, craning to get a better look at the arsenal that lay scattered on the floor. Judge Waldman was angrily pounding his gavel for order.
Judge Waldman looked at Jennifer with an expression she could not fathom.
A bailiff hurried forward to pick up the spilled contents of the box.

Jennifer waved him away.
"Thank you," she said, "I'll do it."
As the jurors and spectators watched, Jennifer got down on her knees and
began picking up the weapons and putting them back in the box. She worked
slowly, handling the weapons gingerly, looking at each one without
expression before she replaced it. The jurors had taken their seats again,
but they were watching every move she made. It took Jennifer a full five
minutes to return the weapons to the box, while District Attorney Di Silva
sat there, fuming.

When Jennifer had put the last weapon in the deadly arsenal back in the
box, she rose, looked at Patterson, then turned and said to Di Silva,
"Your witness."
It was too late to repair the damage that had been done. "No cross," the
District Attorney said.
'Then I would like to call Abraham Wilson to the stand."
8

"Your name?"
"Abraham Wilson:'
"Would you speak up, please?"
"Abraham Wilson."
"Mr. Wilson, did you kill Raymond Thorpe?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Would you tell the court why?"
"He was gonna kill me."
"Raymond Thorpe was a much smaller man than you. Did you really believe
that he would be able to kill you?"
"He was comin' at me with a knife that made him puny tall."
Jennifer had kept out two objects from the goodie boa. One was a finely
honed butcher knife; the other was a large pair of metal

tongs. She held
up
the knife. "Was this the knife that Raymond Thorpe
threatened you with?"
"Objection! The defendant has no way of knowing-"

"I'll rephrase the question. Was this similar to the
knife that Raymond
Thorpe threatened you with?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And these tongs?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Had you had trouble with Thorpe before?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"And when he came at you armed with these two weapons,
you were forced to
kill him in order to save your own life?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Thank you."
Jennifer turned to Di Silva. "Your witness."
Robert Di Silva rose to his feet and moved slowly toward
the witness box.
"Mr. Wilson, you've killed before, haven't you? I mean,
this wasn't your
first murder?"
'I made a mistake and I'm payin' for it. I-"
"Spare us your sermon. Just answer yes or no."
"Yes."
"So a human life doesn't have much value to you."
"That ain't true. I-"
"Do you call committing two murders valuing human life?
How many people
would you have killed if you didn't value human life?
Five? Ten? Twenty?"
He was baiting Abraham Wilson and Wilson was falling for
it. His jaw was
clenched and his face was filling with anger. Be
careful!
"I only kilt two people."
"Only! You only killed two people!" The District
Attorney shook his head

in
mock dismay. He stepped close to the witness box and looked up at the
defendant. "I'll bet it gives you a feeling of power to be so big. It must
make you feel a little bit like God. Any time you want to, you can take a
life here, take a life there . . :"

Abraham Wilson was on his feet, rising to his full height. "You somabitch!"
No! Jennifer prayed. Don't!
"Sit down!" Di Silva thundered. "Is that the way you lost your temper when
you killed Raymond Thorpe?"
"Thorpe was tryin' to kill me."
"With these?" Di Silva held up the butcher knife and the pair of tongs.
"I'm sure you could have taken that knife away from him." He waved the
tongs around. "And you were afraid of this?" He turned back to the jury and
held up the tongs deprecatingly. "This doesn't look so terribly lethal. If
the deceased had been able to hit you over the head with it, it might have
caused a small bump. What exactly is this pair of tongs, Mr. Wilson?" .
Abraham Wilson said softly, "They're testicle crushers:"

The jury was out for eight hours.
Robert Di Silva and his assistants left the courtroom to take a break, but
Jennifer stayed in her seat, unable to tear herself away.
When the jury filed out of the room, Ken Bailey came up to Jennifer. "How
about a cup of coffee?"
"I couldn't swallow anything."
She sat in the courtroom, afraid to move, only dimly aware of the people
around her. It was over. She had done her best. She

closed her eyes and
tried to pray, but the fear in her was too strong. She
felt as though she,
along with Abraham Wilson, was about to be sentenced to
death.

The jury was filing back into the room, their faces grim
and foreboding,
and Jennifer's heart began to beat faster. She could see
by their faces
that they were going to convict. She thought she would
faint. Because of
her, a man was going to be executed. She should never
have taken the case
in the

first place. What right had she to put a man's life in
her hands? She must
have been insane to think she could win over someone as
experienced as
Robert Di Silva. She wanted to run up to the jurors
before they could give
their verdict and say, Wait! Abraham Wilson hasn't had a
fair trial. Please
let another attorney defend him. Someone better than 1
am.
But it was too late. Jennifer stole a look at Abraham
Wilson's face. He sat
there as immobile as a statue. She could feel no hatred
coming from him
now, only a deep despair. She wanted to say something to
comfort him, but
there were no words.
Judge Waldman was speaking. "Has the jury reached a
verdict?"
"It has, Your Honor."
The judge nodded and his clerk walked over to the
foreman of the jury, took
a slip of paper from him and handed it to the judge.
Jennifer felt as
though her heart were going to come out of her chest.
She could not
breathe. She wanted to hold back this moment, to freeze

it forever before
the verdict was read.
Judge Waldman studied the slip of paper in his hands; then he slowly looked
around the courtroom. His eyes rested on the members of the jury, on Robert
Di Silva, on Jennifer and finally on Abraham Wilson.
"The defendant will please rise"
Abraham Wilson got to his feet, his movements slow and tired, as though all
the energy had been drained out of him.
Judge Waldman read from the slip of paper. "This jury finds the defendant,
Abraham Wilson, not guilty as charged."
There was a momentary hush and the judge's further words were drowned out
in a roar from the spectators. Jennifer stood there, stunned, unable to
believe what she was hearing. She turned toward Abraham Wilson, speechless.
He stared at her for an instant with those small, mean eyes. And then that
ugly face broke into the broadest grin that Jennifer had ever seen.

He reached dawn and hugged her and Jennifer tried to fight back her tears.
The press was crowding around Jennifer, asking for a statement, barraging
her with questions.
"How does it feel to beat the District Attorney?"
"Did you think you were going to win this case?"
"What would you have done if they had sent Wilson to the electric chair?"
Jennifer shook her head. to all questions. She could not bring herself to
talk to them. They had come here to watch a spectacle, to see a man being
hounded to his death. If the verdict had gone the other way . . . she could
not bear to think about it. Jennifer began to collect her papers and stuff
them into a briefcase.

A bailiff approached her. "Judge Waldman wants to see you in his chambers,
Miss Parker."
She had forgotten that there was a contempt of court citation waiting for
her but it no longer seemed important. The only thing that mattered was
that she had saved Abraham Wilson's life.
Jennifer glanced over at the prosecutor's table. District Attorney Silva
was savagely stuffing papers into a briefcase, berating one of his
assistants. He caught Jennifer's look. His eyes met hers and he needed no
words.

Judge Lawrence Waldman was seated at his desk when Jennifer walked in. He
said curtly, "Sit down, Miss Parker." Jennifer took a seat. "I will not
allow you or anyone else to turn my courtroom into a sideshow:"
Jennifer flushed. "I tripped. I couldn't help what---!'
Judge Waldman raised a hand. "Please. Spare me." Jennifer clamped her lips
tightly together.
Judge Waldman leaned forward in his chair. "Another thing I will not
tolerate in my court is insolence." Jennifer watched him warily, saying
nothing. "You overstepped the

bounds- this afternoon. I realize that your excessive zeal was in defense
of
a man's life. Because of that, I have decided not to cite you for contempt."
"Thank you, Your Honor." Jennifer had to force the words out.
The judge's face was unreadable as he continued: "Almost invariably, when
a case is finished I have a sense of whether justice has been served or

not. In this instance, quite frankly, I'm not sure."
Jennifer waited for
him to go on.
"That's all, Miss Parker."

In the evening editions of the newspapers and on the
.television news that
night, Jennifer Parker was back in the headlines, but
this time she was the
heroine. She was the legal David who had slain Goliath.
Pictures of her and
Abraham Wilson and District Attorney Di Silva were
plastered all over the
front pages. Jennifer hungrily devoured every word of
the stories, savoring
them. It was such a sweet victory after all the disgrace
she had suffered
earlier.
Ken Bailey took her to dinner at Luchow's to celebrate,
and Jennifer was
recognized by the captain and several of the customers.
Strangers called
Jennifer by name and congratulated her. It was a heady
experience.
"How does it feel to be a celebrity?" Ken grinned.
"rm numb."
Someone sent a bottle of wine to the table.
"I don't need anything to drink," Jennifer said. "I feel
as though I'm
already drunk."
But she was thirsty and she drank three glasses of wine
while she rehashed
the trial with Ken.
"I was scared. Do you know what it's like to hold
someone else's life in
your hands? It's like playing God. Can you think of
anything scarier than
that? I mean, I come from Kelso . . . could we have
another bottle of wine,
Ken?"
"Anything you want."

Ken ordered a feast for them both, but Jennifer was too

excited to eat.
"Do you know what Abraham Wilson said to me the first time I met him? He
said, `You crawl into my skin and I'll crawl into yours and then you and
me
will rap about hate.' Ken, I was in his skin today, and do you know
something? I thought the jury was going to convict me. I felt as though I
was going to be executed. I love Abraham Wilson. Could we have some more
wine?"
"You haven't eaten a bite."
"I'm thirsty."
Ken watched, concerned, as Jennifer kept filling and emptying her glass.
"Take it easy."
She waved a hand in airy dismissal. "It's California wine. It's tike
drinking water." She took another swallow. "You're my best friend. Do you
know who's not my best friend? The great Robert Di Sliva. Di Sivla."
"Di Silva."
"Him, too. He hates me. D'ja see his face today? O-o-oh, he was mad! He
said he was gonna run me out of court. But he didn't, did he?"
..No, he---'

"You know what I think? You know what I really think?"
®I ..

"Di Siiva thinks rm Ahab and he's the white whale."
"I think you have that backwards."
"Thank you, Ken. I can always count on you. Let's have 'nother bottle of
wine."
"Don't you think you've had. enough?"
"Whales get thirsty." Jennifer giggled. "Tha's me. The big old white whale.
Did I tell you I love Abraham Wilson? He's the most beautiful man I ever

met. I looked in his eyes, Ken, my frien', 'n' he's
beautiful! Y'ever look
in Di Sivla's eyes? O-o-oh! They're cold! I mean, he's
'n iceberg. But he's
not a bad man. Did I tell you 'boor Ahab 'n' the big
white whale?"

"I love old Ahab. I love everybody. 'N' you know why,
Ken? 'Cause Abraham
Wilson is alive tonight. He's alive. Les have 'nother
bottle a wine to
celebrate . . ."

It was two A.M. when Ken Bailey took Jennifer home. He
helped her up the
four flights of stairs and into her little apartment. He
was breathing hard
from the climb.
"You know," Ken said, "I can feel the effects of all
that wine." '
Jennifer looked at him pityingly. "People who can't
handle it shoudn'
drink."
And she passed out cold.

She was awakened by the shrill screaming of the
telephone. She carefully
reached for the instrument, and the slight movement sent
rockets of pain
through every nerve ending in her body.
"'Lo . "
"Jennifer? This is Ken."
"To, Ken."
"You sound terrible. Are you all right?"
She thought about it. "I don't think so. What time 3s
it?"
"It's almost noon. You'd better get down here. All hell
is breaking loose."
"Ken-I think Pm dying."
"Listen to me. Get out of bed--slowly--take two aspirin
and a cold shower,
drink a cup of hot black coffee, and you'll probably
live."

When Jennifer arrived at the office one hour later, she was feeling better.
Not good, Jennifer thought, but better.
Both telephones were ringing when she walked into the office.

"They're for you." Ken grinned. "They haven't stopped! You need a
switchboard."
There were calls from newspapers and national magazines and television and
radio stations wanting to do in-depth stories on Jennifer. Overnight, she
had become big news. There were other calls, the kind of which she had
dreamed. Law firms that had snubbed her before were telephoning to ask when
it would be convenient for her to meet with them.

In his office downtown, Robert Di Silva was screaming at his first
assistant. "I want you to start a confidential file on Jennifer Parker. I
want to be informed of every client she takes on. Got it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Move!"

9

"He ain't no button guy anymore'n Tm a fuckin' virgin. He's been workin'
on the arm all his life."
"The asshole came suckin' up to me askin' me to put in the word with Mike.
I said, `Hey, paesano, I'm only a soldier, ya know?' If Mike needs another
shooter he don't have to go lookin' in shit alley."
"He was tryin' to run a game on you, Sal."
"Well, I clocked him pretty good. He ain't connected and in this business,
if you ain't connected, you're nothin'."
They were talking in the kitchen of a

three-hundred-yearold Dutch farmhouse
in upstate New Jersey.
There were three of them in the room: Nick Vito, Joseph Colella and
Salvatore "Little Flower" Fiore.
Nick Vito was a cadaverous-looking man with thin lips that were almost
invisible, and deep green eyes that were dead. He wore two hundred dollar
shoes and white socks.
Joseph "Big Joe" Colella was a huge slab of a man, a granite monolith, and
when he walked he looked like a building mov-

ing. Someone had once called him a vegetable garden. "Colella's got a potato
nose, cauliflower ears and a pea brain."
Colella had a soft, high-pitched voice and a deceptively gentle manner. He
owned a race horse and had an uncanny knack for picking winners. He was a
family man with a wife and six children. His specialties were guns, acid
and chains. Joe's wife, Carmelina, was a strict Catholic, and on Sundays
when Colella was not working, he always took his family to church.
The third man, Salvatore Fiore, was almost a 'midget. He stood five feet
three inches and weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds. He had the innocent
face of a choirboy and was equally adept with a gun or a knife. Women were
greatly attracted to the little man, and he boasted a wife, half a dozen
girl friends, and a beautiful mistress. Fiore had once been a jockey,
working the tracks from Pimlico to Tijuana. When the racing commissioner at
Hollywood Park banned Fiore for doping a horse, the

commissioner's body was
found floating in Lake Tahoe a week later.
The three men were soldati in Antonio Granelli's Family, but it was Michael
Moretti who had brought them in, and they belonged to him, body and soul.

In the dining room, a Family meeting was taking place. Seated at the head
of the table was Antonio Granelli, capo of the most powerful Mafia Family
on the east coast. Seventy-two years old, he was still a powerful-looking
man with the shoulders and broad chest of a laborer, and a shock of white
hair. Born in Palermo, Sicily, Antonio Granelli came to America when he was
fifteen and went to work on the waterfront on the west side of lower
Manhattan. By the time he was twenty-one, he was lieutenant to the dock
boss. The two men had an argument, and when the boss mysteriously
disappeared, Antonio Granelfi had taken over. Anyone who wanted to work on
the docks had to pay him. He had used the money to begin his

climb to power, and had expanded rapidly, branching out into loan-sharking..
and the numbers racket, prostitution and gambling and drugs and murder. Over
the years he had been indicted thirty-two times and had only been convicted
once, on a minor assault charge. Granelli was a ruthless man with the
down-to-earth cunning of a peasant, and a total amorality.
To Granelli's left sat Thomas Colfax, the Family consigliere. Twenty-five
years earlier, Colfax had had a brilliant future as a corporation lawyer,
but he had defended a small olive-oil company which

turned out to be
Mafia-controlled and, step by step, had been lured into handling other
cases for the Mafia until finally, through the years, the Granelli Family
had become his sole client. It was a very lucrative client and Thomas
Colfax became a wealthy man, with extensive real estate holdings and bank
accounts all over the world.
To the right of Antonio Granelli sat Michael Moretti, his son-in-law.
Michael was ambitious, a trait that made Granelli nervous. Michael did not
fit into the pattern of the Family. His father, Giovanni, a distant cousin
of Antonio Granelli, had been born not in Sicily but in Florence. That
alone made the Moretti family suspect-everybody knew that Florentines were
not to be trusted.
Giovanni Moretti had come to America and opened a shop as a shoemaker,
running it honestly, without even a back room for gambling or loan-sharking
or girls. Which made him stupid.
Giovanni's son, Michael, was entirely different. He had put himself through
Yale and the Wharton School of Business. When Michael had finished school,
he had gone to his father with one request: He wanted to meet his distant
relative, Antonio Granelli. The old shoemaker had gone to see his cousin
and the meeting had been arranged. Granelli was sure that Michael was going
to ask for a loan so that he could go into some kind of business, maybe
open a shoe shop like his dumb father. But the meeting had been a surprise.
"I know how to make you rich," Michael Moretti had begun.

Antonio Granelli had looked at the impudent young man and had smiled
tolerantly. "I am rich."
"No. You just think you're rich."
The smile had died away. "What the hell you talkin' about, kid?"
And Michael Moretti had told him.

Antonio Granelli had moved cautiously at first, testing each piece of
Michael's advice. Everything had succeeded brilliantly. Where before, the
Granelli Family had been involved in profitable illegal activities, under
Michael Moretti's supervision it branched out. Within five years the Family
was into dozens of legitimate businesses, including meat-packing, linen
supplies, restaurants, trucking companies and pharmaceuticals. Michael
found ailing companies that needed financing and the Family went in as a
minor partner and gradually took over, stripping away whatever assets there
were. Old companies with impeccable reputations suddenly found themselves
bankrupt. The businesses that showed a satisfactory profit, Michael hung on
to and he increased the profits tremendously, for the workers in those
businesses were controlled by his unions, and the company took their
insurance through one of the Family-owned insurance companies, and they
bought their automobiles from one of the Family's automobile dealers.
Michael created a symbiotic giant, a series of businesses through which the
consumer was constantly being milkedand the milk flowed to the Family.
In spite of his successes, Michael Moretti was aware that he had a problem.
Once he had shown Antonio Granelli the rich, ripe horizons of legitimate

enterprise, Granelli no longer needed him. He was expensive, because in the beginning he had persuaded Antonio Granelli to give him a percentage of what everyone was sure would be a small pot. But as Michael's ideas began to bear fruit and the profits poured in, Granelli had second thoughts. By chance, Michael learned that Granelli

had held a meeting to discuss what the Family should do with him.

"I don't like to see all this money goin' to the kid," Granelli had said. "We get rid of him."

Michael had circumvented that scheme by marrying into the Family. Rosa, Antonio Granelli's only daughter, was nineteen years old. Her mother had died giving birth to her, and Rosa had been brought up in a convent and was allowed to come home only during the holidays. Her father adored her, and he saw to it that she was protected and sheltered. It was on a school holiday, an Easter, that Rosa met Michael Moretti. By the time she returned to the convent, she was madly in love with him. The memory of his dark good looks drove her to do things when she was alone that the nuns told her were sins against God.

Antonio Granelli was under the delusion that his daughter thought he was merely a successful businessman, but over the years, Rosa's classmates had shown her newspaper and magazine articles about her father and his real business, and whenever the government made an attempt to indict and convict one of the Granelli Family, Rosa was always aware of it. She never discussed it with her father, and so he remained happy

in his belief that
his daughter was an innocent and that she was spared the shock of knowing
the truth.
The truth, if he had know it, would have surprised Granelli for Rosa found
her father's business terribly exciting. She hated the discipline of the
nuns at the convent and that, in turn, led her to hate all authority. She
daydreamed about her father as a kind of Robin Hood, challenging authority,
defying the government. The fact that Michael Moretti was an important man
in her father's organization made him that much more exciting to her.

From the beginning, Michael was very careful how he handled Rosa. When he
managed to be alone with her they

exchanged ardent kisses and embraces, but Michael never let it go too far.
Rosa was a virgin and she was willing-eagerto give herself to the man she
loved. It was Michael who held back.
"I respect you too much, Rosa, to go to bed with you before we're married."
In reality, it was Antonio Granelli he respected too much. He'd chop my
balls off, Michael thought.
And so it happened that at the time Antonio Granelli was discussing the
best way to get rid of Michael Moretti, Michael and Rosa came to him and
announced that they were in love and intended to get married. The old man
screamed and raged and gave a hundred reasons why it would happen only over
someone's dead body. But in the end, true love prevailed and Michael and
Rosa were married in an elaborate ceremony.
After the wedding the old man had called Michael aside.

"Rosa's all I got,
Michael. You take good care of her, huh?"
"I will, Tony."
"rm gonna be watchin' you. You better make her happy.
You know what I mean,
Mike?"
".`I know what you mean."
"No whores or chippies. Understand? Rosa likes to cook.
You see that you're
home for dinner every night. You're gonna be a
son-in-law to be proud of."
"I'm going to try very hard, Tony."
Antonio Granelli had said casually, "Oh, by the way,
Mike, now that you're
a member of the Family, that royalty deal I gave
you-maybe we oughta change
it."
Michael had clapped him on the arm. "Thanks, Papa, but
it's enough for us,
rll be able to buy Rosa everything she wants."
And he had walked away, leaving the old man staring
after him.

That had been seven years earlier, and the years that
fol-

lowed had been wonderful for Michael. Rosa was pleasant
and easy to live
with and she adored him, but Michael knew that if she
died or went away, he
would get along without her. He would simply find someone
else to do the
things she did for him. He was not in love with Rosa.
Michael did not think
he was capable of loving another human being; it was as
though something was
missing in him.
He had no feelings for people, only for animals. Michael
had been given a
collie puppy for his tenth birthday. The two of them
were inseparable. Six
weeks later the dog had been killed in a hit-and-run
accident, and when

Michael's father offered to buy him another dog, Michael had refused. He had never owned another dog after that.

Michael had grown up watching his father slaving his life away for pennies, and Michael had resolved that would never happen to him. He had known what he wanted from the time he had first heard talk about his famous distant cousin Antonio Granelli. There were twenty-six Mafia Families in the United States, five of them in New York City, and his cousin Antonio's was the strongest. From his earliest childhood, Michael thrived on tales of the Mafia. His father told him about the night of the Sicilian Vespers, September 10, 1931, when the balance of power had changed hands. In that single night, the Young Turks in the Mafia staged a bloody coup that wiped out more than forty Mustache Petes, the old guard who had come over from Italy and Sicily.

Michael was of the new generation. He had gotten rid of the old thinking and had brought in fresh ideas. A nine-man national commission controlled all the Families now, and Michael knew that one day he would run that commission.

Michael turned now to study the two men seated at the dining room table of the New Jersey farmhouse. Antonio Granelli still had a few years left but, with luck, not too many.

Thomas Colfax was the enemy. The lawyer had been against Michael from the beginning. As Michael's influence with the old man had increased, Colfax's had decreased.

Michael had brought more and more of his own men into the Organization, men
like Nick Vito and Salvatore Fiore and Joseph Colella, who were fiercely
loyal to him. Thomas Colfax had not liked that.
When Michael had been indicted for the murders of the Ramos brothers, and
Camillo Stela had agreed to testify against him in court, the old lawyer
had believed that he was finally going to be rid of Michael, for the
District Attorney had an airtight case.
Michael had thought of a way out in the middle of the night. At four in the
morning, he had gone out to a telephone booth and called Joseph Colella.
"Next week some new lawyers are going to be sworn in on the District
Attorney's staff. Can you get me their names?"
"Sure, Mike. Easy."
"One more thing. Call Detroit and have them fly in a cherry-one of their boys who's never been tagged: " And Michael had hung up.

Two weeks later, Michael Moretti had sat in the courtroom studying the new
assistant district attorneys. He had looked them over carefully, his eyes
traveling from face to face, searching and judging. What he planned to do
was dangerous, but its very daring could make it work. He was dealing with
young beginners who would be too nervous to ask a lot of questions, and
anxious to be helpful and make their mark. Well, someone was certainly
going to make his mark.
Michael had finally selected Jennifer Parker. He liked the fact that she
was inexperienced and that she was tense and trying to hide it. He liked
the fact that she was female and would feel under more pressure than the
men. When Michael

was satisfied with his decision, he turned to a man in a gray suit sitting
among the spectators and nodded toward Jennifer. That was all.
Michael had watched as the District Attorney had finished
his examination of that son-of-a-bitch, Camillo Stela. He had
turned to Thomas Colfax and said, Your witness for cross.
Thomas Colfax had risen to his feet. 1 f it please Your Honor,
it is now almost noon. 1 would prefer not to have my cross
examination interrupted. Might 1 request that the court recess
for lunch now and I'll cross-examine this afternoon?
And a recess had been declared. Now was the moment!
Michael saw his man casually drift up to join the men who were crowded
around the District Attorney. The man made himself a part of the group. A
few moments later, he walked over to Jennifer and handed her a large
envelope. Michael sat there, holding his breath, willing Jennifer to take
the envelope and move toward the witness room. She did. It was not until he
saw her return without it that Michael Moretti relaxed.

That had been a year ago. The newspapers had crucified the girl, but that
was her problem. Michael had not given any further thought to Jennifer
Parker until the newspapers had begun recently to feature the Abraham
Wilson trial. They had dragged up the old Michael Moretti case and Jennifer
Parker's part in it. They had run her picture. She was a stunning-looking
girl, but there was something more-there was a sense of independence about
her that stirred something in him. He stared at the

picture for a long
time.
Michael began to follow the Abraham Wilson trial with increasing interest.
When the boys had celebrated with a victory dinner after Michael's mistrial
was declared, Salvatore Fiore had proposed a toast. "The world got rid of
one more fuckin' lawyer."
But the world had not gotten rid of her, Michael thought.

Jennifer Parker had bounced back and was still in there, fighting. Michael
liked that. '
He had seen her on television the night before, discussing her victory over
Robert Di Silva, and Michael had been oddly pleased.
Antonio Granelli had asked, "Ain't she the mouthpiece you set up, Mike?"
"Uh-huh. She's got a brain, Tony. Maybe we can use her one of these days."
10

The day after the Abraham Wilson verdict, Adam Warner telephoned. "I just
called to congratulate you."
Jennifer recognized his voice instantly and it affected her more than she
would have believed possible.
1`17his is-21
"I know." Oh, God, Jennifer thought. Why did 1 say that? There was no
reason to let Adam know how often she had thought about him in the past few
months.
"I wanted to tell you I thought you handled the Abraham Wilson case
brilliantly. You deserved to win it."
"Thank you" He's going to hang up, Jennifer thought. I'll never see him
again. He's probably too busy with his harem.
And Adam Warner was saying, "I was wondering if you'd

care to have dinner
with me one evening?"
Men hate overeager girls. "What about tonight?"
Jennifer heard the smile in his voice. "rm afraid my first free night is
Friday. Are you busy?"

"No." She had almost said, Of course not.
"Shall I pick you up at your place?"
Jennifer thought about her dreary little apartment with its lumpy sofa, the
ironing board set up in a corner. "It might be easier if we met somewhere."
"Do you like the food at LutBce?"
"May I tell you after I've eaten there?"
He laughed. "How's eight o'clock?"
"Eight o'clock is lovely:"
Lovely. Jennifer replaced the receiver and sat there in a glow of euphoria.
This is ridiculous, she thought. He's probably married and has two dozen
children. Almost the first thing Jennifer had noticed about Adam when they
had had dinner was that he was not wearing a wedding ring. Inconclusive
evidence, she thought wryly. There definitely should be a law forcing all
husbands to wear wedding rings.
Ken Bailey walked into the office. "How's the master attorney?" He looked
at her more closely. "You look like you just swallowed a client."
Jennifer hesitated, then said, "Ken, would you run a check on someone for
me?"
He walked over to her desk, picked up a pad and pencil. "Shoot. Who is it?"
She started to say Adam's name, then stopped, feeling like a fool. What
business had she prying into Adam Warner's private life? For Gods sake, she

told herself, all he did is ask you to have dinner with him, not marry him.
"Never mind."
Ken put the pencil down. "Whatever you say."

"Ken---:'
"Yes?"
"Adam Warner. His name is Adam Warner."
Ken looked at her in surprise. "Hell, you don't need me to run a check on
him. Just read the newspapers."
"What do you know about him?"

Ken Bailey flopped into a chair across from Jennifer and steepled his
fingers together. "Let me see. He's a partner in Needham, Finch, Pierce and
Warner; Harvard Law School; comes from a rich socialite family; in his
middle thirties-"
Jennifer looked at him curiously. "How do you know so much about him?"
He winked. "I have friends in high places. There's a rumor they're going to
run Mr. Warner for the United States Senate. There's even a little
presidential ground swell going on. He's got what they call charisma."
He certainly has, Jennifer thought. She tried to make her next question
sound casual. "What about his personal life?"
Ken Bailey looked at her oddly. "He's married to the daughter of an
ex-Secretary of the Navy. She's the niece of Stewart Needham, Warner's law
partner."
Jennifer's heart sank. So that was that.
Ken was watching her, puzzled. "Why this sudden interest in Adam Warner?"
"Just curious."
Long after Ken Bailey had left, Jennifer sat there thinking about Adam. He
asked me to dinner as a professional courtesy. He wants

to congratulate me.
But he's already done that over the telephone. Who cares why? I'm going to
see him again. I wonder whether he'll remember to mention he has a wife. Of
course not. Well, I'll have dinner with Adam on Friday night and that will
be the end of that.

Late that afternoon, Jennifer received a telephone call from Peabody &
Peabody. It was from the senior partner himself.
"I've been meaning to get around to this for some time," he said. "I
wondered if you and I might have lunch soon:"
His casual tone did not deceive Jennifer. She was sure the idea of having
lunch with her had not occurred to him until after he had read about the
Abraham Wilson decision. He

certainly did not want to meet with her to discuss serving subpoenas.
"What about tomorrow?" he suggested. "My club."

They met for lunch the following day. The senior Peabody was a pale, prissy
man, an older version of his son. His vest failed to conceal a slight
paunch. Jennifer liked the father just as little as she had liked the son.
"We have an opening for a bright young trial attorney in our firm, Miss
Parker. We can offer you fifteen thousand dollars a year to start with."
Jennifer sat there listening to him, thinking how much that offer would
have meant to her a year earlier when she had desperately needed a job,
needed someone who believed in her.
He was saying, "rm sure that within a few years there would be room for a
partnership for you in our firm."

Fifteen thousand dollars a year and a partnership.
Jennifer thought about
the little office she shared with Ken, and her tiny,
shabby four-flight
walk-up apartment with its fake fireplace.
Mr. Peabody was taking her silence for acquiescence.
"Good. We'd like you
to begin as soon as possible. Perhaps you could start
Monday. I-"
"No 9.

"Oh. Well, if Monday's not convenient for you-"
"I mean, no, I can't take your offer, Mr. Peabody,"
Jennifer said, and
amazed herself.
"I see." There was a pause. "Perhaps we could start you
at twenty thousand
dollars a year." He saw the expression on her face. "Or
twenty-five
thousand. Why don't you think it over?"
"Pve thought it over. I'm going to stay in business for
myself."

The clients were beginning to come. Not a great many
and

not very affluent, but they were clients. The office was
becoming too small
for her.
One morning after Jennifer had kept two clients waiting
outside in the
hallway while she was dealing with a third, Ken said,
"This isn't going to
work, You're going to have to move out of here and get
yourself a decent
office uptown."
Jennifer nodded. "I know. I've been thinking about it."
Ken busied himself with some papers so that he did not
have to meet her
eyes. "I'll miss you."
"What are you talking about? You have to go with me."
It took a moment for the words to sink in. He looked up
and a broad grin

creased his freckled face.
"Go with you?" He glanced around the cramped, windowless room. "And give up
all this?"

The following week, Jennifer and Ken Bailey moved into larger offices in
the five hundred block on Fifth Avenue. The new quarters were simply
furnished and consisted of three small rooms: one for Jennifer, one for Ken
and one for a secretary.
The secretary they hired was a young girl named Cynthia Ellman fresh out of
New York University.
"There won't be a lot for you to do for a while," Jennifer apologized, "but
things will pick up."
"Oh, I know they will, Miss Parker." There was heroine worship in the
girl's voice.
She wants to be like me, Jennifer thought. God forbid!
Ken Bailey walked in and said, "Hey, I get lonely in that big office all by
myself. How about dinner and the theater tonight?"
"I'm afraid I-" She was tired and had some briefs to read, but Ken was her
best friend and she could not refuse him.
"I'd love to go:"

They went to see Applause, and Jennifer enjoyed it tremendously. Lauren
Bacall was totally captivating. Jennifer and Ken had supper afterward at
Sardi's.
When they had ordered, Ken said, "I have two tickets for the ballet Friday
night. I thought we might---"
Jennifer said, "I'm sorry, Ken. I'm busy Friday night."
"Oh." His voice was curiously flat.
From time to time, Jennifer would find Ken staring at her when he thought
he was unobserved, and there was an expression on his

face that Jennifer found hard to define. She knew Ken -was lonely, although he never talked about any of his friends and never discussed his personal life. She could not forget what Otto had told her, and she wondered whether Ken himself knew what he wanted out of life. She wished that there were some way she could help him.

It seemed to Jennifer that Friday was never going to arrive. As her dinner date with Adam Warner drew closer, Jennifer found it more and more difficult to concentrate on business. She found herself thinking about Adam constantly. She knew she was being ridiculous. She had seen the man only once in her life, and yet she was unable to get him out of her mind. She tried to rationalize by telling herself that it was because he had saved her when she was facing disbarment proceedings, and then had sent her clients. That was true, but Jennifer knew it was more than that. It was something she could not explain, even to herself. It was a feeling she had never had before, an attraction she had never felt for any other man. She wondered what Adam Warner's wife was like. She was undoubtedly one of the chosen women who, every Wednesday, walked through the red door at Elizabeth Arden's for a day of head-to-toe pampering. She would be sleek and sophisticated, with the polished aura of the wealthy socialite.

~e ~ s

On the magic Friday morning at ten o'clock, Jennifer made an appointment

with a new Italian hairdresser Cynthia had told her all the models were
going to. At ten-thirty, Jennifer called to cancel it. At eleven, she
rescheduled the appointment.
Ken Bailey invited Jennifer to lunch, but she was too nervous to eat
anything. Instead, she went shopping at Bendel's, where she bought a short,
dark green chiffon dress that matched her eyes, a pair of slender brown
pumps and a matching purse. She knew she was far over her budget, but she
could not seem to stop herself.
She passed the perfume department on the way out, and on an insane impulse
bought a bottle of Joy perfume. It was insane because the man was married.
Jennifer left the office at five o'clock and went home to change. She spent
two hours bathing and dressing for Adam, and when she was finished she
studied herself critically in the mirror. Then she defiantly combed out her
carefully coiffured hair and tied it back with a green ribbon. That's
better, she thought. I'm a lawyer going to have dinner with another lawyer.
But when she closed the door she left behind a faint fragrance of rose and
jasmine.

LutBce was nothing like what Jennifer had expected. A French tricolor flew
above the entrance of the small town house. Inside, a narrow hall led to a
small bar and beyond was a sunroom, bright and gay, with porch wicker and
plaid tablecloths. Jennifer was met at the door by the owner, Andre
Soltner.
"May I help you?"
"I'm meeting Mr. Adam Warner. I think I'm a little early."

He waved Jennifer toward the small bar. "Would you care for a drink while
you are waiting, Miss Parker?"

"That would be nice," Jennifer said. "Thank you."
"I'll send a waiter over."
Jennifer took a seat and amused herself watching the bejeweled and
mink-draped women arriving with their escorts. Jennifer had read and heard
about Lut6ce. It was reputed to be Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite restaurant
and to have excellent food.
A distinguished-looking gray-haired man walked up to Jennifer and said,
"Mind if I join you for a moment?"
Jennifer stiffened. "I'm waiting for someone," she began. "He should be
here-"
He smiled and sat down. "This isn't a pickup, Miss Parker." Jennifer looked
at him in surprise, unable to place him. "I'm Lee Browning, of Holland and
Browning." It was one of the most prestigious law firms in New York. "I
just wanted to congratulate you on the way you handled the Wilson trial."
"Thank you, Mr. Browning."
"You took a big chance. It was a no-win case." He studied her a moment.
"The rule is, when you're on the wrong side of a no-win case, make sure
it's one where there's no publicity involved. The trick is to spotlight the
winners and kick the losers under the rug. You fooled a lot of us. Have you
ordered a drink yet?"

"May I-?" He beckoned to a waiter. "Victor, bring us a bottle of champagne,
would you? Dom Perignon."
"Right away, Mr. Browning."
Jennifer smiled. "Are you trying to impress me?"

He laughed aloud. "rm trying to hire you. I imagine you've been getting a
lot of offers."
"A few."
"Our firm deals mostly in corporate work, Miss Parker, but some of our more
affluent clients frequently get carried away and have need of a criminal
defense attorney. I think

we could make you a very attractive proposal. Would you care to stop by my
office and discuss it?"
"Thank you, Mr. Browning. Tm ready flattered, but I just moved into my own
offices. I'm hoping it will work out."
He gave her a long look. "It will work out:" He raised his eyes as someone
approached and got to his feet and held out his hand. "Adam, how are you?"
Jennifer looked up and Adam Warner was standing there shaking hands with
Lee Browning. Jennifer's heart began to beat faster and she could feel her
face flush. Idiot schoolgirl!
Adam Warner looked at Jennifer and Browning and said, "You two know each
other?"
"We were just beginning to get acquainted," Lee Browning said easily. "You
arrived a little too soon."
"Or just in time:" He took Jennifer's arm. "Better luck next time, Lee."
The captain came up to Adam. "Would you like your table now, Mr. Warner, or
would you like to have a drink at the bar first?"
"We'll take a table, Henri."

When they had been seated, Jennifer looked around the room and recognized
half a dozen celebrities.
"This place is like a Who's Who," she said.
Adam looked at her. "It is now:"

Jennifer felt herself blush again. Stop it, you fool. She wondered how many other girls Adam Warner had brought here while his wife was sitting at home, waiting for him. She wondered if any of them ever learned that he was married, or whether he always managed to keep that a secret from them.
Well, she had an advantage. You're going to be in for a surprise, Mr. Warner, Jennifer thought.
They ordered drinks and dinner and busied themselves making small talk.
Jennifer let Adam do most of the talking.

He was witty and charming, but she was armored against his charm. It was not easy. She found herself smiling at his anecdotes, laughing at his stories.
It won't do him any good, Jennifer told herself. She was not looking for a fling. The specter of her mother haunted her. There was a deep passion within Jennifer that she was afraid to explore, afraid to release.

They were having dessert and Adam still had not said one word that could be misconstrued. Jennifer had been building up her defenses for nothing, fending off an attack that had never materialized, and she felt like a fool. She wondered what Adam would have said if he had known what she had been thinking all evening. Jennifer smiled at her own vanity.
"I never got a chance to thank you for the clients you sent me," Jennifer said. "I did telephone you a few times, but----r
"I know." Adam hesitated, then added awkwardly, "I didn't want to return your phone calls:" Jennifer looked at him in surprise. "I was afraid to,"

he said simply.
And there it was. He had taken her by surprise, caught her off guard, but
his meaning was unmistakable. Jennifer knew what was coming next. And she
did not want him to say it. She did not want him to be like all the others,
the married men who pretended they were single. She despised them and she
did not want to despise this man.
Adam said quietly, "Jennifer, I want you to know rm married." She sat there
staring at him, her mouth open.
"I'm sorry. I should have told you sooner." He smiled wryly. "Well, there
really was no sooner, was there?"
Jennifer was filled with a strange confusion. "Why-why did you ask me to
dinner, Adam?"
"Because I had to see you again"
Everything began to seem unreal to Jennifer. It was as though she were
being pulled under by some giant tidal

wave. She sat there listening to Adam saying all the things he felt, and she
knew that every word was true. She knew because she felt the same way. She
wanted him to stop before he said too much. She wanted him to go on and say
more.
"I hope rm not offending you," Adam said.
There was a sudden shyness about him that shook Jennifer.
"Adam, I-I-"
He looked at her and even though they had not touched, it was as if she
were in his arms.
Jennifer said shakily, "Tell me about your wife."
"Mary Beth and I have been married fifteen years. We have no children."
"I see."
"She-we decided not to have any. We were both very young when we got

married. I had known her a long time. Our families were neighbors at a
summer place we had in Maine. When she was eighteen, her parents were
killed in a plane crash. Mary Beth was almost insane with grief. She was
all alone. I-we got married."
He married her out of pity and he's too much of a gentle-man to say so, Jennifer thought.
"She's a wonderful woman. We've always had a very good relationship."
He was telling Jennifer more than she wanted to know, more than she could
handle. Every instinct in her warned her to get away, to flee. In the past
she had easily been able to cope with the married men who had trite to
become involved with her, but Jennifer knew instinctively that this was
different. If she ever let herself fall in love with this man, there would
be no way out. She would have to be insane ever to begin anything with him.
Jennifer spoke carefully. "Adam, I like you very much. I don't get involved
with married men."
He smiled, and his eyes behind the glasses held honesty and warmth. ,rm not
looking for a backstreet affair. I enjoy being

with you. rm very proud of you. Td like as to see each other once in a
while."
Jennifer started to say, What good would that do? but the words came out,
"That would be good."
So we'll have lunch once a month, Jennifer thought. It can't hurt
anything.

11

One of Jennifer's first visitors to her new office was Father Ryan. He

wandered around the three small rooms and said, "Very nice, indeed. We're
getting up in the world, Jennifer."
Jennifer laughed. "This isn't exactly getting up in the world, Father. I
have a long way to go."
He eyed her keenly. "You'll make it. By the way, I went to visit Abraham
Wilson last week:"
"How is he getting along?"
"Fine. They have him working in the prison machine shop. He asked me to
give you his regards."
"I'll have to visit him myself one day soon."
Father Ryan sat in his chair, staring at her, until Jennifer said, "Is
there something I can do for you, Father?"
He brightened. "Ah, well, I know you must be busy, but now that you've
brought it up, a friend of mine has a bit of a problem. She was in an
accident. I think you're just the one to help her."

Automatically Jennifer replied, "Have her come in and see me, Father."
"I think you'll have to go to her. She's a quadruple amputee."

Connie Garrett lived in a small, neat apartment on Houston Street. The door
was opened for Jennifer by an elderly whitehaired woman wearing an apron.
"I'm Martha Steele, Connie's aunt. I live with Connie. Please come in.
She's expecting you."
Jennifer walked into a meagerly furnished living room. Connie Garrett was
propped up with pillows in a large armchair. Jennifer was shocked by her
youth. For some reason, she had expected an older woman. Connie Garrett was

about twenty-four, Jennifer's age. There was a wonderful radiance in her
face, and Jennifer found it obscene that there was only a torso with no
arms or legs attached to it. She repressed a shudder.
Connie Garrett gave her a warm smile and said, "Please sit down, Jennifer.
May I call you Jennifer? Father Ryan has told me so much about you. And, of
course, rve seen you on television. I'm so glad you could come."
Jennifer started to reply, "My pleasure," and realized how inane it would
have sounded. She sat down in a soft comfortable chair opposite the young
woman.
"Father Ryan said you were in an accident a few years ago, Do you want to
tell me what happened?"
"It was my fault, rm afraid. I was crossing an intersection and I stepped
off the sidewalk and slipped and fell in front of a truck."
"How long ago was this?"
"Three years ago last December. I was on my way to Bloomingdale's to do
some Christmas shopping."
"What happened after the truck hit you?"
"I don't remember anything. I woke up in the hospital.

They told me that an ambulance brought me there. There was an injury to my
spine. Then they found bone damage and it kept spreading until=' She stopped
and tried to shrug. It was a pitiful gesture. "They tried to fit me with
artificial limbs, but they don't work on me."
"Did you bring suit?"
She looked at Jennifer, puzzled. "Father Ryan didn't tell yourþ
"Tell me what?"
"My lawyer sued the utility company whose truck hit me, and we lost the

case. We appealed and lost the appeal:"
Jennifer said, "He should have mentioned that. If the appellate court
turned you down, I'm afraid there's nothing that can be done."
Connie Garrett nodded. "I didn't really believe there was. I just
thought-well, Father Ryan said you could work miracles."
"That's his territory. I'm only a lawyer."
She was angry with Father Ryan for having given Connie Garrett false hope.
Grimly, Jennifer decided she would have a talk with him.
The older woman was hovering in the background. "Can I offer you something,
Miss Parker? Some tea and cake, perhaps?"
Jennifer suddenly realized she was hungry, for she had had no time for
lunch. But she visualized sitting opposite Connie Garrett while she was
being fed by hand, and she could not bear the thought.
"No, thanks," Jennifer lied. "I just had lunch."
All Jennifer wanted to do was get out of there as quickly as possible. She
tried to think of some cheering note she could leave on, but there was
nothing. Damn Father Ryan!
"I-rm really sorry. I wish I='
Connie Garrett smiled and said, "Please don't worry about it."

It was the smile that did it. Jennifer was sure if she had been in Connie
Garrett's place she would never have been able to smile.
"Who was your lawyer?" Jennifer heard herself asking.
"Melvin Hutcherson. Do you know him?"
"No, but I'll look him up." She went on, without meaning to, "I'll have a
talk with him."
"That would be so nice of you." There was warm appreciation in Connie
Garrett's voice.
Jennifer thought of what the girl's life must be like, sitting there

totally helpless, day after day, month after month, year after year, unable
to do anything for herself.
"I can't promise anything, I'm afraid."
"Of course not. But, do you know something, Jennifer? I feel better just,
because you came."
Jennifer rose to her feet. It was a moment to shake hands, but there was no
hand to shake.
She said awkwardly, "It was nice meeting you, Connie. You'll hear from me."
On the way back to her office, Jennifer thought about Father Ryan and
resolved that she would never succumb to his blandishments again. There was
nothing anyone could do for that poor crippled girl, and to offer her any
kind of hope was indecent. But she would keep her promise. She would talk
to Melvin Hutcherson.
When Jennifer returned to her office there was a long list of messages for
her. She looked through them quickly, looking for a message from Adam
Warner. There was none.

12

Melvin Hutcherson was a short, balding man with a tiny button nose and
washed-out pale blue eyes. He had a shabby suite of offices on the West
Side that reeked of poverty. The receptionist's desk was empty.
"Gone to lunch," Melvin Hutcherson explained.
Jennifer wondered if he had a secretary. He ushered her into his private
office, which was no larger than the reception office.
"You told me over the phone you wanted to talk about Connie Garrett."
"That's right."
He shrugged. "There's not that much to talk about. We sued and we lost.
Believe me, I did a bang-up job for her."

"Did you handle the appeal?"
"Yep. We lost that, too. I'm afraid you're spinning your wheels." He
regarded her a moment. "Why do you wane to waste your time on something
like this? You're hot. You could be working on big money cases."

"I'm doing a friend a favor. Would you mind if I looked at the
transcripts?"
"Help yourself," Hutcherson shrugged. "They're public property."

Jennifer spent the evening going over the transcripts of Connie Garrett's
lawsuit. To Jennifer's surprise, Melvin Hutcherson had told the truth: He
had done a good job. He had named both the city and the Nationwide Motors
Corporation as co-defendants, and had demanded a trial by jury. The jury
had exonerated both defendants.
The Department of Sanitation had done its best to cope with the snowstorm
that had swept the city that December; all its equipment had been in use.
The city had argued that the storm was an act of God, and that if there was
any negligence, it was on the part of Connie Garrett.
Jennifer turned to the charges against the truck company. Three
eyewitnesses had testified that the driver had tried to stop the truck to
avoid hitting the victim, but that he had been unable to brake in time, and
the truck had gone into an unavoidable spin and had hit her. The verdict in
favor of the defendant had been upheld by the Appellate Division and the
case had been closed.

Jennifer finished reading the transcripts at three
o'clock in the morning.
She turned off the lights, unable to sleep. On paper,
justice had been
done. But the image of Connie Garrett kept coming into
her mind. A girl in
her twenties, without arms or legs. Jennifer visualized
the truck hitting
the young girl, the awful agony she must have suffered,
the series of
terrible operations that had been performed, each one
cutting away parts of
her limbs. Jennifer turned on the light and sat up in
bed. She dialed
Melvin Hutcherson's home number.
"'here's nothing in the transcripts about the doctors,"
Jennifer said into
the telephone. "Did you look into the possibility of
malpractice?"

A groggy voice said, "Who the fuck is this?"
"Jennifer Parker. Did you='
"For Christ's sake! It's-it's four o'clock in the
morning! Don't you have
a watch?"
"This is important. The hospital wasn't named in the
suit. What about those
operations that were performed on Connie Garrett? Did
you check into them?"
There was a pause while Melvin Hutcherson tried to
gather his thoughts. "I
talked to the heads of neurology and orthopedics at the
hospital that took
care of her. The operations were necessary to save her
life. They were
performed by the top men there and were done properly.
That's why the hos-
pital wasn't named in the suit."
Jennifer felt a sharp sense of frustration. "I see."
"Look, I told you before, you're wasting your time on
this one. Now why
don't we both get some sleep?"
And the receiver clicked in Jennifer's ear. She turned

out the light and
lay back again. But sleep was farther away than ever. After a while,
Jennifer gave up the struggle, arose and made herself a pot of coffee. She
sat on her sofa drinking it, watching the rising sun paint the Manhattan
skyline, the faint pink gradually turning into a bright, explosive red.
Jennifer was disturbed. For every injustice there was supposed to be a
remedy at law. Had justice been done in Connie Garrett's case? She glanced
at the clock on the wall. It was six-thirty. Jennifer picked up the
telephone again and dialed Melvin Hutcherson's number.
"Did you check out the record of the truck driver?" Jennifer asked.
A sleepy voice said, "Jesus Christ! Are you some kind of crazy? When do you
sleep?"
"The driver of the utility truck. Did you check out his record?"
"Lady, you're beginning to insult me."
"I'm sorry," Jennifer insisted, "but I have to know."

'The answer is yes. He had a perfect record. This was his first
accident."
So that avenue was closed. "I see." Jennifer was thinking hard.
"Miss Parker," Melvin Hutcherson said, "do me a big favor, will you? If
you have any more questions, call me during office hours."
"Sorry," Jennifer said absently. "Go back to sleep."
"Thanks a lot!"
Jennifer replaced the receiver. It was time to get dressed and go to
work.

13

It had been three weeks since Jennifer had had dinner

with Adam at LutCCe.
She tried to put him out of her mind, but everything reminded her of Adam:
A chance phrase, the back of a stranger's head, a tie similar to the one he
had worn. There were many men who tried to date her. She was propositioned
by clients, by attorneys she had opposed in court and by a night-court
judge, but Jennifer wanted none of them. Lawyers invited her out for what
was cynically referred to as "funch," but she was not interested. There was
an independence about her that was -a challenge to men.
Ken Bailey was always there, but that fact did nothing to assuage
Jennifer's loneliness. There was only one person who could do that, damn
him!
He telephoned on a Monday morning. "I thought I'd take a chance and see if
you happened to be free for lunch today."
She was not. She said, "Of course I am."
Jennifer had sworn to herself that if Adam ever called her

again she would be friendly yet distant, and courteous but definitely not
available.
The moment she heard Adam's voice she forgot all those things and said, Of
course 1 am.
The last thing in the world she should have said.

They had lunch at a small, restaurant in Chinatown, and they talked
steadily for two hours that seemed like two minutes. They talked about law
and politics and the theater, and solved all the complex problems of the
world. Adam was brilliant and incisive and fascinating.

He was genuinely
interested in what Jennifer was doing, and took a joyous pride in her
successes. He has a right to, Jennifer thought. If not for him, 1'd be back
in Kelso, Washington.

When Jennifer returned to the office, Ken Bailey was waiting for her.
"Have a good lunch?"
"Yes, thank you."
"Is Adam Warner going to become a client?" His tone was too casual.
"No, Ken. We're just friends."
And it was true.

The following week, Adam invited Jennifer to have lunch in the private
dining room of his law firm. Jennifer was impressed with the huge, modern
complex of offices. Adam introduced her to various members of the firm, and
Jennifer felt like a minor celebrity, for they seemed to know all about
her. She met Stewart Needham, the senior partner. He was distantly polite
to Jennifer, and she remembered that Adam was married to his niece.
Adam and Jennifer had lunch in the walnut-paneled dining room run by a chef
and two waiters.
"This is where the partners bring their problems."

Jennifer wondered whether he was referring to her..
It was hard for her to concentrate on the meal.

Jennifer thought about Adam all that afternoon. She knew she had to forget
about him, had to stop seeing him. He belonged to another woman.

That night, Jennifer went with Ken Bailey to see Two by Two, the new

Richard Rodgers show.
As they stepped into the lobby there was an excited buzz from the crowd,
and Jennifer turned to see what was happening. A long, black limousine had
pulled up to the curb and a man and woman were stepping out of the car.
"It's himl" a woman exclaimed, and people began to gather around the car.
The burly chauffeur stepped aside and Jennifer saw Michael Moretti and his
wife. It was Michael that the crowd focused on. He was a folk hero,
handsome enough to be a movie star, daring enough to have captured
everyone's imagination. Jennifer stood in the lobby watching as Michael
Moretti and his wife made their way through the crowd. Michael passed
within three feet of Jennifer, and for an instant their eyes met. Jennifer
noticed that his eyes were so black that she could not see his pupils. A
moment later he disappeared into the theater.
Jennifer was unable to enjoy the show. The sight of Michael Moretti had
brought back a flood -of fiercely humiliating memories. Jennifer asked Ken
to take her home after the first act.

Adam telephoned Jennifer the next day and Jennifer steeled herself to
refuse his invitation. Thank you, Adam, but I'm really very busy.
But all Adam said was, "I have to go out of the country for a while."
It was like a blow to the stomach. "How-how long will you begone? 11

"Just a few weeks. Pi give you a call when I get back."
"Fine," Jennifer said brightly. "Have a nice trip."
She felt as though someone had died. She visualized Adam on a beach in Rio,

surrounded by half-naked girls, or in a penthouse in Mexico City, drinking
margaritas with a nubile, dark-eyed beauty, or in a Swiss chalet making
love to--Stop it! Jennifer told herself. She should have asked him where he
was going. It was probably a business trip to some dreary place where he
would have no time for women, perhaps the middle of some desert where he
would be working twenty-four hours a day.
She should have broached the subject, very casually, of course. Will you be
taking a long plane trip? Do you speak any foreign languages? If you get to
Paris, bring me back some Vervaine tea. I suppose the shots must be
painful. Are you taking your wife with you? Am 1 losing my mind?
Ken had come into her office and was staring at her. "You're talking to
yourself. Are you okay?"
No! Jennifer wanted to shout. 1 need a doctor. I need a cold shower. I need
Adam Warner.
She said, "I'm fine. Just a little tired."
"Why don't you get to bed early tonight?"
She wondered whether Adam would be going to bed early.

Father Ryan called. "I went to see Connie Garrett. She told me you've
dropped by a few times."
"Yes." The visits were to assuage her feeling of guilt because she was
unable to be of any help. It was frustrating.

Jennifer plunged herself into work, and still the weeks seemed to drag by.
She was in court nearly every day and worked on briefs almost every night.
"Slow down. You're going to kill yourself," Ken advised her.
But Jennifer needed to exhaust herself physically and

mentally. She did not want to have time to think. Pm a fool,
she thought. An unadulterated fool.
It was four weeks before Adam called.

"I just got back," he said. The sound of his voice thrilled her. "Can we
meet for lunch somewhere?"
"Yes. rd enjoy that, Adam:" She thought she had carried that off well. A
simple Yes, I'd enjoy that, Adam.
"The Oak Room in the Plaza?"
"Fine."
It was the most businesslike, unromantic dining room in the world, filled
with affluent middle-aged wheelers and dealers, stockbrokers and bankers.
It had long been one of the few remaining bastions of privacy for men, and
its doors had only recently been opened to women.
Jennifer arrived early and was seated. A few minutes later, Adam appeared.
Jennifer watched the tall, lean figure moving toward her and her mouth
suddenly went dry. He looked tanned, and Jennifer wondered if her fantasies
about Adam on some girl-ridden beach had been true. He smiled at her and
took her hand, and Jennifer knew in that moment that it did not matter what
logic she used about Adam Warner or married men. She had no control over
herself. It was as though someone else were guiding her, telling her what
she should do, telling her what she must do. She could not explain what was
happening to her, for she had never experienced anything like it. Call it
chemistry, she thought. Call it karma, call it heaven. All Jennifer knew
was that she wanted to be in Adam Warner's arms more than she had ever
wanted anything in her life. Looking at him, she visualized his making love

to her, holding her, his hard body on top of her, inside her, and she felt
her face becoming red.
Adam said apologetically, "Sorry about the short notice. A client canceled
a luncheon date."
Jennifer silently blessed the client.

"I brought you something," Adam said. It was a lovely green and gold silk
scarf. "It's from Milan."
So that's where he had been. Italian girls. "It's beautiful, Adam. Thank
you."
"Have you ever been to Milan?"
"No. I've seen pictures of the cathedral there. It's lovely."
"I'm not much of a sightseer. My theory is that if you-'ve seen one church,
you've seen them all."
Later, when Jennifer thought about that luncheon, she tried to remember
what they had talked about, what they had eaten, who had stopped by the
table to say hello to Adam, but all she could remember was the nearness of
Adam, his touch, his looks. It was as though he had her in some kind of
spell and she was mesmerized, helpless to break it.
At one point Jennifer thought, l know what to do. I'll make love with him.
Once. It can't be as wonderful as my fantasies. Then I'll be able to get
over him.
When their hands touched accidentally, it was like an electric charge
between them. They sat there talking of everything and nothing, and their
words had no meaning. They sat at the table, locked in an invisible
embrace, caressing each other, making fierce love, naked and wanton.
Neither of them had any idea what they were eating or

what they were
saying. There was a different, more demanding hunger in them and it kept
mounting and mounting, until neither of them could stand it any longer.
In the middle of their luncheon, Adam put his hand over Jennifer's and said
huskily, "Jennifer-
She whispered, "Yes. Let's get out of here."
Jennifer waited in the busy, crowded lobby while Adam registered at the
desk. They were given a room in the old section of the Plaza Hotel,
overlooking 58th Street. They used the back bank of elevators, and it
seemed to Jennifer that it took forever to reach their floor.
If Jennifer was unable to remember anything about the

luncheon, she remembered everything about their room. Years later, she could
recall the view, the color of the drapes and carpets, and each picture and
piece of furniture. She could remember the sounds of the city, far below,
that drifted into the room. The images of that afternoon were to stay with
her the rest of her life. It was a magic, multicolored explosion in slow
motion. It was having Adam undress her, it was Adam's strong, lean body in
bed, his roughness and his gentleness. It was laughter and passion. Their
hunger had built to a greed that had to be satisfied. The moment Adam began
to make love to her, the words that flashed into Jennifer's mind were, I'm
lost.
They made love again and again, and each time was an ecstasy that was
almost unbearable.

Hours later, as they lay there quietly, Adam said, "I

feel as though I'm
alive for the first time in my life."
Jennifer gently stroked his chest and laughed aloud.
Adam looked at her quizzically. "What's so funny?"
"Do you know what I told myself? That if I went to bed with you once, I
could get you out of my system."
He twisted around and looked down at her. "And-?"
"I was wrong. I feel as though you're a part of me. At least" --she
hesitated-"part of you is a part of me."
He knew what she was thinking.
"We'll work something out," Adam said. "Mary Beth is leaving Monday for
Europe with her aunt for a month."

14

Jennifer and Adam Warner were together almost every night.
He spent the first night at her uncomfortable little apartment and in the
morning he declared, "We're taking the day off to find you a decent place
to live."
They went apartment hunting together, and late that afternoon Jennifer
signed a lease in a new high-rise building off Sutton Place, called The
Belmont Towers. The sign in front of the building had read Sold Out.
"Why are we going in?" Jennifer asked.
"You'll see."
The apartment they looked at was a lovely five-room duplex, beautifully
furnished. It was the most luxurious apartment Jennifer had ever seen.
There was a master bedroom and bath upstairs, and downstairs a guest
bedroom with its own bath and a living room that had a spectacular view of
the East River and the city. There was a large terrace, a kitchen and a
dining room.

"How do you like it?" Adam asked.
"Like it? I love it," Jennifer exclaimed, "but there are two problems,
darling. First of all, I couldn't possibly afford it. And secondly, even if
I could, it belongs to someone else."
"It belongs to our law firm. We leased it for visiting VIP's. 1711 have
them find another place."
"What about the rent?"
"I'll take care of that. I-"
"No."

"That's crazy, darling. I can easily afford it and="
She shook her head. "You don't understand, Adam. I have nothing to give you
except me. I want that to be a gift."
He took her in his arms and Jennifer snuggled against him and said, "I know
what-I'll work nights."

Saturday they went on a shopping spree. Adam bought Jennifer a beautiful
silk nightgown and robe at Bonwit Teller, and Jennifer bought Adam a
Turnbull & Asser shirt. They purchased a chess game at Gimbel's and
cheesecake in Junior's near Abraham & Straus. They bought a Fortnum & Mason
plum pudding at Altman's, and books at Doubleday. They visited the Gammon
Shop and Caswell-Massey, where Adam bought Jennifer enough potpourri to
last for ten years. They had dinner around the corner from the apartment.

They would meet at the apartment in the evening after work and discuss the
day's events, and Jennifer would cook dinner while Adam set the table,
Afterward, they read or watched television or played gin

rummy or chess.
Jennifer prepared Adam's favorite dishes.
"I'm shameless," she told him. "I won't stop at anything."
He held her close. "Please don't."

It was strange, Jennifer thought. Before they began their affair they saw each other openly. But now that they were

lovers, they dared not appear in public together, so they went to places where they were not apt to run into friends: small family restaurants downtown, a chamber music concert at the Third Street Music School Settlement. They went to see a new play at the Omni Theatre Club on 18th Street and had dinner at the Grotta Azzurra on Broome Street, and ate so much that they swore off Italian food for a month. Only we don't have a month, Jennifer thought. Mary Beth was returning in fourteen days.
They went to The Half Note to hear avant-garde jazz in the Village, and peeked into the windpws of the small art galleries.
Adam loved sports. He took Jennifer to watch the Knicks play, and Jennifer got so caught up in the game she cheered until she was hoarse.
On Sunday they lazed around, having breakfast in their robes, trading sections of the Times, listening to the church bells ring across Manhattan, each offering up its own prayer.
Jennifer looked over at Adam absorbed in the crossword puzzle and thought:
Say a prayer for me. She knew that what she was doing was wrong. She knew that it could not last. And yet, she had never known such happiness, such euphoria. Lovers lived in a special world, where every

sense was heightened, and the joy Jennifer felt now with Adam was worth any price she would have to pay later. And she knew she was going to have to pay.

Time took on a different dimension. Before, Jennifer's life had been measured out in hours and meetings with clients. Now her time was counted by the minutes she could spend with Adam. She thought about him when she was with him, and she thought about him when she was away from him.
Jennifer had read of men having heart attacks in the arms of their mistresses, and so she put the number of Adam's personal physician in her private telephone book by her bedside

so that if anything ever happened it could be handled discreetly and Adam would not be embarrassed.
Jennifer was filled with emotions that she had not known existed in her.
She had never thought of herself as being domestic, but she wanted to do everything for Adam. She wanted to cook for him, to clean for him, to lay out his clothes in the morning. To take care of him.
Adam kept a set of clothes at the apartment, and he would spend most nights with Jennifer. She would lie next to him, watching him fall asleep, and she would try to stay awake as long as possible, terrified of losing a moment of their precious time together. Finally, when Jennifer could keep her eyes open no longer, she would snuggle in Adam's arms and fall asleep, contented and safe. The insomnia that had plagued Jennifer for so long had vanished.
Whatever night devils had tormented her had disappeared.

When she curled up in Adam's arms, she was instantly at peace. She enjoyed walking around the apartment in Adam's shirts, and at night she would wear his pajama top. If she was still in tied in the morning when he left, Jennifer would roll over to his side of the bed. She loved the warm smell of him.

It seemed that all the popular love songs she heard had been written for Adam and her, and Jennifer thought, Noel Coward was right. It's amazing how potent cheap music can be.

In the beginning, Jennifer had thought that the overwhelming physical feeling they had for each other would diminish in time, but instead it grew stronger.

She told Adam things about herself that she had never told another human being. With Adam, there were no masks. She was Jennifer Parker, stripped naked, and still he loved her. It was a miracle. And they shared another miracle together: laughter.

Impossibly, she loved Adam more each day. She wished that what they had would never end. But she knew it would.

For the first time in her life, she became superstitious. There was a special blend of Kenya coffee that Adam liked. Jennifer bought some every few days.

But she bought only one small can at a time.

One of Jennifer's terrors was that something would happen to Adam when he was away from her and that she would not know it until she read about it, or heard about it on a news program. She never told Adam of her fears.

Whenever Adam was going to be late he would leave notes for Jennifer around
the apartment where she would come upon them unexpectedly. She would find
them in the breadbox or in the refrigerator, or in her shoe; they delighted
her, and she saved each one.

Their last remaining days together raced by in a blur of joyous activity.
Finally, it was the night before Mary Beth was to return. Jennifer and Adam
had dinner in the apartment, listened to music and made love. Jennifer lay
awake all night, holding Adam in her arms. Her thoughts were of the happi-
ness they had shared.
The pain would come later.
At breakfast, Adam said, "Whatever happens, I want you to know this-you're
the only woman rve ever truly loved."
The pain came then.
15

The anodyne was work, and Jennifer immersed herself in it totally so that
she had no time to think.
She had become the darling of the press, and her courtroom successes were
highly publicized. More clients came to her than she could handle, and
while Jennifer's chief interest was in criminal law, at Ken's urging she
began to accept a variety of other cases.
Ken Bailey had become more important than ever to Jennifer. He handled the
investigations on her cases, and he was brilliant. She was able to discuss
other problems with him and she valued his advice.
Jennifer and Ken moved again, this time into a large suite of offices on
Park Avenue. Jennifer hired two bright young attorneys, Dan Martin and Ted
Harris, both from Robert Di Silva's staff, and two more

secretaries.
Dan Martin was a former football player from Northwestern University and he
had the appearance of an athlete and the mind of a scholar.

Ted Harris was a slight, diffident young man who wore thick milk-bottle
spectacles and was a genius.
Martin and Harris took care of the legwork and Jennifer handled the
appearances at trials.
The sign on the door read: JENNIFER PARKER & ASSOCIATES.

The cases that came into the office ranged from defending a large
industrial corporation on a pollution charge to representing a drunk who
had suffered whiplash when he was bounced from a tavern. The drunk, of
course, was a gift from Father Ryan.
"He has a bit of a problem," Father Ryan told Jennifer. "He's really a
decent family man, but the poor fellow has such pressures that he sometimes
takes a drop too much."
Jennifer could not help but smile. As far as Father Ryan was concerned,
none of his parishioners was guilty and his only desire was to help them
get out of the difficulty they had carelessly gotten themselves into. One
reason Jennifer understood the priest so well was that basically she felt
the same as he did. They were dealing with people in trouble who had no one
to help them, with neither the money nor the power to fight the
Establishment, and in the end they were crushed by it.
The word justice was honored mostly in the breach. In the courtroom,

neither the prosecuting attorney nor the defense attorney sought justice:
The name of the game was to win.

From time to time, Jennifer and Father Ryan talked about Connie Garrett, but the subject always left Jennifer depressed. There was an injustice there and it rankled her.

In his office in the back room of Tony's Place, Michael Moretti watched as Nick Vito carefully swept the office with

an electronic device, looking for gypsy taps. Through his police connections, Michael knew that no electronic surveillance had been authorized by the authorities, but once in a while an overzealous tin hotdog, a young detective, would set up a gypsy-or illegal-tap, hoping to pick up information. Michael was a careful man. His office and home were swept every morning and every evening. He was aware that he was the number one target for half a dozen different law agencies, but he was not concerned. He knew what they were doing, but they did not know what he was doing; and if they did, they could not prove it.
Sometimes late at night Michael would look through the peephole of the restaurant's back door and watch the FBI agents pick up his garbage for analysis, and substitute other garbage for it.
One night Nick Vito said, "Jesus, boss, what if the jokers dig up something?"
Michael laughed. "I hope they do. Before they get here we switch our garbage with the restaurant next door."
No, the federal agents were not going to touch him. The

Family's activities
were expanding, and Michael had plans that he had not
even revealed yet.
The only stumbling block was Thomas Colfax. Michael knew
he had to get rid
of the old lawyer. He needed a fresh young mind. And
again and again, his
thoughts turned to Jennifer Parker.

Adam and Jennifer met for lunch once a week, and it was
torture for both of
them, for they had no time to be alone together, no
privacy. They talked on
the telephone every day, using code names. He was Mr.
Adams and she was
Mrs. Jay.
"I hate sneaking around like this," Adam said.
"I do too." But the thought of losing him terrified
her.

' The courtroom was where Jennifer escaped from her own

private pain. The courtroom was a stage, an area where
she matched wits
against the best that the opposition could offer. Her
school was the
courtroom and she learned will. A trial was a game played
within certain
rigid rules, where the better player won, and Jennifer
was determined to be
the better player.
Jennifer's cross-examinations became theatrical events,
with a skilled
speed and rhythm and timing. She learned to recognize
the leader of a jury
and to concentrate on him, knowing he could swing the
others into line.
A man's shoes said something about his character.
Jennifer looked for
jurors who wore comfortable shoes, because they were
inclined to be
easygoing.
She learned about strategy, the overall plan of a trial,

and about tactics,
the day-by-day maneuvers. She became an expert at shopping for friendly
judges.
Jennifer spent endless hours preparing each case, heeding the adage, Most
cases are won or lost before the trial begins. She became adept at
mnemonics so that she could remember jurors' names: Smith--a muscular man
who could handle an anvil; Helm-a man steering a boat; Newman-a newborn
baby.
The court usually recessed at four o'clock, and when Jennifer was
cross-examining a witness in the late afternoon, she would stall until a
few minutes before four and then hit the witness with a verbal blow that
would leave a strong overnight impression on the jury.
She learned to read body language. When a witness on the stand was lying,
there would be telltale gestures: stroking the chin, pressing the lips
together, covering the mouth, pulling the earlobes or grooming the hair.
Jennifer became an expert at reading those signs, and she would zero in for
the kill.
Jennifer discovered that being a woman was a disadvantage when it came to
practicing criminal law. She was in macho

territory. There were still very few women criminal attorneys and some of
the male lawyers resented Jennifer. On her briefcase one day Jennifer found
a sticker that read: Women Lawyers Make the Best Motions. In retaliation,
Cynthia put a sign on her desk that read: A Woman's Place is in the House .
. . and in the Senate.

Most juries started out by being prejudiced against Jennifer, for many of the cases she handled were sordid, and there was a tendency to make an association between her and her client. She was expected to dress like Jane Eyre and she refused, but she was careful to dress in such a fashion that she would not arouse the envy of the women jurors, and at the same time appear feminine enough so as not to antagonize the men who might feel she was a lesbian. At one time, Jennifer would have laughed at any of these considerations. But in the courtroom she found them to be stern realities.
Because she had entered a man's world she had to work twice as hard and be twice as good as the competition. Jennifer learned to prepare thoroughly not only her own cases, but the cases of her opposition as well. She would lie in bed at night or sit at the desk in her office and plot her opponent's strategy. What would she do if she were on the other side? What surprises would she try to pull? She was a general, planning both sides of a lethal battle.

Cynthia buzzed on the intercom. "There's a man on line three who wants to talk to you, but he won't give his name or tell me what it's about."
Six months earlier, Cynthia would simply have hung up on the man. Jennifer had taught her never to turn anyone away.
"Put him through," Jennifer said.
A moment later she heard a man's voice ask cautiously, "Is this Jennifer Parker?"

"Yes."

He hesitated. "Is this a safe line?"
"Yes. What can I do for you?"
"It's not for me. It's for-for a friend of mine."
"I see. What's your friend's problem?"
"This has to be in confidence, you understand."
"I understand."
Cynthia walked in and handed Jennifer the mail. "Wait," Jennifer mouthed.
"My friend's family locked her up in an insane asylum. She's sane. It's a
conspiracy. The authorities are in on it:"
Jennifer was only half-listening now. She braced the telephone against her
shoulder while she went through the morning's mail.
The man was saying, "She's rich and her family's after her money."
Jennifer said, "Go on," and continued examining the mail.
"They'd probably have me put away, too, if they found I was trying to help
her. It could be dangerous for me, Miss Parker."
A nut case, Jennifer decided. She said, "rm afraid I can't do anything, but
I'd suggest you get hold of a good psychiatrist to help your friend."
"You don't understand. They're all in on it."
"I do understand," Jennifer said soothingly. "I-"
"Will you help her?"
"There's nothing I can-I'll tell you what. Why don't you give me your
friend's name and address and if I get a chance, I'll look into it."
There was a long silence. Finally the man spoke. "This is confidential,
remember."
Jennifer wished he would get off the telephone. Her first appointment was
waiting in the reception room. "I'll remember."

"Cooper. Helen Cooper. She had a big estate on Long Island, but they took
it away from her."
Obediently, Jennifer made a note on a pad in front of

her. "Fine. What
sanatorium did you say she was in?" There was a click
and the line went
dead. Jennifer threw the note into the waste basket.
Jennifer and Cynthia exchanged a look. "It's a weird
world out there,"
Cynthia said. "Miss Marshall is waiting to see you."

Jennifer had talked to Loretta Marshall on the telephone
a week earlier.
Miss Marshall had asked Jennifer to represent her in a
paternity suit
against Curtis Randall III, a wealthy socialite.
Jennifer had spoken to Ken Bailey. "We need information
on Curtis Randall
III. He lives in New York, but I understand he spends a
lot of time in Palm
Beach. I want to know what his background is, and if
he's been sleeping
with a girl named Loretta Marshall."
She had told Ken the names of the Palm Beach hotels that
the woman had
given her. Two days later, Ken Bailey had reported back.
"It checks out. They spent two weeks together at hotels
in Palm Beach,
Miami and Atlantic City. Loretta Marshall gave birth to
a daughter eight
months ago."
Jennifer sat back in her chair and looked at him
thoughtfully. "It sounds
as though we might have a case."
"I don't think so."
"What's the problem?"
"The problem is our client. She's slept with everybody
including the
Yankees."
"You're saying that the father of the baby could be any
number of men"
"I'm saying it could be half the world:"

"Are any of the others wealthy enough to give child
support?"
"Well, the Yankees are pretty rich, but the big league

moneyman is Curtis
Randall IIL"
He handed her a long list of names.

Loretta Marshall walked into the office. Jennifer had not been sure what to
expect. A pretty, empty-headed prostitute, in all probability. But Loretta
Marshall was a complete surprise. Not only was she not pretty, she was
almost homey. Her figure was ordinary. From the number of Miss Marshall's
romantic conquests, Jennifer had expected nothing less than a sexy raving
beauty. Loretta Marshall was the stereotype of an elementary grade
schoolteacher. She was clad in a plaid wool skirt, a button-down-collar
shirt, a dark blue cardigan and sensible shoes. At first, Jennifer had been
sure that Loretta Marshall was planning to use her to force Curtis Randall
to pay for the privilege of raising a baby that was not his. After an
hour's conversation with the girl, Jennifer found that her opinion had
changed. Loretta Marshall was transparently honest.
"Of course, I have no proof that Curtis is Melanie's father," she smiled
shyly. "Curtis isn't the only man Pve slept with."
"Then what makes you think he's the father of your child, Miss Marshall?"
"I don't think. I'm sure of it. It's hard to explain, but I even know the
night Melanie was conceived. Sometimes a woman can feel those things."
Jennifer studied her, trying to find any sign of guile or deceit. There was
none. The girl was totally without pretense. Perhaps, Jennifer thought, men
found that part of her charm.
"Are you in love with Curtis Randall?"
"Oh, yes. And Curtis said he loved me. Of course, rm not sure he still

does, after what's happened."

If you loved him, Jennifer wondered, how could you have slept with all those other men? The answer might have lain in that sad, homely face and plain figure.
"Can you help me, Miss Parker?"
Jennifer said cautiously, "Paternity cases are always difficult. I have a list of more than a dozen men you've slept with in the past year. There are probably others. If I have such a list, you can be sure that Curtis Randall's attorney will have one."
Loretta Marshall frowned. "What about blood samples, that kind of thing . . . ?"
"Blood tests are admissible in evidence only if they prove that the defendant could not be the father. They're legally inconclusive."
"I don't really care about me. It's Melanie I want protected. It's only right that Curtis should take care of his daughter."
Jennifer hesitated, weighing her decision. She had told Loretta Marshall the truth. Paternity cases were difficult. To say nothing about being messy and unpleasant. The attorneys for the defense would have a field day when they got this woman on the stand. They would bring up a parade of her lovers and, before they were through, they would make her look like a whore. It was not the type of case that Jennifer wanted to become involved in. On the other hand, she believed Loretta Marshall. This was no ordinary gold digger out to gouge an ex-lover. The girl was convinced that Curtis Randall was the father of her child. Jennifer made her decision.

"All tight," she said, "we'll take a crack at it."

Jennifer set up a meeting with Roger Davis, the lawyer representing Curtis Randall. Davis was a partner in a large Wall Street firm and the importance of his position was indicated by the spacious corner suite he occupied. He was pompous and arrogant, and Jennifer disliked him on sight.

"What can I do for you?" Roger Davis asked.

"As I explained on the telephone, I'm here on behalf of Loretta Marshall:"

He looked at her and said impatiently, "So?"

"She's asked me to institute a paternity suit. against Mr. Curbs Randall III. I would prefer not to do that."

"You'd be a damned fool if you did."

Jennifer held her temper in check. "We don't wish to drag your client's name through the courts. As I'm sure you know, this kind of case always gets nasty. Therefore, we're prepared to accept a reasonable out-of-court settlement."

Roger Davis gave Jennifer a wintry smile. "I'm sure you are. Because you have no case. None at all."

"I think we have."

"Miss Parker, I haven't time to mince words. Your client is a whore. She'll have intercourse with anything that moves. I have a list of men she's slept with. It's as long as my arm. You think my client is going to get hurt? Your client will be destroyed. She's a schoolteacher, I believe. Well, when I get through with her she'll never teach anywhere again as long as she lives. And I'll tell you something else. Randall believes he's the father of that baby. But you'll never prove it in a million

years."

Jennifer sat back, listening, her face expressionless.

"Our position is that your client could have become impregnated by anyone in the Third Army. You want to make a deal? Fine. rll tell you what we'll do. We'll buy your client birth-control pills so that it doesn't happen again."

Jennifer stood up, her cheeks burning. "Mr. Davis," she said, "that little speech of yours is going to cost your client half a million dollars."

And Jennifer was out the door.

Ken Bailey and three assistants could turn up nothing against Curbs Randall III. He was a widower, a pillar of

society, and he had had very few sexual flings.

"The son of a bitch is a born-again puritan," Ken Bailey complained.

They were seated in the conference room at midnight, the night before the paternity trial was to begin. "Tve talked to one of the attorneys in Davis's office, Jennifer. They're going to destroy our client. They're not bluffing."

"Why are you sticking your neck out for this girl?" Dan Martin asked.

"I'm not here to judge her sex life, Dan. She believes that Curtis Randall is the father of her baby. I mean, she really believes it. All she wants is money for her daughter-nothing for herself. I think she deserves her day in court."

"We're not thinking about her," Ken replied. "We're thinking about you. You're on a hot roll. Everybody's watching you. I think this is a no-win case. It's going to be a black mark against you."

"Let's all get some sleep," Jennifer said. "I'll see you in court."

The trial went even worse than Ken Bailey had predicted. Jennifer had had Loretta Marshall bring her baby into the courtroom, but now Jennifer wondered if she had not made a tactical error. She sat there, helpless, as Roger Davis brought witness after witness to the stand and forced each of them to admit they had slept with Loretta Marshall. Jennifer did not dare cross-examine them. They were victims, and they were testifying in public only because they had been forced to. All Jennifer could do was sit by while her client's name was besmirched. She watched the faces of the jurors, and she could read the growing hostility there. Roger Davis was too clever to characterize Loretta Marshall as a whore. He did not have to. The people on the stand did it for him.
Jennifer had brought in her own character witnesses to

testify to the good work that Loretta Marshall had done as a teacher, to the fact that she attended church regularly and was a good mother; but all this made no impression in the face of the horrifying array of Loretta Marshall's lovers. Jennifer had hoped to play on the sympathy of the jury by dramatizing the plight of a young woman who had been betrayed by a wealthy playboy and then abandoned when she had become pregnant. The trial was not working out that way.

Curbs Randall III was seated at the defendant's table. He could have been chosen by a casting director. He was an elegant-looking

man in his late
fifties, with striking gray hair and tanned, regular
features. He came from
a social background, belonged to all the right clubs and
was wealthy and
successful. Jennifer could feel the women on the jury
mentally undressing
him.
Sure, Jennifer thought. They're thinking that they're
worthy to go to bed
with Mr. Charming, but not that what-does-hesee-in-her
slut sitting in the
courtroom with a ten-month old baby in her arms.
Unfortunately for Loretta Marshall, the child looked
nothing like its
father. Or its mother, for that matter. It could have
belonged to anybody.
As though reading Jennifer's thoughts, Roger Davis said
to the jury, "There
they sit, ladies and gentlemen, mother and child. Ah!
But whose child?
You've seen the defendant. I defy anyone in this
courtroom to point out one
single point of resemblance between the defendant and
this infant. Surely,
if my client were the father of this child, there would
be some sign of it.
Something in the eyes, the nose, the chin. Where is that
resemblance? It
doesn't exist, and for a very simple reason. The
defendant is not the
father of this child. No, I'm very much afraid that what
we have here is
the classic

example of a loose woman who was careless, got pregnant,
and then looked
around to see which lover could best afford to pay the
bills."
His voice softened. "Now, none of us is here to judge
her. What Loretta
Marshall chooses to do with her personal life is her own
business. The fact

that she is a teacher and can influence the minds of small children, well,
that is not in my purview, either. I am not here to moralize; I'm simply
here to protect the interests of an innocent man."
Jennifer studied the jury and she had the sinking feeling that every one of
them was on the side of Curtis Randall. Jennifer still believed Loretta
Marshall. If only the baby looked like its fathers Roger Davis was right.
There was no resemblance at all. And he had made sure the jury was aware of
that.

Jennifer called Curtis Randall to the stand. She knew that this was her
only chance to try to repair the damage that had been done, her final
opportunity to turn the case around. She studied the man in the witness
chair for a moment.
"Have you ever been married, Mr. Randall?"
"Yes. My wife died in a fire." There was an instinctive reaction of
sympathy from the jury.
Damn! Jennifer moved on quickly. "Yon never remarried?"
"No. I loved my wife very much, and I-"
"Did you and your wife have any children?"
"No. Unfortunately, she was not able to."
Jennifer gestured toward the baby. "Then Melanie is your only-"
"Objection!"
"Sustained. Counsel for the plaintiff knows better than that."
"I'm sorry, Your Honor. It slipped out." Jennifer turned back to Curtis
Randall. "Do you like children?"
"Yes, very much."

"You're the chairman of the board of your own corporation, are you not, Mr.
Randall?"

"Yes."
"Haven't you ever wished for a son to carry on your name?"
"I suppose every man wants that."
"So if Melanie had been born a boy instead of-"
"Objection!"
"Sustained." The judge turned to Jennifer. "Miss Parker, I will ask you again to stop doing that."
"Sorry, Your Honor." Jennifer turned back to Curtis Randall. "Mr. Randall, are you in the habit of picking up strange women and taking them to hotels?"
Curtis Randall ran his tongue nervously over his lower lip. "No, I am not."
"Isn't it true that you first met Loretta Marshall in a bar and took her to a hotel room?"
His tongue was working at his lips again. "Yes, ma'am, but that was just-that was just sex."
Jennifer stared at him. "You say `that was just sex' as though you feel sex is something dirty."
"No, ma'am." His tongue flicked out again.
Jennifer was watching it, fascinated, as it moved across his lips. She was filled with a sudden, wild sense of hope. She knew now what she had to do.
She had to keep pushing him. And yet she could not push him so hard that the jury would become antagonistic toward her.
"How many women have you picked up in bars?"
Roger Davis was on his feet. "Irrelevant, Your Honor. And I object to this line of questioning. The only woman involved in this case is Loretta Marshall. We have already stipulated that the defendant had sexual intercourse with her. Aside from that, his personal life has no relevance in this courtroom."
"I disagree, Your Honor. If the defendant is the kind of

man who-"

"Sustained. Please discontinue that line of questioning, Miss Parker."
Jennifer shrugged. "Yes, Your Honor." She turned back to Curbs Randall.
"Let's get back to the night you picked up Loretta Marshall in a bar. What kind of bar was it?"
"I-I really don't know. I'd never been there before."
"It was a singles bar, wasn't it?"
"I have no idea."
"Well, for your information, the Play Pen was and is a singles bar. It has the reputation of being a pickup place, a rendezvous where men and women go to meet partners they can take to bed. Isn't that why you went there, Mr. Randall?"
Curtis Randall began to lick his lips again. "It-it may have been. I don't remember."
"You don't remember?" Jennifer's voice was weighted with sarcasm. "Do you happen to remember the date on which you first met Loretta Marshall in that bar?"
"No, I don't. Not exactly."
"Then let me refresh your memory."
Jennifer walked over to the plaintiffs table and began looking through some papers. She scribbled a note as though she were copying a date and handed it to Ken Bailey. He studied it, a puzzled expression on his face.
Jennifer moved back toward the witness box. "It was on January eighteenth, Mr. Randall."
Out of the corner of her eye, Jennifer saw Ken Bailey leaving the courtroom.
"It could have been, I suppose. As I said, I don't remember."

For the next fifteen minutes, Jennifer went en
questioning Curbs Randall.
It was a rambling, gentle cross-examination, and Roger
Davis did not
interrupt, because he saw that Jennifer was making no
points with the
jurors, who were beginning to look bored.
Jennifer kept talking, keeping an eye out for Ken
Bailey.

In the middle of a question, Jennifer saw him hurry into
the courtroom,
carrying a small package.
Jennifer turned to the judge. "Your Honor, may I ask for
a fifteen-minute
recess?"
The judge looked at the clock on the wall. "Since it's
almost time for
lunch, the court will adjourn until one-thirty."

At one-thirty the court was in session again. Jennifer
had moved Loretta
Marshall to a seat closer to the jury box, with the baby
on her lap.
The judge said, "Mr. Randall, you are still under oath.
You will not have
to be sworn in again. Take the stand, please."
Jennifer watched as Curtis Randall sat down in the
witness box. She walked
up to him and said, "Mr. Randall, how many illegitimate
children have you
sired?"
Roger Davis was on his feet. "Objection! This is
outrageous, Your Honor. I
will not have my client subjected to this kind of
humiliation."
The judge said, "Objection sustained." He turned to
Jen-
nifer. "Miss Parker, I have warned you=''
Jennifer said contritely, "I'm sorry, Your Honor."
She looked at Curtis Randall and saw that she had
accomplished what she had
wanted. He was nervously licking his lips. iJennifer

turned toward Loretta
Marshall and her baby. The baby was busily licking its lips. Jennifer
slowly walked over to the baby and stood in front of her a long moment,
focusing the attention of the jury.
"Look at that child," Jennifer said softly.
They were all staring at little Melanie, her pink tongue licking her
underlip.
Jennifer turned and walked back to the witness box. "And look at this man."
Twelve pairs of eyes turned to focus on Curtis Randall. He sat there
nervously licking his underlip, and suddenly the resemblance was
unmistakable. Forgotten was the fact that

Loretta Marshall had slept with dozens of other men. Forgotten was the fact
that Curbs Randall was a pillar of the community.
"This is a man," Jennifer said mournfully, "of position and means. A man
everyone looks up to. I want to ask you only one question: What kind of man
is it who would deny his own child?"

The jury was out less than one hour, returning with a judgment for the
plaintiff. Loretta Marshall would receive two hundred thousand dollars in
cash and two thousand dollars a month for child support.
When the verdict came in, Roger Davis strode up to Jennifer, his face
flushed with anger. "Did you do something with that baby?"
"What do you mean?"
Roger Davis hesitated, unsure of himself. "That lip thing. That's what won
the jury over, the baby licking her lips like that. Can you explain it?"
"As a matter of fact," Jennifer said loftily, "I can. It's called

heredity." And she walked away.

Jennifer and Ken Bailey disposed of the bottle of corn syrup on the way back to the office.

16

Adam Warner had known from almost the beginning that his marriage to Mary Beth had been a mistake. He had been impulsive and idealistic, trying to protect a young girl who seemed lost and vulnerable to the world.
He would give anything not to hurt Mary Beth, but Adam was deeply in love with Jennifer. He needed someone to tally to, and he decided on Stewart Needham. Stewart had always been sympathetic. He would understand Adam's position.
The meeting turned out to be quite different from what Adam had planned. As Adam walked into Stewart Needham's office, Needham said, "Perfect timing. rve just been on the phone with the election committee. They're formally asking you to run for the United States Senate. You'll have the full backing of the party."
"I-that's wonderful," Adam said.
"We have a lot to do, my boy. We have to start organizing things. I'll set up a fund-raising committee. Here's where I think we should begin . . : "

For the next two hours, they discussed plans for the campaign.
When they had finished, Adam said, "Stewart, there's something personal rd like to talk to you about."
"I'm afraid I'm late for a client now, Adam:"

And Adam had the sudden feeling that Stewart Needham had known what was on
Adam's mind all the while.

Adam had a date to meet Jennifer for lunch at a dairy restaurant on the
West Side. She was waiting for him in a rear booth. '
Adam walked in, charged with energy, and from his expression Jennifer knew
that something had happened.
"I have some news for you," Adam told her. "rve been asked to run for the
United States Senate."
"Oh, Adam!" Jennifer was filled with a sudden excitement. "That's
wonderful! You'll make such a great senator!"
"The competition's going to be fierce. New York's a tough state."
"It doesn't matter. No one can stop you:" And Jennifer knew it was true.
Adam was intelligent and courageous, willing to fight the battles he
believed in. As he had once fought her battle.
Jennifer took his hand and said warmly, "I'm so proud of you, darling."
"Easy, I haven't been elected yet. You've heard about cups, lips and
slips."
"That has nothing to do with my being proud of you. I love you so much,
Adam:"
"I love you, too."
Adam thought about telling Jennifer of the discussion he had almost had
with Stewart Needham, but he decided not to. It could wait until he had
straightened things out.
"When will you start campaigning?"

"They want me to announce that rm running right away. rll have unanimous
party backing."
"That's wonderfull"

There was something that was not wonderful tugging at the back of
Jennifer's mind. It was something she did not want to put into words, but
she knew that sooner or later she was going to have to face it. She wanted
Adam to win, but the Senate race would be a sword of Damocles hanging over
her head. If Adam won, Jennifer would lose him. He would be running on a
reform ticket and there would be no margin in his life for any scandal. He
was a married man and if it was learned he had a mistress, it would be
political suicide.
That night, for the first time since she had fallen in love with Adam,
Jennifer had insomnia. She was awake until dawn battling the demons of the
night.

Cynthia said, "There's a call waiting for you. It's the Martian again."
Jennifer looked at her blankly.
"You know, the one with the story about the insane asylum."
Jennifer had put the man completely out of her mind. He obviously was
someone in need of psychiatric help.
"Tell him to-" She sighed. "Never mind. I'll tell him myself."
She picked up the telephone. "Jennifer Parker."
The familiar voice said, "Did you check the information I gave you?"
"I haven't had a chance." She remembered she had thrown away the notes she
had made. "td like to help you. Will you give me your name?"
"I can't," he whispered. "They'll come after me, too. You just check it
out. Helen Cooper. Long Island."

"I can recommend a doctor who-" The line went dead.

Jennifer sat there a moment, thinking, and then asked Ken Bailey to come
into the office.
"What's up, Chief?"
"Nothing-I think. I've had a couple of crank calls from someone who won't
leave his name. Would you please see if you can find out anything about a
woman named Helen Cooper. She's supposed to have had a large estate on Long
Island."
"Where is she now?"
"Either in some insane asylum or on Mars."

Two hours later, Ken Bailey walked in and surprised Jennifer by saying,
"Your Martian has landed. There's a Helen Cooper committed at The Heathens
Asylum in Westchester."
"Are you sure?" Ken Bailey looked hurt. "I didn't mean that," Jennifer
said. Ken was the best investigator she had ever known. He never said
anything unless he was positive of it, and he never got his facts wrong.
"What's our interest in the lady?" Ken asked.
"Someone thinks she's been framed into the asylum. I'd like you to check
out her background. I want to know about her family."

The information was on Jennifer's desk the following morning. Helen Cooper
was a dowager who had been left a fortune of four million dollars by her
late husband. Her daughter had married the superintendent of the building
where they lived and, six months after the marriage, the bride and groom
had gone to court to ask that the mother be declared incompetent, and that
the estate be put under their control. They had found three psychiatrists
who had testified to Helen Cooper's incompetency and the court had

committed her to the asylum.
Jennifer finished reading the report and looked up at Ken

Bailey. "The whole thing sounds a little fishy, doesn't it?"
"Fishy? You could wrap it up in a newspaper and serve it with chips. What are you going to do about it?"
It was a difficult question. Jennifer had no client. If Mrs. Cooper's family had had her locked away, they certainly would not welcome Jennifer's interference, and since the woman herself had been declared insane, she was not competent to hire Jennifer. It was an interesting problem. One thing Jennifer knew: Client or not, she was not going to stand by and see someone railroaded into an insane asylum.
"I'm going to pay a visit to Mrs. Cooper," Jennifer decided.

The Heathers Asylum was located in Westchester in a large, wooded area. The grounds were fenced in and the only access was through a guarded gate.
Jennifer was not yet ready to let the family know what she was doing, so she had telephoned around until she. had found an acquaintance with a connection to the sanatorium. He had made arrangements for her to pay a visit to Mrs. Cooper.
The head of the asylum, Mrs. Franklin, was a dour, hardfaced woman who reminded Jennifer of Mrs. Danvers in Rebecca.
"Strictly speaking," Mrs. Franklin sniffed, "I should not be letting you talk to Mrs. Cooper. However, we'll call this an unofficial visit. It won't go in the records."
"Thank you."

"I'll have her brought in."

Helen Cooper was a slim, attractive-looking woman in her late sixties. She
had vivid blue eyes that blazed with intelligence, and she was as gracious
as though she were receiving Jennifer in her own home.
"It was good of you to come and visit me," Mrs. Cooper said, "but I'm
afraid I'm not quite sure why you're here."

"I'm an attorney, Mrs. Cooper. I received two anonymous telephone calls
telling me you were in here and that you didn't belong here."
Mrs. Cooper smiled gently. "That must have been Albert."
"Albert?"
"He was my butler for twenty-five years. When my daughter, Dorothy,
married, she fired him." She sighed. "Poor Albert. He really belongs to the
past, to another world. I suppose, in a sense, I do too. You're very young,
my dear, so perhaps you're not aware of how much things have changed. Do
you know what's missing today? Graciousness. It's been replaced, I'm
afraid, by greed."
Jennifer asked quietly, "Your daughter?"
Mrs. Cooper's eyes saddened. "I don't blame Dorothy. It's her husband. He's
not a very attractive man, not morally, at least. I'm afraid my daughter is
not very attractive physically. Herbert married Dorothy for her money and
found out that the estate was entirely in my hands. He didn't like that."
"Did he say that to you?"
"Oh, yes indeed. My son-in-law was quite open about it. He thought I should
give my daughter the estate then, instead of making her wait until I died.

I would have, except that I didn't trust him. I knew what would happen if
he ever got his hands on all that money."
"Have you ever had any history of mental illness, Mrs. Cooper?"
Helen Cooper looked at Jennifer and said wryly, "According to the doctors,
I'm suffering from schizophrenia and paranoia."
Jennifer had the feeling that she had never spoken to a more sane person in
her life.
"You are aware that three doctors testified that you were incompetent?"
"The Cooper estate is valued at four million dollars, Miss Parker. You can
influence a lot of doctors for that kind of

money. rm afraid you're wasting your time. My son-in-law controls the estate
now. He'll never let me leave here."
"td like to meet your son-in-law."

The Plaza Towers was on East 72nd Street, in one of the most beautiful
residential areas of New York. Helen Cooper had her own penthouse there.
Now the name plate on the door read Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hawthorne.
Jennifer had telephoned ahead to the daughter, Dorothy, and when Jennifer
arrived at the apartment, both Dorothy and her husband were waiting for
her. Helen Cooper had been right about her daughter. She was not
attractive. She was thin and mousy-looking, with no chin, and her right eye
had a cast in it. Her husband, Herbert, looked like a clone of Archie
Bunker. He was at least twenty years older than Dorothy.
"Come on in," he grunted.
He escorted Jennifer from the reception hall into an enormous living room,
the walls of which were covered with paintings by French

and Dutch masters.
Hawthorne said to Jennifer bluntly, "Now, suppose you tell me what the hell
this is all about."
Jennifer turned to the girl. "It's about your mother."
"What about her?"
"When did she first start showing signs of insanity?"

"She-"
Herbert Hawthorne interrupted. "Right after Dorothy and me got married. The
old lady couldn't stand me."
That's certainly one proof of sanity, Jennifer thought.
"I read the doctors' reports," Jennifer said. "They seemed biased."
"What do you mean, biased?" His tone was truculent.
"What I mean is that the reports indicated that they were dealing in gray
areas where there were no clear-cut criteria for establishing what society
calls sanity. Their decision was

shaped, in part, by what you and your wife told them about Mrs. Cooper's
behavior."
"What are you tryin' to say?"
"I'm saying that the evidence is not clear-cut. Three other doctors could
have come up with an entirely different conclusion."
"Hey, look," Herbert Hawthorne said, "I dunno what you think you're tryin'
to pull, but the old lady's a looney. The doctors said so and the court
said so."
"I read the court transcript," Jennifer replied. "The court also suggested
that her case be periodically reviewed."
There was consternation on Herbert Hawthorne's face. "You mean they might
let her out?"
"They're going to let her out," Jennifer promised. "I'm going to see to
it."

"Wait a minute! What the hell is goin' on here?"
"That's what I intend to find out." Jennifer turned to the girl. "I checked
out your mother's previous medical history. There has never been anything
wrong with her, mentally or emotionally. She-"
Herbert Hawthorne interrupted. "That don't mean a damn thing! These things
can come on fast. She--2'
"In addition," Jennifer continued to Dorothy, "I checked on your mother's
social activities before you had her put away. She lived a completely
normal life."
"I don't care what you or anybody else says. She's crazy!" Herbert
Hawthorne shouted.
Jennifer turned to him and studied him a moment. "Did you ask Mrs. Cooper
to give the estate to you?"
"That's none of your goddamned business!"
"I'm making it my business. I think that's all for now." Jennifer moved
toward the door.
Herbert Hawthorne stepped in front of her, blocking her way. "Wait a
minute. You're buttin' in where you're not

wanted. You're lookin' to make a little cash for yourself, right? Okay, I
understand that, honey. Tell you what I'll do. Why don't I give you a check
right now for a thousand dollars for services rendered and you just drop
this whole thing. Huh?"
"Sorry," Jennifer replied. "No deal."
"You think you're gonna get more from the old lady?"
"No," Jennifer said. She looked him in the eye. "Only one of us is in this
for the money."

It took six weeks of hearings and psychiatric consultations and conferences

with four different state agencies. Jennifer brought in her own psychiatrists and when they were finished with their examinations and Jennifer had laid out all the facts at her disposal, the judge reversed his earlier decision and Helen Cooper was released and her estate restored to her control.

The morning of Mrs. Cooper's release she telephoned Jennifer.
"I want to take you to lunch at Twenty-One."
Jennifer looked at her calendar. She had a crowded morning, a luncheon date and a busy afternoon in court, but she knew how much this meant to the elderly woman. ,rU be there," Jennifer said.
Helen Cooper's voice was pleased. "We'll have a little celebration."

The luncheon went beautifully. Mrs. Cooper was a thoughtful hostess, and obviously they knew her well at 21.
Jerry Berns escorted them to a table upstairs, where they were surrounded by beautiful antiques and Georgian silver. The food and service were superb.
Helen Cooper waited until they were having their coffee.

Then she said to Jennifer, "I'm very grateful to you, my dear. I don't know how large a fee you were planning to charge, but I want to give you something more."
"My fees are high enough."
Mrs. Cooper shook her head. "It doesn't matter." She leaned forward, took Jennifer's hands in hers and dropped her voice to a whisper.
"I'm going to give you Wyoming."

17

The front page of The New York Times carried two stories of interest, side
by side. One was an announcement that Jennifer Parker had obtained an
acquittal for a woman accused of slaying her husband. The other was an
article about Adam Warner running for the United States Senate.
Jennifer read the story about Adam again and again. It gave his background,
told about his service as a pilot in the Viet Nam War, and gave an account
of his receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross for bravery. It was highly
laudatory, and a number of prominent people were quoted as saying that Adam
Warner would be a credit to the United States Senate and to the nation. At
the end of the article, there was a strong hint that if Adam were
successful in his campaign, it could easily be a stepping-stone to his
running for the presidency of the United States.

In New Jersey, at Antonio Granelli's farmhouse, Michael Moretti and Antonio
Granelli were finishing breakfast.

Michael was, reading the article about Jennifer Parker.
He looked up at his father-in-law and said, "She's done it again, Tony."
Antonio Granelli spooned up a piece of poached egg. "Who done what again?"
"That lawyer. Jennifer Parker. She's a natural."
Antonio Granelli grunted. "I don' like the idea of no woman lawyer workin'
for us. Women are weak. You never know what the hell they gonna do."
Michael said cautiously, "You're right, a lot of them

are, Tony."
It would not pay for him to antagonize his
father-in-law. As long as
Antonio Granelli was alive, he was dangerous; but
watching him now, Michael
knew he would not have to wait much longer. The old man
had had a series of
small strokes and his hands trembled. It was difficult
for him to talk, and
he walked with a cane. His skin was like dry, yellowed
parchment. All the
juices had been sucked out of him. This man, who was at
the head of the
federal crime list, was a toothless tiger. His name had
struck terror into
the hearts of countless mafiosi and hatred in the hearts
of their widows.
Now, very few people got to see Antonio Granelli. He hid
behind Michael,
Thomas Colfax, and a few others he trusted.
Michael had not been raised-made the head of the
Family-yet, but ii was
just a question of time. "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese
had been the
strongest of the five eastern Mafia chieftains, then
Antonio Granelli, and
soon . . . Michael could afford to be patient. He had
come a long, long way
from the time when, as a cocky, fresh-faced kid, he had
stood in front of
the major dons in New York and held a flaming scrap of
paper in his hand
and sworn: "This is the way I will burn if I betray the
secrets of Cosa
Nostra."
Now, sitting at breakfast with the old man, Michael
said, "Maybe we could
use the Parker woman for small stuff. Just to see how
she does."

Granelli shrugged. "Just be careful, Mike. I don' wan'
no strangers in on
Family secrets."

"Let me handle her."
Michael made the telephone call that afternoon.

When Cynthia announced that Michael Moretti was calling, it brought an instant spate of memories, all of them unpleasant. Jennifer could not imagine why Michael Moretti would be calling her.
Out of curiosity, she picked up the telephone. "What is it you want?"
The sharpness of her tone took Michael Moretti aback. "I want to see you.
I think you and I should have a little talk."
"What about, Mr. Moretti?"
"It's nothing I'd care to discuss on the telephone. I can tell you this,
Miss Parker-it's something that would be very much in your interest:'
Jennifer said evenly, "I can tell you this, Mr. Moretti. Nothing you could ever do or say could be of the slightest interest to me," and she slammed down the receiver.

Michael Moretti sat at his desk staring at the dead phone in his hand. He felt a stirring within him, but it was not anger. He was not sure what it was, and he was not sure he liked it. He had used women all his life and his dark good looks and innate ruthlessness had gotten him more eager bed partners than he could remember.
Basically, Michael Moretti despised women. They were too soft. They had no spirit. Rosa, for example. She's like a little pet dog who does everything she's told, Michael thought. She keeps my house, cooks for me, fucks me when I want to be fucked, shuts up when I tell her to shut up.
Michael had never known a woman of spirit, a woman who had the courage to defy him. Jennifer Parker had had the nerve to hang up

on him. What was it
she had said? Nothing

e

you could ever do or say could be of the slightest interest to
me. Michael Moretti thought about that and smiled to himself. She was wrong.
He was going to show her how wrong she was.
He sat back, remembering what she had looked like in court, remembering her
face and her body. He suddenly wondered what she would be like in bed. A
wildcat, probably. He started thinking about her nude body under his,
fighting him. He picked up the telephone and dialed a number.
When a girl's voice answered he said, "Get naked. I'm on my way over."

On her way back to the office after lunch, as Jennifer was crossing Third
Avenue she was almost run down by a truck. The driver slammed on his brakes
and the rear end of the truck skidded sideways, barely missing her.
"Jesus Christ, lady!" the driver yelled. "Why don't you watch where the
hell you're goin'!"
Jennifer was not listening to him. She was staring at the name on the back
of the truck. It read Nationwide Motors Corporation. She stood there
watching, long after the truck had disappeared from sight. Then she turned
and hurried back to the office.

"Is Ken here?" she asked Cynthia.
"Yes. He's in his office."
She went in to see him. "Ken, can you check out Nationwide Motors
Corporation? We need a list of all the accident cases

their trucks have
been involved in for the past five years."
"That's going to take a while."
"Use LEXIS." That was the national legal computer.
"You want to tell me what's going on?"
"I'm not sure yet, Ken. It's just a hunch. I'll let you know if anything
comes of it."

She had overlooked something in the case of Connie Garrett, that lovely
quadruple amputee who was destined to spend the rest of her life as a
freak. The driver may have had a good record, but what about the trucks?
Maybe somebody was liable, after all.
The next morning Ken Bailey laid a report in front of Jennifer. "Whatever
the hell you're after, looks like you've hit the jackpot. Nationwide Motors
Corporation has had fifteen accidents in the last five years, and some of
their tracks have been recalled."
Jennifer felt an excitement begin to build in her. "What was the problem?"
"A deficiency in the braking system that causes the rear end of the truck
to swing around when the brakes are hit hard."
It was the rear end of the truck that had hit Connie Garrett.
Jennifer called a staff meeting with Dan Martin, Ted Harris and Ken Bailey.
"We're going into court on the Connie Garrett case," Jennifer announced.
Ted Harris stared at her through his milk-bottle glasses. "Wait a minute,
Jennifer, I checked that out. She lost on appeal. We're going to get hit
with res judicata."
"What's res fudicata?" Ken Bailey asked.
Jennifer explained, "It means for civil cases what double jeopardy means
for criminal cases. `There must be an end to

litigation.' "
Ted Harris added, "Once a final judgment has been made on the merits of a
case, it can only be opened again under very special circumstances. We have
no grounds to reopen."
"Yes, we have. We're going after them on discovery."
The principle of discovery read: Mutual knowledge of all relevant facts
gathered by both parties is essential to proper litigation.
"The deep-pocket defendant is Nationwide Motors. They

held back information from Connie Garrett's attorney. There's a deficiency
in the braking system of their trucks and they kept it out of the record."
She looked at the two lawyers. "Here's what I think we should do . . : "

Two hours later, Jennifer was seated in Connie Garrett's living room.
"I want to move for a new trial. I believe we have a case."
"No. I couldn't go through another trial."
"Connie-"
"Look at me, Jennifer. I'm a freak. Every time I look in the mirror I want
to kill myself. Do you know why I don't?" Her voice sank to a whisper.
"Because I can't. I can't!"
Jennifer sat there, shaken. How could she have been so insensitive?
"Suppose I try for an out-of-court settlement? I think that when they hear
the evidence they'll be willing to settle without going to trial."

The offices of Maguire and Guthrie, the .attorneys who represented the
Nationwide Motors Corporation, were located on upper Fifth Avenue in a
modern glass and chrome building with a splashing

fountain in front.
Jennifer announced herself at the reception desk. The receptionist asked
her to be seated, and fifteen minutes later Jennifer was escorted into the
offices of Patrick Maguire. He was the senior partner in the firm, a tough,
hard-bitten Irishman with sharp eyes that missed nothing.
He motioned Jennifer to a chair. "It's nice to meet you, Miss Parker.
You've gotten yourself quite a reputation around town."
"Not all bad, I hope."
"They say you're tough. You don't look it:"
"I hope not."

"Coffee? Or some good Irish whiskey?"
"Coffee, please."
Patrick Maguire rang and a secretary brought in two cups of coffee on a
sterling silver tray.
Maguire said, "Now what is it I can do for you?"
"It's about the Code Garrett case."
"Ah, yes. As I recall, she lost the case and the appeal."
As 1 recall. Jennifer would have bet her life that Patrick Maguire could
have recited every statistic in the case.
"I'm going to file for a new trial."
"Really? On what grounds?" Maguire asked politely.
Jennifer opened her attach case and took out the brief she had prepared.
She handed it to him.
"I'm requesting a reopening on failure to disclose."
Maguire leafed through the papers, unperturbed. "Oh, yes," he said. "That
brake business."
"You knew about it?"
"Of course." He tapped the file with a stubby finger. "Miss Parker, this
won't get you anywhere. You would have to prove that the same truck
involved in the accident had a faulty brake system. It's

probably been
overhauled a dozen times since the accident, so there would be no way of
proving what its condition was then." He pushed the file back toward her.
"You have no case."
Jennifer took a sip of her coffee. "All I have to do is prove what a bad
safety record those trucks have. Ordinary diligence should have made your
client know that they were defective."
Maguire said casually, "What is it you're proposing?"
"I have a client in her early twenties who's sitting in a room she'll never
leave for the rest of her life because she has no arms or legs. I'd like to
get a settlement that would make up a little bit for the anguish she's
going through."
Patrick Maguire took a sip of his coffee. "What kind of settlement did you
have in mind?"

"Two million dollars."
He smiled. "That's a great deal of money for someone with no case."
"If I go to court, Mr. Maguire, I promise you I'll have a case. And I'll
win a lot more than that. If you force us to sue, we're going to sue for
five million dollars."
He smiled again. "You're scaring the bejeezus out of me. More coffee?"
"No, thanks." Jennifer arose.
"Wait a minute! Sit down, please. I haven't said no."
"You haven't said yes."
"Have some more coffee. We brew it ourselves."
Jennifer thought of Adam and the Kenya coffee.
"Two million dollars is a lot of money, Miss Parker."
Jennifer said nothing.
"Now, if we were talking about a lesser amount, I might be able to-" He
waved his hands expressively.

Jennifer remained silent.
Finally Patrick Maguire said, "You really want two million, don't you?"
' "I really want five million, _Mr. Maguire."
"All right. I suppose we might be able to arrange something."
It had been easy!
"I have to leave for London in the morning, but I'll be back next week."
"I want to wrap this up. I'd appreciate it if you would talk to your client
as soon as possible. I'd like to give my client a check next week."
Patrick Maguire nodded. "That can probably be worked out."
All the way back to the office, Jennifer was filled with a sense of unease.
It had been too simple.
That night on her way home, Jennifer stopped at a drugstore. When she came
out and started across the street, she

saw Ken Bailey walking with a handsome young blond man. Jennifer hesitated,
then turned into a side street so that she would not be seen. Ken's private
life was his own business.

On the day that Jennifer was scheduled to meet with Patrick Maguire, she
received a call from his secretary.
"Mr. Maguire asked me to give you his apologies, Miss Parker. He's going to
be tied up in meetings all day. He'll be happy to meet with you at your
convenience tomorrow."
"Fine," Jennifer said. "Thank you."
The call sounded an alarm in Jennifer's mind. Her instincts had been right.
Patrick Maguire was up to something.
"Hold all my calls," she told Cynthia.
She locked herself in her office, pacing back and forth, trying to think of

every possible angle. Patrick Maguire had first told Jennifer she had no case. With almost no persuasion, he had then agreed to pay Connie Garrett two million dollars. Jennifer remembered how uneasy she had been at the time. Since then, Patrick Maguire had been unavailable. First London-if he had really gone to London-and then the conferences that had kept him from returning Jennifer's telephone calls all week. And now another delay.

But why? The only reason would be if Jennifer stopped pacing and picked up the interoffice telephone and called Dan Martin.

"Check on the date of Connie Garrett's accident, would you, Dan? I want to know when the statute of limitations is up."

Twenty minutes later, Dan Martin walked into Jennifer's office, his face white.

"We blew it," he said. "Your hunch was right. The statute of limitations ran out today."

She felt suddenly sick. "There's no chance of a mistake?"

"None. I'm sorry, Jennifer. One of us should have checked it out before. It-it just never occurred to me."

"Or me" Jennifer picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Patrick Maguire, please. Jennifer Parker."

She waited for what seemed an eternity, and then she said brightly into the telephone, "Hello there, Mr. Maguire. How was London?" She listened. "No, rve never been there . . . Ah, well, one of these days . . . The reason I'm calling," she said casually, "is that I just talked to Connie Garrett. As I told you before, she really doesn't want to go to court unless she has

to. So if we could settle this today='
Patrick Maguire's laugh boomed through the receiver. "Nice try, Miss
Parker. The statute of limitations is up today. No one is going to sue
anybody. If you'd like to settle for a lunch sometime we can talk about the
fickle finger of fate."
Jennifer tried to keep the anger out of her voice. "That's a pretty rotten
trick, friend."
"It's a pretty rotten world, friend," Patrick Maguire chuckled.
"It's not how you play the game, it's whether you win or not, right?"
"You're pretty good, honey, but Ive been at it a lot longer than you. Tell
your . client I said better luck neat time."
And he rang off.
Jennifer sat there holding the telephone in her hand. She thought of Connie
Garrett sitting at home, waiting for the news. Jennifer's head began to
pound and a film of perspiration popped out on her forehead. She reached in
her desk drawer for an aspirin and looked at the clock on the wall. It was
four o'clock. They had until five o'clock to file with the Clerk of the
Superior Court.
"How long would it take you to prepare the filing?" Jennifer asked Dan
Martin, who stood there suffering with her.
He followed her glance. "At least three hours. Maybe four. There's no way:"

There has to be a way, Jennifer thought.

Jennifer said, "Doesn't Nationwide have branches all over the United
States?"
"Yes."
"It's only one o'clock in San Francisco. We'll file

against them there and
ask for a change of venue later."
Dan Martin shook his head. "Jennifer, all the papers are here. If we got a
firm in San Francisco and briefed them on what we need and they drew up new
papers, there's no way they could make the five o'clock deadline."
Something in her refused to give up. "What time is it in Hawaii?"
"Eleven in the morning."
Jennifer's headache disappeared as if by magic, and she leapt from her
chair in excitement. "That's it, then! Find out if Nationwide does business
there. They must have a factory, sales office, garage-anything. If they do,
we file there."
Dan Martin stared at her for a moment and then his face lit up. "Gotcha!"
He was already hurrying toward the door.
Jennifer could still hear Patrick Maguire's smug tone on the telephone.
Tell your client, better luck next time. There would never be a next time
for Connie Garrett. It had to be now.
Thirty minutes later Jennifer's intercom buzzed and Dan Martin said
excitedly, "Nationwide Motors manufactures their drive shafts on the island
of Oahu."
"We've got them! Get hold of a law firm there and have them file the papers
immediately."
"Did you have any special firm in mind?"
"No. Pick someone out of Martindale-Hubbell. Just make sure they serve the
papers on the local attorney for National. Have them call us back the
minute those papers are filed. I'll be waiting here in the office."
"Anything else I can do?"
"Pray: '
s s

The call from Hawaii came at ten o'clock that evening. Jennifer grabbed the phone and a soft voice said, "Miss Jennifer Parker, please."
"Speaking."
"This is Miss Sung of the law firm of Gregg and Hoy in Oahu. We wanted to let you know that fifteen.minutes ago we served the papers you requested on the attorney for Nationwide Motors Corporation:"
Jennifer exhaled slowly. "Thank you. Thank you very much."

Cynthia sent in Joey La Guardia. Jennifer had never seen the man before. He had telephoned, asking her to represent him in an assault case. He was short, compactly built and wore an expensive suit that looked as though it had been carefully tailored for someone else. He had an enormous diamond ring on his little finger.
La Guardia smiled with yellowed teeth and said, "I come to you 'cause I need some help. Anybody can make a mistake, right, Miss Parker? The cops picked me up 'cause I did a little number on a coupla guys, but I thought they was out to get me, you know? The alley was dark and when I seen them comin' at me-well, it's a rough neighborhood down there. I jumped them before they could jump me."
There was something about his manner that Jennifer found distasteful and false. He was trying too hard to be ingratiating.
He pulled out a large wad of money.
"Here. A grand down an' another grand when we go to court. Okay?"
"My calendar is full for the next few months. Tll be glad to recommend some other attorneys to you."

His manner became insistent. "No. I don't want nobody else. You're the
best."
"For a simple assault charge you don't need the best."
"Hey, listen," he said, "I'll give you more money." There

was a,,desperation is his voice. "Two grand down and-"
Jennifer pressed the buzzer under her desk and Cynthia walked in. "Mr. La
Guardia's leaving, Cynthia."
Joey La Guardia glared at Jennifer for a long moment, scooped up his money
and thrust it back in.his pocket. He walked out of the office without a
word. Jennifer pressed the intercom button.
"Ken, could you please come in here a minute?"
It took Ken Bailey less than thirty minutes to get a complete report on
Joey La Guardia.
"He's got a rap sheet a mile long," he told Jennifer. "He's been in and out
of the pen since he was sixteen." He glanced at the piece of paper in his
hand. "He's out on bail. He was picked up last week for assault and
battery. He beat up two old men who owed the Organization money."
Everything suddenly clicked into place. "Joey La Guardia works for the
Organization?"
"He's one of Michael Moretti's enforcers."
Jennifer was filled with a cold fury. "Can you get me the telephone number
of Michael Moretti?"
Five minutes later, Jennifer was speaking to Moretti.
"Well, this is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Parker. I='
"Mr. Moretti, I don't like being set up."
"What are you talking about?"
"Listen to me. And listen well. I'm not for sale. Not now, not ever. I
won't represent you or anyone who works for you. All I want is for you to

leave me alone. Is that clear?"
"Can I ask you a question?"
"Go ahead."
"Will you have lunch with me?"
Jennifer hung up on him.

Cynthia's voice came over the intercom. "A Mr. Patrick Maguire is here to
see you, Miss Parker. He has no appointment, but he said='

Jennifer smiled to herself. "Have Mr. Maguire wait."
She remembered their conversation on the telephone. It's not how you play
the game, it's whether you win or not, right? You're pretty good, honey,
but I've been at it a tot longer than you. Tell your client 1 said better
luck next time.
Jennifer kept Patrick Maguire waiting for forty-five minutes, and then
buzzed Cynthia.
"Send Mr. Maguire in, please."
Patrick Maguire's genial manner was gone. He had been outwitted, and he was
angry and did not bother to conceal it.
He walked over to Jennifer's desk and snapped, "You're causing me a lot of
problems, friend:"
"Am I, friend?"
He sat down, uninvited. "Let's stop playing games. I had a call from the
general counsel of Nationwide Motors. I underestimated you. My client is
willing to make a settlement." He reached into his pocket, pulled out an
envelope and handed it to Jennifer. She opened it. Inside was a certified
check made out to Connie Garrett. It was for one hundred thousand dollars.
Jennifer slipped the check back in the envelope and returned it to Patrick
Maguire.

"It's not enough. We're suing for five million dollars:"
Maguire grinned. "No, you're not. Because your client's not going into court. I just paid her a visit. There's no way you can ever get that girl into a courtroom. She's terrified and, without her, you haven't got a chance."
Jennifer said angrily, "You had no right to talk to Connie Garrett without my being present."
"I was only trying to do everybody a favor. Take the money and run, friend."
Jennifer got to her feet. "Get out of here. You turn my stomach."
Patrick Maguire rose. "I didn't know your stomach could be turned."

And he walked out, taking the check with him.
Watching him go, Jennifer wondered whether she had made a terrible mistake.
She thought of what a hundred thousand dollars could do for Connie Garrett.
But it was not enough. Not for what that girl would have to endure every day for the rest of her life.
Jennifer knew that Patrick Maguire was right about one thing. Without Connie Garrett in the courtroom, there was no chance that a jury would return a verdict for five million dollars. Words could never persuade them of the horror of her life. Jennifer needed the impact of Connie Garrett's presence in the courtroom, with the jury looking at her day after day; but there was no way Jennifer could persuade the young woman to go into court.
She had to find another solution.

Adam telephoned.

"rm sorry I couldn't call you before," he apologized.
"rve been having
meetings on the Senate race and-"
"It's all right, darling. I understand:" I've got to
understand, she
thought.
"I miss you so much."
"I miss you, too, Adam." You'll never know how much.
"I want to see you."
Jennifer wanted to say, When? but she waited.
Adam went on. "I have to go to Albany this afternoon.
rll call you when I
get back."
"All right." There was nothing else she could say. There
was nothing she
could do.

At four o'clock in the morning, Jennifer awakened from a
terrible dream and
knew how she was going to win five million dollars for
Connie Garrets

"We've set up a series of fund-raising dinners across
the state. We'll hit
the larger towns only. We'll get to the whistlestops
through a few national
television shows like Face The Nation, the Today show
and Meet the Press.
We figure that we can pick up-Adam, are you listening?"
Adam turned to Stewart Needham and the other three men
in the conference
room-top media experts, Needham had assured him-and
said, "Yes, of course,
Stewart."
He had been thinking of something else entirely.
Jennifer. He wanted her
here at his side, sharing the excitement of the
campaign, sharing this
moment, sharing his life.
Adam had tried several times to discuss his situation
with Stewart Needham,
but each time his partner had managed to change the
subject.
Adam sat there thinking about Jennifer and Mary Beth. He

knew that it was
unfair to compare them, but it was impossible not to.

Jennifer is stimulating to be with. She's interested in every-

thing and makes me feel alive. Mary Beth lives in her own private little
world . . .
Jennifer and 1 have a thousand things in common. Mary Beth and 1 have
nothing in common but our marriage . . .
1 love Jennifer's sense of humor. She knows how to laugh at herself. Mary
Beth takes everything seriously . . .
Jennifer makes me feel young. Mary Beth seems older than her years . . .
Jennifer is self-reliant. Mary Beth depends on me to tell her what to do .
. .
Five important differences between the woman I'm in love with and my wife.
Five reasons why I can never leave Mary Beth.

19

On a Wednesday morning in early August the trial of Connie Garrett v.
Nationwide Motors Corporation began. Ordinarily, the trial would only have
been worth a paragraph or two in the newspapers, but because Jennifer
Parker was representing the plaintiff, the media were out in full force.
Patrick Maguire sat at the defense table, surrounded by a battery of
assistants dressed in conservative gray suits.
The process of selecting a jury began. Maguire was casual, almost to the
point of indifference, for he knew that Connie Garrett was not going to
appear in court. The sight of a beautiful young quadruple amputee would

have been a powerful emotional lever with which to pry a large sum of money
out of a jury-but there would be no girl and no lever.
This time, Maguire thought, Jennifer Parker has outsmarted herself.
The jury was impaneled and the trial got underway. Patrick Maguire made his
opening statement and Jennifer had to admit to herself that he was very
good indeed. He

dwelt at length on the plight of poor young Connie Garrett, saying all the
things that Jennifer had planned to say, stealing her emotional thunder. He
spoke of the accident, stressing the fact that Connie Garrett had slipped on
ice and that the truck driver had not been at fault.
"The plaintiff is asking you ladies and gentlemen to award her five million
dollars." Maguire shook his head incredulously. "Five million dollars! Have
you ever seen that much money? I haven't. My firm handles some affluent
clients, but I want to tell you that in all my years of practicing law, I
have never even seen one million dollars-or half a million dollars"
He could see by the looks on the faces of the jurors that neither had they.
"The defense is going to bring witnesses in here who will tell you how the
accident happened. And it was an accident. Before we're through, we'll show
you that Nationwide Motors had no culpability in this matter. You will have
noticed that the person bringing the suit, Connie Garrett, is not in court
today. Her attorney has informed Judge Silverman that she will not make an
appearance at all. Connie Garrett is not in this

courtroom today where she
belongs, but I can tell you where she is. Right now, as I'm standing here
talking to you, Connie Garrett is sitting at home counting the money she
thinks you're going to give her. She's waiting for her telephone to ring
and for her attorney to tell her how many millions of dollars she suckered
out of you.
"You and I know that any time there's an accident where a big corporation
is involved-no matter how indirectlythere are people who are immediately
going to say, `Why, that company is rich. It can afford it. Let's take it
for all we can:'
Patrick Maguire paused.
"Connie Garrett's not in this courtroom today because she couldn't face
you. She knows that what she's trying to do is immoral. Well, we're going
to send her away empty-handed

as a lesson to other people who might be tempted to try the same thing in
the future. A person has to take responsibility for his or her own actions.
If you slip on a piece of ice on the street, you can't blame big brother for
it. And you shouldn't try to swindle five million dollars out of him. Thank
you:'
He turned to bow to Jennifer, and then walked over to the defense table and
sat down.
Jennifer rose to her feet and approached the jury. She studied their faces,
trying to evaluate the impression that Patrick Maguire had made.
"My esteemed colleague has told you that Connie Garrett will not be in this
courtroom during the trial. That is correct." Jennifer

pointed to an empty
space at the plaintiff's table. "That is where Connie Garrett would be
sitting if she were here. Not in that chair. In a special wheelchair. The
chair she lives in. Connie Garrett won't be in this courtroom, but before
this trial is over you will all have an opportunity to meet her and get to
know her as I have gotten to know her."
There was a puzzled frown on Patrick Maguire's face. He leaned over and
whispered to one of his assistants.
Jennifer was going on. "i listened as Mr. Maguire spoke so eloquently, and
I want to tell you I was touched. I found my heart bleeding for this
multibillion-dollar corporation that's being mercilessly attacked by this
twenty-four-year-old woman who has no arms or legs. This woman who, at this
very moment is sitting at home, greedily awaiting that telephone call that
will tell her she's rich." Jennifer's voice dropped.
"Rich to do what? Go out and buy diamonds for the hands she doesn't have?
Buy dancing shoes for the feet she doesn't have? Buy beautiful dresses that
she can never wear? A Rolls Royce to take her to parties she's not invited
to? Just think of all the fun she's going to have with that money."
Jennifer spoke very quietly and sincerely as her eyes moved slowly across
the faces of the jurors. "Mr. Maguire has never seen five million dollars
at one time. Neither have I. But I'll

tell you this. If I were to offer any one of you five million dollars in
cash right now, and all I wanted in exchange was to cut off both your arms
and both your legs, I don't think five million dollars

would seem like very
much money . . . .
"The law in this case is very clear," Jennifer explained. "In an earlier trial, which the plaintiff lost, the defendants were aware of a defect in the braking system in their trucks, and they withheld that knowledge from the defendant and from the court. In doing so, they acted illegally. That is the basis for this new trial. According to a recent government survey, the biggest contributors to truck accidents involve wheels and tires, brakes and steering systems. If you will just examine these figures for a moment . . ."

Patrick Maguire was appraising the jury and he was an expert at it. As Jennifer droned on about the statistics, Maguire could tell that the jurors were getting bored with this trial. It was becoming too technical. The trial was no longer about a crippled girl. It was about trucks and braking distances and faulty brake drums. The jurors were losing interest.

Maguire glanced over at Jennifer and thought, She's not as clever as she's reputed to be. Maguire knew that if be had been on the other side defending Connie Garrett, he would have ignored the statistics and mechanical problems and played on the jury's emotions. Jennifer Parker had done exactly the opposite.

Patrick Maguire leaned back in his chair now and relaxed.

Jennifer was approaching the bench. "Your Honor, with the court's permission, I have an exhibit I would like to introduce."

"What kind of.exhibit?" Judge Silverman asked.

"When this trial began I promised the jury that they

would get to know
Connie Garrett. Since she is unable to be here in
person, I would like
permission to show some pictures of her." .
Judge Silverman said, "I see no objection to that." He

turned to Patrick Maguire. "Does the attorney for the
defense have any
objection?"
Patrick Maguire got to his feet, moving slowly, thinking
fast. "What kind
of pictures?"
Jennifer said, "A few pictures taken of Connie Garrett
at home."
Patrick Maguire would have preferred not to have the
pictures, but on the
other hand, photographs of a crippled girl sitting in a
wheelchair were
certainly a lot less dramatic than the actual appearance
of the girl
herself would have been. And there was another factor to
consider: If he
objected, it would make him look unsympathetic in the
eyes of the jury.
He said generously, "By all means, show the pictures."
"Thank you:'
Jennifer turned to Dan Martin and nodded. Two men in the
back row moved
forward with a portable screen and a motion picture
projector and began to
set them up.
Patrick Maguire stood up, surprised. "Wait a minutel
What is this?"
Jennifer replied innocently, "The pictures you just
agreed to let me show."
Patrick Maguire stood there, silently fuming. Jennifer
had said nothing
about motion pictures. But it was too late to object. He
nodded curtly and
sat down again.
Jennifer had the screen positioned so the jury and Judge
Silverman could
see it clearly.

"May we have the room darkened, Your Honor?"
The judge signaled the bailiff and the shades were lowered. Jennifer walked over to the 16mm projector and turned it on, and the screen came to life.
For the next thirty minutes there was not a sound to be heard in the courtroom. Jennifer had hired a professional cameraman and a young director of commercials to make the film. They had photographed a day in the life of Connie

Garrett, and it was a stark, realistic horror story. Nothing had been left to the imagination. The film showed the beautiful young amputee being taken out of bed in the morning, being earned to the toilet, being cleared like a small, helpless baby . . . being bathed . . . being fed and dressed . . . .
Jennifer had seen the film over and over and now, as she watched it again, she felt the same lump in her throat and her eyes filled with tears, and she knew that it must be having the same effect on the judge and the jury and the spectators in the courtroom.
When the film was ended, Jennifer turned to Judge Silverman. "The plaintiff rests."

The jury had been out for more than ten hours, and with each passing hour Jennifer's spirits sank lower. She had been sure of an immediate verdict. If they had been as affected by the film as she had been, a verdict should not have taken more than an hour or two.

When the jury had filed out, Patrick Maguire had been frantic, certain that he had lost his case, that he had underestimated

Jennifer Parker once
again. But as the hours passed and the jury still did not return, Maguire's
hopes began to rise. It would not have taken the jury this long to make an
emotional decision. "We're going to be all right. The longer they're in
there arguing, the more their emotions are going to cool off."

A few minutes before midnight, the foreman sent a note to Judge Silverman
for a legal ruling. The judge studied the request, then looked up. "Will
both attorneys approach the bench, please?"
When Jennifer and Patrick Maguire were standing in front of him, Judge
Silverman said, "I want to apprise you of a note I have just received from
the foreman. The jury is ask-

ing whether they are legally permitted to award Connie Garrett more than the
five million dollars her attorney is suing for."
Jennifer felt suddenly giddy. Her heart began to soar. She turned to look
at Patrick Maguire. His face was drained of color.
"I'm informing them," Judge Silverman said, "that it is within their
province to set any amount they feel is justified."
Thirty minutes later the jury filed back into the courtroom. The foreman
announced they had found in favor of the plaintiff. The amount of damages
she was entitled to was six million dollars.
It was the largest personal injury award in the history of the State of New
York.

20

When Jennifer walked into her office the following morning she found an
array of newspapers spread across her desk. She was on

the front page of
every one of them. There were four dozen beautiful red roses in a vase.
Jennifer smiled. Adam had found time to send her flowers.
She opened the card. It read: Congratulations. Michael Moretti.
The intercom buzzed and Cynthia said, "Mr. Adams is on the line."
Jennifer grabbed the telephone. She tried to keep her voice calm. "Hello,
darling."
"You've done it again."
"I got lucky."
"Your client got lucky. Lucky to have you as an attorney. You must be
feeling wonderful."
Winning cases made her feel good. Being with Adam made her feel wonderful.
"Yes."
"I have something important to tell you," Adam said. "Can you meet me for
a drink this afternoon?"

Jennifer's heart sank. There was only one thing Adam could have to tell
her: He was never going to see her again.
"Yes. Yes, of course . . :"
"Mario's? Six o'clock?"
"Fine."
She gave the roses to Cynthia.

Adam was waiting in the restaurant, seated at a back table. So he won't be
embarrassed if 1 get hysterical, Jennifer thought. Well, she was determined
not to cry. Not in front of Adam.
She could tell from his gaunt, haggard face what he had been going through,
and she intended to make this as easy as possible for him. Jennifer sat

down and Adam took her hand in his.
"Mary Beth is giving me a divorce," Adam said, and
Jennifer stared at him,
speechless.

It was Mary Beth who had begun the conversation. They
had returned from a
fund-raising dinner where Adam had been the main
speaker. The evening had
been an enormous success. Mary Beth had been quiet
during the ride home, a
curious tension about her.
Adam said, "I thought the evening went well, didn't you?"
"Yes, Adam."
Nothing more was said until they reached the house.
"Would you like a nightcap?" Adam asked.
"No, thank you. I think we should have a talk."
"Oh? About what?"
She looked at him and said, "About you and Jennifer
Parker."
It was like a physical blow. Adam hesitated for a
moment, wondering whether
to deny it or-
"I've known it for some time. I haven't said anything
because I wanted to
make up my mind about what to do."

"Mary Beth, I='
"Please let me finish. I know that our relationship
hasn't been--well--all
we hoped it would be. In some ways, perhaps I haven't
been as good a wife
as I should have been."
"Nothing that's happened is your fault. I-"
"Please, Adam. This is very difficult for me. rve made a
decision. Im not
going to stand in your way."
He looked at her unbelievingly. "I don't='
"I love you too much to hurt you. You have a brilliant
political future
ahead of you. I don't want anything to spoil that.
Obviously, I'm not
making you completely happy. If Jennifer Parker can make

you happy, I want
you to have her."
He had a feeling of unreality, as though the whole
conversation were taking
place underwater. "What will happen to you?"
Mary Beth smiled. "rll be fine, Adam. Don't worry about
me. I have my own
plans."
"I -I don't know what to say."
"There's no need to say anything. rve said it all for
both of us. If I held
on to you and made you miserable, it wouldn't do either
of us any good,
would it? I'm sure Jennifer's lovely or you wouldn't
feel about her the way
you do." Mary Beth walked over to him and took him in
her arms. "Don't look
so stricken, Adam. What I'm doing is the best thing for
everyone."
"You're remarkable."
"Thank you." She gently traced his face with her
fingertips and smiled. "My
dearest Adam. Pll always be your best friend. Always."
Then she came closer
and put her head on his shoulder. He could hardly hear
her soft voice.
"It's been such a long time since you held me in your
arms, Adam. You
wouldn't have to tell me you love me, but would youwould
you like to-hold
me in your arms once more and make love to me? Our last
time together?"

Adam was thinking of this now as he said to Jennifer,
"The divorce was Mary
Beth's idea."
Adam went on talking, but Jennifer was no longer
listening to the words;
she was only hearing the music. She felt as though she
were floating,
soaring. She had steeled herself for Adam to tell her he
could never see
her again-and now this! It was too much to absorb. She

knew how painful the
scene with Mary Beth must have been for Adam, and
Jennifer had never loved
Adam more than she did at this moment. She felt as
though a crushing load
had been lifted from her chest, as though she could
breathe again.
Adam was saying, "Mary Beth was wonderful about it.
She's an incredible
woman. She's genuinely happy for both of us."
"That's hard to believe."
"You don't understand. For some time now we've lived
more like . . .
brother and sister. I've never discussed it with you,
but---2' he hesitated
and said carefully, "Mary Beth doesn't have strong . . .
drives."
"I see."
"She'd like to meet you."
The thought of it disturbed Jennifer. "I don't think I
could, Adam. I'd
feel-uncomfortable."
"Trust me."
"If-if you want me to, Adam, of course."
"Good, darling. We'll go for tea. I'll drive you out."
Jennifer thought for a moment. "Wouldn't it be better if
I went alone?"

The following morning, Jennifer drove out the Saw Mill
River Parkway,
headed upstate. It was a crisp, clear morning, a lovely
day for a drive.
Jennifer turned on the car radio and tried to forget her
nervousness about
the meeting facing her.
The Warner house was a magnificently preserved house of
Dutch origin,
overlooking the river at Croton-on-Hudson, set

on a large estate of rolling green acres. Jennifer drove
up the driveway to
the imposing front entrance. She rang the bell and a
moment later the door

was opened by an attractive woman
i_n_ her middle last *t,:.þ. Jennifer v_d elP The last thing Jennifer had
expected
was this shy southern woman who took her hand, gave her a warm smile and said, "I'm Mary Beth. Adam didn't do you justice. Please come in."
Adam's wife was wearing a beige wool skirt that was softly full, and a silk
blouse opened just enough to reveal a mature but still lovely breast. Her
beige-blond hair was worn long and slightly curling about her face, and was
flattering to her blue eyes. The pearls around her neck could never be
mistaken as cultured. There was an air of old-world dignity about Mary Beth
Warner.
The interior of the house was lovely, with wide, spacious rooms filled with
antiques and beautiful paintings.
A butter served tea in the drawing room from a Georgian silver tea service.
When he had left the room, Mary Beth said, "I'm sure you must love Adam
very much."
Jennifer said awkwardly, "I want you to know, Mrs. Warner, that neither of
us planned-"
Mary Beth Warner put a hand on Jennifer's arm. "You don't have to tell me
that. I don't know whether Adam told you, but our marriage has turned into
a marriage of politeness. Adam and I have known each other since we were
children. I think I fell in love with Adam the first time I saw him. We
went to the same parties and had the same friends, and I suppose it was
inevitable that one day we would get married. Don't misunderstand. I still
adore Adam and I'm sure he adores me. But people do change, don't they?"
"Yes:'

Jennifer looked at Mary Beth and she was filled with a deep feeling of gratitude. What could have been an ugly and sordid scene had turned into something friendly and wonderful.

Adam had been right. Mary Beth was a lovely lady.

"I'm very grateful to you," Jennifer said.

"And I'm grateful to you," Mary Beth confided. She smiled shyly and said, "You see, I'm very much in love, too. I was going to get the divorce immediately but I thought, for Adam's sake, we'd best wait until after the election."

Jennifer had been so busy with her own emotions that she had forgotten about the election.

Mary Beth went on: "Everyone seems sure that Adam is going to be our next senator, and a divorce now would gravely hurt his chances. It's only six months away, so I decided it would be better for him if I delayed it." She looked at Jennifer. "But forgive me-is that agreeable with you?"

"Of course it is," Jennifer said

She would have to completely readjust her thinking. Her future would now be tied to Adam. If he became senator, she would live with him in Washington, D.C. It would mean giving up her law practice here, but that did not matter. Nothing mattered except that they could be together.

Jennifer said, "Adam will make a wonderful senator."

Mary Beth raised her head and smiled. "My dear, one day Adam Warner is going to make a wonderful President."

The telephone was ringing when Jennifer arrived back at the apartment. It was Adam. "How did you get along with Mary Beth?"

"Adam, she was wonderful!"
"She said the same thing about you."
"You read about old southern charm, but you don't come across it very
often. Mary Beth has it. She's quite a lady."
"So are you, darling. Where would you like to be married?"
Jennifer said, "Times Square, for all I care. But I think we should wait,
Adam:"
"Wait for what?"

"Until after the election. Your career is important. A divorce could hurt
you right now."
"My private life is-"
"-going to become your public life. We mustn't do anything that might
spoil your chances. We can wait six months."
4'1 don't want to wait." don't either, darling." Jennifer smiled. "We
won't really be waiting, will we?"

21

Jennifer and Adam had lunch together almost every day, and once or twice a
week Adam spent the night at their apartment. They had to be more discreet
than ever, for Adam's campaign had actively begun, and he was becoming a
nationally prominent figure. He gave speeches at political rallies and
fund-raising dinners, and his opinions on national issues were quoted more
and more frequently in the press.

Adam and Stewart Needham were having their ritual morning tea.
"Saw you on the Today show this morning," Needham said. "Fine job, Adam.
You got every single point across. I understand they've invited you back
again."

"Stewart, I hate doing those shows. I feel like some goddamned actor up there, performing."
Stewart nodded, unperturbed. "That's what politicians are, Adam-actors. Playing a part, being what the public wants them to be. Hell, if politicians acted like themselves in public

-what expression do the kids use? letting it all hang out?this country'd be a damned monarchy."
"I don't like the fact that running for public office has become a personality contest."
Stewart Needham smiled. "Be grateful you've got the personality, my boy. Your ratings in the polls keep going up every week." He stopped to pour more tea. "Believe me, this is only the beginning. First the Senate, then the number one target. Nothing can stop you." He paused to take a sip of his tea. "Unless you do something foolish, that is."
Adam looked up at him. "What do you mean?"
Stewart Needham delicately wiped his lips with a damask napkin.
"Your opponent is a gutter fighter. I'll bet you that right now he's examining your life under a microscope. He won't find any ammunition, will he?"
"No." The word came to Adam's lips automatically.
"Good," Stewart Needham said. "How's Mary Beth?"

Jennifer and Adam were spending a lazy weekend at a country house in Vermont that a friend of Adam's had loaned him. The air was crisp and fresh, hinting at the winter to come.
It was a perfect weekend, comfortable and relaxed, with

long
hikes during the day and games and easy conversation
before
st blazing fire at night. `
They had carefully gone through all the Sunday papers.
Adam was moving up
in every poll. With a few exceptions, the media were for
Adam. They liked
his style, his honesty, his intelligence and his
frankness. They kept
comparing him to John Kennedy.
Adam sprawled in front of the fireplace, watching flame
shadows dancing
across Jennifer's face. "How would you like to be the
wife of the
President?"
"Sorry. I'm already in love with a senator."
"Will you be disappointed if I don't win, Jennifer?"

"No. The only reason I want it is because you want it,
dar-
ling." If I do win, it will mean living in Washington."
"If we're together, nothing else matters."
"What about your law practice?"
Jennifer smiled. "The last time I heard, they had
lawyers in Washington."
"What if I asked you to give it up?"
"I'd give it up."
"I don't want you to. You're too damned good at it."
"All I care about is being with you. I love you so much,
Adam."
He stroked her soft dark brown hair and said, "I love
yon, too. So much."
They went to bed, and later, they slept.
On Sunday night they drove back to New York. They picked
up Jennifer's car
at the garage where she had parked it, and Adam returned
to his home.
Jennifer went back to their apartment in New York.

Jennifer's days were unbelievably full. If she had
thought she was busy
before, now she was besieged. She was representing

international
corporations that had bent a few laws and been caught, senators with their
fingers in the till, movie stars who had gotten into trouble. She
represented bank presidents and bank robbers, politicians and heads of
unions.
Money was pouring in, but that was not important to Jennifer. She gave
large bonuses to the office staff, and lavish gifts.

Corporations that came up against Jennifer no longer sent in their second
string of lawyers, so Jennifer found herself pitted against some of the top
legal talent of the world.
She was admitted into the American College of Trial Lawyers, and even Ken
Bailey was impressed.

"Jesus," he said, "you know, only one percent of the lawyers in this
country can get in?"
"I'm their token woman," Jennifer laughed.

When Jennifer represented a defendant in Manhattan, she could be certain
that Robert Di Silva would either prosecute the case personally or
mastermind it. His hatred of Jennifer had grown with every victory she had.
During one trial in which Jennifer was pitted against the District
Attorney, Di Silva put a dozen top experts on the stand as witnesses for
the prosecution.
Jennifer called no experts. She said to the jury: "If we want a spaceship
built or the distance of a star measured, we call in the experts. But when
we want something really important done, we collect twelve ordinary folks

to do it. As I recall, the founder of Christianity did the same thing."
Jennifer won the case.

One of the techniques Jennifer found effective with a jury was to say, "I know that the words `law' and `courtroom' sound a little frightening and remote from your lives, but when you stop to think about it, all we're doing here is dealing with the rights and wrongs done to human beings like ourselves. Let's forget we're in a courtroom, my friends. Let's just imagine we're sitting around in my living room, talking about what's happened to this poor defendant, this fellow human being."
And, in their minds, the jurors were sitting in Jennifer's living room, carried away by her spell.
This ploy worked beautifully for Jennifer until one day when she was defending a client against Robert Di Silva. The District Attorney rose to his feet and made the opening address to the jury.
"Ladies and gentlemen," Di Silva said, "rd like for you to forget you're in a court of law. I want you to imagine that

you're sitting at home in my living room and we're just sitting around informally chatting about the terrible things the defendant has done."
Ken Bailey leaned over and whispered to Jennifer, .."Do you hear what that bastard's doing? He's stealing your stuff!"
"Don't worry about it," Jennifer replied coolly.
When Jennifer got up to address the jury, she said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I've never heard anything as outrageous as the remarks of the District Attorney." Her voice rang with righteous

indignation. "For a minute, I couldn't believe I had heard him correctly.
How dare he tell you to forget you're sitting in a court of law! This
courtroom is one of the most precious possessions our nation has! It is the
foundation of our freedom. Yours and mine and the defendant's. And fQr the
District Attorney to suggest that you forget where you are, that you forget
your sworn duty, I find both shocking and contemptible. I'm asking you,
ladies and gentlemen, to remember where you are, to remember that all of us
are here to see that justice is done and that the defendant is vindicated."
The jurors were nodding approvingly.
Jennifer glanced toward the table where Robert Di Silva was sitting. He was
staring straight ahead, a glazed look in his eyes.
Jennifer's client was acquitted.

After each court victory, there would be four dozen red roses on Jennifer's
desk, with a card from Michael Moretti. Each time, Jennifer would tear up
the cards and have Cynthia take away the flowers. Somehow they seemed
obscene coming from him. Finally Jennifer sent Michael Moretti a note, ask-
ing him to stop sending her flowers.
When Jennifer returned from the courtroom after winning her next case,
there were five dozen red roses waiting for her.
22

The Rainy Day Robber case brought Jennifer new headlines. The accused man
had been called to her attention by Father Ryan.
"A friend of mine has a bit of a problem=' he began, and they both burst
out laughing.
The friend turned out to be Paul Richards, a transient, accused of robbing

a bank of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A robber had walked into
the bank wearing a long black raincoat, under which was hidden a sawed-off
shotgun. The collar of the raincoat was raised so that his face was
partially hidden. Once inside the bank, . the man had brandished the
shotgun and forced a teller to hand over all his available cash-. The
robber had then fled in a waiting automobile. Several witnesses had seen
the getaway car, a green sedan, but the license number had been covered
with mud.
Since bank robberies were a federal offense, the FBI had entered the case.
They had put the modus operandi into a

central computer and it had come up with the name of Paul Richards.

Jennifer went to visit him at Riker's Island.
"I swear to God I didn't do it," Paul Richards said. He was in his fifties,
a red-faced man with cherubic blue eyes, too old to be running around
pulling bank robberies.
"I don't care whether you're innocent or guilty," Jennifer explained, "but
I have one rule. I won't represent a client who lies to me."
"I swear on my mother's life I didn't do it."
Oaths had ceased to impress Jennifer long ago. Clients had sworn their
innocence to her on the lives of their mothers, wives, sweethearts and
children. If God had taken those oaths seriously, there would have been a
serious decline in the population.
Jennifer asked, "Why do you think the FBI arrested

you?"
Paul Richards answered without hesitation. "Because
about ten years ago I
pulled a bank job and was dumb enough to get caught."
"You used a sawed-off shotgun under a raincoat?"
"That's right. I waited until it was raining, and then
hit a bank." '
"But you didn't do this last job?"
"No. Some smart bastard copied my act."

The preliminary hearing was before Judge Fred Stevens, a
strict
disciplinarian. It was rumored that he was in favor of
shipping all
criminals off to some inaccessible island where they
would stay for the
rest of their lives. Judge Stevens believed that anyone
caught stealing for
the first time should have his right hand chopped off,
and if caught again,
should have his left hand chopped off, in ancient
Islamic tradition. He was
the worst judge Jennifer could have asked for. She sent
for Ken Bailey.

"Ken, I want you to dig up everything you can on Judge
Stevens."
"Judge Stevens? He's as straight as an arrow. He~--"
"I know he is. Do it, please."

The federal prosecutor who was handling the case was an
old pro named
Carter Gifford.
"How are you going to plead him?" Gifford asked.
Jennifer gave him a look of innocent surprise. "Not
guilty, of course."
He laughed sardonically. "Judge Stevens will get a kick
out of that. I
suppose you're going to move for a jury trial."
"No."

Gifford studied Jennifer suspiciously. "You mean you're
going to put your

client in the hands of the hanging judge?"
"That's right "
Gifford grinned. "I knew you'd go around the bend one day, Jennifer. I
can't wait to see this."

"The United States of America versus Paul Richards. Is the defendant
present?"
The court clerk said,. "'Yes, Your Honor."
"Would the attorneys please approach the bench and identify themselves?"
Jennifer and Carter Gifford moved toward Judge Stevens.
"Jennifer Parker representing the defendant."
"Carter Gifford representing the United States Government."
Judge Stevens turned to Jennifer and said brusquely, "I'm aware of your
reputation, Miss Parker. So rm going to tell you right now that I do not
intend to waste this court's time. I will brook no delays in this case. I
want to get on with this preliminary hearing and get the arraignment over
with. I intend to set a trial date as speedily as possible. I presume you
will want a jury trial and-"

"No, Your Honor."
Judge Stevens looked at her in surprise. "You're not asking for a jury
trial?"
"I am not. Because I don't think there's going to be an arraignment."
Carter Gifford was staring at her. "What?"
"In my opinion, you don't have enough evidence to bring my client to
trial."
Carter Gifford snapped, "You need another opinion!" He turned to Judge
Stevens. "Your Honor, the government has a very strong case. The defendant
has already been convicted of committing exactly the

same crime in exactly
the same manner. Our computer picked him out of over two thousand possible
suspects. We have the guilty man right here in this courtroom, and the
prosecution has no intention of dropping the case against him."
Judge Stevens turned to Jennifer. "It seems to the court that there is
enough prima facie evidence here to have an arraignment and a trial. Do you
have anything more to say?"
"I do, Your Honor. There is not one single witness who can positively
identify Paul Richards. The FBI has been unable to find any of the stolen
money. In fact, the only thing that links the defendant to this crime is
the imagination of the prosecutor."
The judge stared down at Jennifer and said with ominous softness, "What
about the computer that picked him out?"
Jennifer sighed. "That brings us to a problem, Your Honor."
Judge Stevens said grimly, "I imagine it does. It is easy to confuse a live
witness, but it is difficult to confuse a computer."
Carter Gifford nodded smugly, "Exactly, Your Honor."
Jennifer turned to face Gifford. "The FBI used the IBM 370/168, didn't it?"

"That's right. It's the most sophisticated equipment in the world."
Judge Stevens asked Jennifer, "Does the defense intend to challenge the
efficiency of that computer?"
"On the contrary, Your Honor. I have a computer expert here in court today
who works for the company that manufactures the 37Q/168. He programmed the
information that turned up the name of my client."
"Where is he?"
Jennifer turned and motioned to a tall, thin man seated

on a bench. He nervously came forward.

Jennifer said, "This is Mr. Edw-rd Monroe."

"If you've been tampering with my witness," the prosecuting attorney exploded, "I'll-"

"All I did was to request Mr. Monroe to ask the computer if there were other possible suspects. I selected ten people who had certain general characteristics similar to my client. For purposes of identification, Mr. Monroe programmed in statistics on age, height, weight, color of eyes, birthplace-the same kind of data that produced the name of my client:"

Judge Stevens asked impatiently, "What is the point of all this, Miss Parker?"

"The point is that the computer identified one of the ten people as a prime suspect in the bank robbery."

Judge Stevens turned to Edward Monroe. "Is this true?"

"Yes, Your Honor." Edward Monroe opened his briefcase and pulled out a computer readout.

The bailiff took it from Monroe and handed it to the judge. Judge Stevens glanced at it and his face became red.

He looked at Edward Monroe. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"No, sir."

"The computer picked me as a possible suspect?" Judge Stevens asked.

"Yes, sir, it did."

Jennifer explained, "The computer has no reasoning power, Your Honor. It can only respond to the information it is given. You and my client happen to be the same weight, height and age. You both drive green sedans, and you both come from the same state. That's really as much evidence as the

prosecuting attorney has. The only other factor is the way in which the
crime was done. When Paul Richards committed that bank robbery ten years
ago, millions of people read about it. Any one of them could have imitated
his modus operandi. Someone did." Jennifer indicated the piece of paper in
Judge Stevens' hand. "That shows you how flimsy the State's case really
is."
Carter Gifford sputtered, "Your Honor-" and stopped. He did not know what
to say.
Judge Stevens looked again at the computer readout in his hand and then at
Jennifer.
"What would you have done," he asked, "if the court had been a younger man,
thinner than I, who drove a blue car?"
"The computer gave me ten other possible suspects," Jennifer said. "My next
choice would have been New York District Attorney Robert Di Silva."

Jennifer was sitting in her office, reading the headlines, when Cynthia
announced, "Mr. Paul Richards is here."
"Send him in, Cynthia."
He came into the office wearing a black raincoat and carrying a candy box
tied with a red ribbon.
"I just wanted to tell you thanks."
"You see? Sometimes justice does triumph."
"I'm leaving tuwn. I decided I need a little vacation." He handed Jennifer
the candy box. "A little token of my appreciation."
"Thank you, Paul."
He looked at her admiringly. "I think you're terrific."
And he was gone.

Jennifer looked at the box of candy on her desk and smiled. She had

received less for handling most of Father Ryan's friends. If she got fat, it would be Father Ryan's fault,
Jennifer untied the ribbon and opened the box. Inside was ten thousand dollars in used currency.

One afternoon as Jennifer was leaving the courthouse, she noticed a large, black, chauffeured Cadillac limousine at the curb. As she started to walk past it, Michael Moretti stepped out. "I've been waiting for you."
Close up, there was an electric vitality to the man that was almost overpowering.
"Get out of my way," Jennifer said. Her face was flushed and angry, and she was even more beautiful than Michael Moretti had remembered.
"Hey," he laughed, "cool down. All I want to do is talk to you. All you have to do is listen. I'll pay you for your time:"
"You'll never have enough money:"
She started to move past him. Michael Moretti put a conciliatory hand on her arm. Just touching her increased his excitement.
He turned on all of his charm. "Be reasonable. You won't know what you're turning down until you hear what I have to say. Ten minutes. That's all I want.]VII drop you off at your office. We can talk on the way."
Jennifer studied him a moment and said, "I'll go with you on one condition. I want the answer to a question."
Michael nodded. "Sure. Go ahead."
"Whose idea was it to frame me with the dead canary?"
He answered without hesitation. "Mine."
So now she knew. And she could have killed him. Grimly she stepped into the limousine and Michael Moretti moved in beside her. Jennifer noted that he gave the driver the address of her office building

without asking.
As the limousine drove off, Michael Moretti said, "rm
glad

about all the great things that are happening to you."
Jennifer did not bother to reply.
"I really mean that:'
"You haven't told me what it is you want."
"I want to make you rich."
"Thanks. I'm rich enough." Her voice was filled wit)1
the contempt she felt
toward him.
Michael Moretti's face flushed. "I'm trying to do you a
favor and you keep
fighting me."
Jennifer turned to look at him. "I don't want any favors
from you:"
He made his voice conciliatory. "Okay. Maybe I'm trying
to make up a little
for what I did to you. Look, I can send you a lot of
clients. Important
clients. Big money. You have no idea-"
Jennifer interrupted. "Mr. Moretti, do us both a favor.
Don't say another
word."
"But I can-"
"I don't want to represent you or any of your friends:"
"Why not?"
"Because if I represented one of you, from then on you'd
own me."
"You've got it all wrong," Michael protested. "My
friends are in legitimate
businesses. I mean banks, insurance companies-"
"Save your breath. My services aren't available to the
Mafia."
"Who said anything about the Mafia?"
"Call it whatever you like. No one owns me but me. I
intend to keep it that
way."
The limousine stopped fdr a red light.
Jennifer said, "This is close enough. Thank you for the
lift." She opened
the door and stepped out.

Michael said, "When can I see you again?"

"Not ever, Mr. Moretti."
Michael watched her walk away.
My God, he thought, that's a woman! He suddenly became aware that he had
an erection and smiled, because he knew that one way or another, he was
going to have her.

3
23

It was the end of October, two weeks before the election, and the
senatorial race was in full swing. Adam was running against the incumbent.
Senator John Trowbridge, a veteran politician, and the experts agreed it
was going to be a close battle.
Jennifer sat at home one night, watching Adam and his opponent in a
television debate. Mary Beth had been right. A divorce now could easily
have wrecked Adam's growing chances for victory.

When Jennifer walked into the office after a long business lunch, there was
an urgent message for her to call Rick Arlen.
"He's called three times in the last half-hour," Cynthia said.
Rick Arlen was a rock star who had, almost overnight, become the hottest
singer in the world. Jennifer had heard about the enormous incomes of rock
stars, but until she got

involved with Rick Aden's affairs, she had had no idea what that'really
meant. From records, personal appearances, merchandising

and now motion
pictures, Rick Aden's income was more than fifteen million dollars a year.
Rick was twenty-five years old, an Alabama farm boy who had been born with
a gold mine in his throat.
"Get him for me," Jennifer said.
Five minutes later he was on the line. "Hey, man, rve been tryin' to reach
you for hours."
"Sorry, Rick. I was in a meeting."
"Problem. Gotta see you."
"Can you come in to the once this afternoon?"
'I don't think so. I'm in Monte Carlo, doin' a benefit for Grace and the
Prince. How soon can you get here?"
"I couldn't possibly get away now," Jennifer protested. "I have a desk
piled up-"
"Baby, I need you. You've got to get on a bird this afternoon."
And he hung up.
Jennifer thought about the phone call. Rick Arlen had not wanted to discuss
his problem over the telephone. It could be anything from drugs to girls to
boys. She thought about sending Ted Harris or Dan Martin to solve whatever
the problem was, but she liked Rick Arlen. In the end, Jennifer decided to
go herself.
She tried to reach Adam before she left, but he was out of the office.
She said to Cynthia, "Get me reservations on an Air France flight to Nice.
I'll want a car to meet me and drive me to Monte Carlo."
Twenty minutes later she had a reservation on a seen o'clock flight that
evening.
"There's a helicopter service from Nice directly to Monte Carlo," Cynthia
said. "I've booked you on that."
"Wonderful. Thank you." -

* ~e s

When Ken Bailey heard why Jennifer was leaving, he said, "Who does that
punk think he is?"
"He knows who he is, Ken. He's one of our biggest clients."
"When will you be back?"
"I shouldn't be gone more than three or four days."
"Things aren't the same when you're not here. I'll miss you."
Jennifer wondered whether he was still seeing the young blond man.
"Hold down the fort until I get back."

As a rule, Jennifer enjoyed flying. She regarded her time in the air as
freedom from pressures, a temporary escape from all the problems that beset
her on the ground, a quiet oasis in ' space away from her endlessly
demanding clients. This flight across the Atlantic, however, was
unpleasant. It seemed unusually bumpy, and Jennifer's stomach became queasy
and upset.
She was feeling a bit better by the time the plane landed in Nice the next
morning. There was a helicopter waiting to fly her to Monte Carlo. Jennifer
had never ridden in a helicopter before and she had looked forward to it.
But the sudden lift and the swooping motions made her ill again, and she
was unable to enjoy the majestic sights of the Alps below and the Grande
Corniche, with miniature automobiles winding up the steep mountainside.
The buildings of Monte Carlo appeared, and a few minutes later the
helicopter was landing in front of the modern white summer casino on the
beach.

Cynthia had telephoned ahead and Rick Arlen was there to meet Jennifer.
He gave her a big hug. "How was the trip?"
"A little rough:"

He took a closer look at her and said, "You don't look so hot. I'll take
you up to my pad and you can rest up for the big do tonight."
"What big do?"
"The gala. That's why you're here:"
"W)zat?"
"Yeah. Grace asked me to invite anyone I liked. I like you."
"Oh, Rick!"
Jennifer could cheerfully have strangled him. He had no idea how much he
had disrupted her life. She was three thousand miles away from Adam, she
had clients who needed her, court cases to try-and she had been lured to
Monte Carlo to attend a party!
Jennifer said, "Rick, how could-?"
She looked at his beaming face and started to laugh.
Oh, well, she was here. Besides, the gala might turn out to be fun.

The gala was spectacular. It was a milk fund concert for orphans, sponsored
by Their Serene Highnesses, Grace and Rainier Grimaldi, and it was held
outdoors at the summer casino. It was a lovely evening. The night was balmy
and the slight breeze coming off the Mediterranean stirred the tall palm
trees. Jennifer wished Adam could have been here to share it with her.
There were fifteen hundred seats occupied by a cheering audience.
Half a dozen international stars performed, but Rick Arlen was the
headliner. He was backed up by a raucous threepiece band and flashing

psychedelic lights that stained the velvet sky. When he finished, he received a standing ovation.

There was a private party afterward at the piscine, below the Hotel de Paris. Cocktails and a buffet supper were served

around the enormous pool, in which dozens of lighted candles floated on lily pads.

Jennifer estimated that there were more than three hundred people there.

Jennifer had not brought an evening gown, and just looking at the splendidly dressed women made her feel like the poor little match girl.

Rick introduced her to dukes and duchesses and princesses. It seemed to Jennifer that half the royalty of Europe was there. She met heads of cartels and famous opera singers. There were fashion designers and heiresses and the great soccer player, Pele. Jennifer was in the midst of a conversation with two Swiss bankers when a wave of dizziness engulfed her.

"Excuse me," Jennifer said.

She went to find Rick Arlen. "Rick, I-"

He took one look at her and said, "You're white as a sheet, baby. Let's split."

Thirty minutes later, Jennifer was in bed in the villa that Rick Arlen had rented.

"A doctor's on his way," Rick told her.

"I don't need a doctor. It's just a virus or something."

"Right. It's the `or something' he's gonna check out."

Dr. Andr6 Monteux was an elderly wisp of a man somewhere in his eighties.

He wore a neatly trimmed full beard and carried a black

medical case.
The doctor turned to Rick Arlen. "If you would leave us alone, please."
"Sure. I'll wait outside."
The doctor moved closer to the bed. "Alors. What have we here?"
"If I knew that," Jennifer said weakly, "I'd be making this house call and
you'd be lying here."
He sat down on the edge of the bed. "How are you feeling?"
"Like I've come down with the bubonic plague."

"Put out your tongue, please"
Jennifer put out her tongue and began to gag. Dr. Monteuz checked her pulse
and took her temperature.
When he had finished, Jennifer asked, "What do you think it is, Doctor?"
"It could be any one of a number of things, beautiful lady. If you are
feeling well enough tomorrow, I would like you to come to my office where
I can do a thorough examination."
Jennifer felt too ill to argue. "All right," she said. "I'll be there."

In the morning Rick Arlen drove Jennifer into Monte Carlo where Dr. Monteuz
gave her a complete examination.
"It's a bug of some kind, isn't it?" Jennifer asked.
"If you wish a prediction," the elderly doctor replied, "I will send out
for fortune cookies. If you wish to know what is wrong with you, we will
have to be patient until the laboratory reports come back."
"When will that be?"
"It usually takes two or three days."
Jennifer knew there was no way she was going to stay there for two or three
days. Adam might need her. She knew she needed him.
"In the meantime, I would like you to stay in bed and

rest." He handed her
a bottle of pills. "These will relax you."
"Thank you." Jennifer scribbled something on a piece of
paper. "Yon can
call me here."
It was not until Jennifer had gone that Dr. Monteuz
looked at the piece of
paper. On it was written a New York telephone number.

At the Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris, where she
changed planes,
Jennifer took two of the pills Dr. Monteauz had given
her and a sleeping
pill. She slept fitfully during

most of the trip back to New York, but when she
disembarked from the plane
she was feeling no better. She had not arranged for
anyone to meet her and
she took a taxi to her apartment.
In the late afternoon, the telephone rang. It was Adam.
"Jennifer! Where have you-"
She tried to put energy into her voice. "I'm sorry,
darling. I had to go to
Monte Carlo to see a client and I couldn't reach you."
"I've been worried sick. Are you all right?"
"I'm fine. I-I've just been running around a lot."
"My God! I was imagining all kinds of terrible things."
"There's nothing to worry about," Jennifer assured him.
"How's everything
going with the campaign?"
"Fine. When am I going to see you? I was supposed to
leave for Washington,
but I can postpone--"
"No, you go ahead," Jennifer said. She did not want Adam
to see her like
this. "I'll be busy. We'll spend the weekend together."
"All right." His tone was reluctant. "If you're not
doing anything at
eleven, I'm on the CBS news:"
"I'll watch, darling."
Jennifer was asleep five minutes after she had replaced
the receiver.

In the morning Jennifer telephoned Cynthia to tell her she was not coming
into the office. Jennifer had slept restlessly, and when she awakened she
felt no better. She tried to eat breakfast but could not keep anything
down. She felt weak and realized she had had nothing to eat for almost
three days.
Her mind unwillingly went over the frightening litany of things that could
be wrong with her. Cancer first, naturally. She felt for lumps in her
breast, but she could not feel any-

thing amiss. Of course, cancer could strike anywhere. It could be a virus of
some kind, but the doctor surely would have known that immediately. The
trouble was that it could be almost anything. Jennifer felt lost and
helpless. She was not a hypochondriac, she had always been in wonderful
health, and now she felt as though her body had somehow betrayed her. She
could not bear it if anything happened to her. Not when everything was so
wonderful.
She was going to be fine. Of course she was.
Another wave of nausea swept through her.

At eleven o'clock that morning, Dr. Andre Monteuic called from Monte Carlo.
A voice said, "Just a moment. I'll put the doctor on."
The moment stretched into a hundred years, and Jennifer clutched the
telephone tightly, unable to bear the waiting.
Finally, Dr. Monteux's voice came on and he said, "How are you feeling?"
"About the same," Jennifer replied nervously. "Are the results of the tests
in?"

"Good news," Dr. Monteux said. "It is not the bubonic plague."
Jennifer could stand no more. "What is it? What's the matter with me?"
"You are going to have a baby, Mrs. Parker."
Jennifer sat there numbly staring at the telephone. When she found her voice again she asked, "Are-are you sure?"'
"Rabbits never lie. I take it this is your first baby."
"Yes."

"I would suggest you see an obstetrician as soon as possible. From the severity of the early symptoms, there may be some difficulties ahead for you."
"I will," Jennifer replied. "Thank you for calling, Dr. Monteux."

She replaced the receiver and sat there, her mind in a turmoil. She was not sure when it could have happened, or what her feelings were. She could not think straight.
She was going to have Adam's baby. And suddenly Jennifer knew how she felt.
She felt wonderful; she felt as though she had been given some indescribably precious gift.
The timing was perfect, as though the gods were on their side. The election would soon be over and she and Adam would be married as quickly as possible. It would be a boy. Jennifer knew it. She could not wait to tell Adam.
She telephoned him at his office.
"Mr. Warner is not in," his secretary informed her. "You might try his home."
Jennifer was reluctant to call Adam at home, but she was bursting with her news. She dialed his number. Mary Beth answered.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Jennifer apologized. "There's something I have to talk to Adam about. This is Jennifer Parker."

"I'm pleased that you called," Mary Beth said. The warmth in her voice was reassuring. "Adam had some speaking engagements, but he's returning tonight. Why don't you come up to the house? We can all have dinner together. Say, seven o'clock?"

Jennifer hesitated for a moment. "That will be lovely."

It was a miracle that Jennifer did not have an accident driving to Croton-on-Hudson. Her mind was far away, dreaming of the future. She and Adam had often discussed having children. She could remember his words. 1 want a couple that look exactly like you.

As Jennifer drove along the highway, she thought she could feel a slight stirring in her womb, but she told herself that that was nonsense. It was much too early. But it would not be long now. Adam's baby was in her. It was alive and

would soon be kicking. It was awesome, overwhelming. She-

Jennifer heard someone honking at her, and she looked up and saw that she had almost forced a truck driver off the road. She gave him an apologetic smile and drove on. Nothing could spoil this day.

It was dusk when Jennifer pulled up in front of the Warner house. A fine snow was beginning to fall, lightly powdering the trees. Mary Beth, wearing a long blue brocade gown, opened the front door to greet Jennifer, taking her arm and warmly welcoming her into the house, reminding Jennifer of the first time they had met. '

Mary Beth looked radiantly happy. She was full of small talk, putting her
visitor at ease. They went into the library where there was a cheerful fire
crackling in the hearth.
"I haven't heard from Adam yet," Mary Beth said. "He's probably been
detained. In the meantime, you and I can have a nice long chat. You sounded
excited on the telephone." Mary Beth leaned forward conspiratorially.
"What's your big news?"
Jennifer looked at the friendly woman across from her and blurted out, "I'm
going to have Adam's baby."
Mary Beth leaned back in her chair and smiled. "Well! Now isn't that
something! So am I!"
Jennifer stared at her. "I-I don't understand."
Mary Beth laughed. "It's really quite simple, my dear. Adam and I are
married, you know."
Jennifer said slowly, "But-but you and Adam are getting a divorce."
"My dear girl, why on earth would I divorce Adam? I adore him."
Jennifer felt her head beginning to spin. The conversation was making no
sense. "You're--you're in love with someone else. You said you-"

"I said that rm in lave. And I am: rm in love with Adam. I told you, I've
been in love with Adam since the first time I saw him."
She could not mean what she was saying. She was teasing Jennifer, playing
some kind of silly, game.
"Stop it!" Jennifer said. "You're like a brother and sister to each other.
Adam doesn't make love to-"
Mary Beth's voice tinkled with laughter. "My poor dear! I'm surprised that
someone as clever as you are could=' She leaned forward

with concern. "You
believed him! I'm so sorry. I am. I really am."
Jennifer was fighting to keep control of herself. "Adam is in lave with me.
We're getting married."
Mary Beth shook her head. Her blue eyes met Jennifer's and the naked hatred
in them made Jennifer's heart stop for an instant.
"That would make Adam a bigamist. I'll never give him a divorce. If I had
let Adam divorce me and marry you, he would lose the election. As it is,
he's going to win it. Then we'll go on tb the White House, Adam and I.
There's no room in his life for anyone like you. There never was. He only
thinks he's in love with you. But he'll' get over that when he finds out
I'm carrying his baby. Adam's always wanted a child."
Jennifer squeezed her eyes shut, trying to stop the terrible pain in her
head.
"Can I get you something?" Mary Beth was asking solicitously.
Jennifer opened her eyes. "Have you told him you're having a baby?"
"Not yet." Mary Beth smiled. "I thought I'd tell him tonight when he gets
home and we're in bed."
Jennifer was filled with loathing. "You're a monster . . :'
"It's all in the point of view, isn't it, honey? I'm Adam's wife. You're
his whore.''

Jennifer rose to her feet, feeling dizzy. Her headache had become an
unbearable pounding. There was a roaring in her ears and she was afraid she
was going to faint. She was moving toward the entrance, her legs unsteady.
Jennifer stopped at the door, pressing herself against it, trying to think.

Adam had said he loved her, but he had slept with this woman, had made her
pregnant.
Jennifer turned and walked out into the cold night air.

24

Adam was on a final campaign swing around the state. He telephoned Jennifer
several times, but he was always surrounded by his entourage and it was
impossible to talk, impossible for Jennifer to tell him her news.
Jennifer knew the explanation for Mary Beth's pregnancy: She had tricked
Adam into sleeping with her. But Jennifer wanted to hear it from Adam.
"I'll be back in a few days and we'll talk then," Adam said.
The election was only five days away now. Adam deserued to win it; he was
the better man. Jennifer felt that Mary Beth was right when she said it
could be the stepping-stone to the presidency of the United States. She
would force herself to wait and see what happened.
If Adam was elected senator, Jennifer would lose him. Adam would go to
Washington with Mary Beth. There would be no way he could get a divorce.
The scandal of a freshman senator divorcing a pregnant wife to marry his
pregnant mistress would be too juicy a story for him ever to live down. But

if Adam should lose the race, he would, be free. Free to go back to his law
practice, free to marry Jennifer and not worry or care about what anyone
else thought. They would be able to live the rest of their lives together.
Have their child.

Election Day dawned cold and rainy. Because of the interest in the senate
race, a large voter turnout was expected at the polls despite the weather.
In the morning, Ken Bailey asked, "Are you going to vote today?"
"Yes.19

'Looks like a close race, doesn't it?"
"Very close."

She went to the polls late that morning, and as -she stepped into the
voting booth she thought dully, A vote for Adam Warner is a vote against
Jennifer Parker. She voted for Adam and left the booth. She could not bear
to go back to her office. She walked the streets all afternoon, trying not
to think, trying not to feel; thinking and feeling, knowing that the next
few hours were going to determine the rest of her life.
25

"This is one of the closest elections we have had in years," the television
announcer was saying.
Jennifer was at home alone watching the returns on NBC. She had made
herself a light dinner of scrambled egg=s and toast, and then was too
nervous to eat anything. She sat in a robe huddled up on the couch,
listening to her fate being broadcast to millions of people. Each viewer
had his own reason for watching, for wanting one of the candidates to win
.or to lose, but Jennifer was sure that none of them was as deeply involved
in the outcome of this election as she was. If Adam won, it would mean the
end of their relationship . . . and the end of the baby in her womb.

There was a quick shot of Adam on the screen, and by Lis side, Mary Beth.
Jennifer prided herself on being able to read people, to understand their
motives, but she had been completely taken in by the moonlight-and-magnolias routine of the honey-voiced bitch. She kept pushing
back the picture of Adam going to bed with that woman, making her pregnant.

Edwin Newman was saying, "Here are the latest returns in the senate race
between the incumbent, John Trowbridge, and challenger Adam Warner. In
Manhattan, John Trowbridge has a total of 221,375 votes. Adam Warner has a
total of 214,895.
"In the Forty-fifth Election District of the Twenty-ninth Assembly District
in Queens, John Trowbridge is two percentage points ahead."
Jennifer's life was being measured in percentage points.
"The totals from The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond and the counties of
Nassau, Rockland, Suffolk and Westchester add up to 2,300,000 for John
Trowbridge, and 2,120,000 for Adam Warner, with the votes from upstate New
York just beginning to come in. Adam Warner has made a surprisingly strong
showing against Senator Trowbridge, who is serving his third term. From the
beginning, the polls have been almost evenly divided in this race.
According to the latest returns, with sixty-two percent of the votes.
counted, Senator Trowbridge is beginning to pull ahead. When we read the
last returns one hour ago, Senator Trowbridge was two percentage points

ahead. The returns now indicate that he has increased his lead to two and
a half percentage points. If this trend continues, the NBC computer will
predict Senator Trowbridge to be the victor in the senatorial race for the
United States Senate. Moving on to the contest between . . ."
Jennifer sat there, looking at the set, her heart pounding. It was as
though millions of people were casting a vote to decide whether it would be
Adam and Jennifer, or Adam and Mary Beth. Jennifer felt light-headed and
giddy. She must remember to eat sometime. But not now. Nothing mattered now
except what was happening on the screen in front of her. The suspense kept
building, minute by minute, hour by hour.
At midnight, Senator John Trowbridge's lead was three percentage points. At
two in the morning, with seventy-one percent of the votes counted, Senator
Ttowbridge was lead-

ing by a margin of three and a half percentage points. The computer
declared.that Senator John Trowbridge had won the election.
Jennifer sat there staring at the television set, drained of all emotion,
of all feeling. Adam had lost. Jennifer had won. She had won Adam and their
son. She was free to tell Adam now, to tell him about their baby, to plan
for their future together.
Jennifer's heart ached for Adam, for she knew how much the election had
meant to him. And yet in time, Adam would get over his defeat. One day he
would try again, and she would help him. He was still young. The world lay
before both of them. Before the three of them.

Jennifer fell asleep on the couch, dreaming about Adam and the election and
the White House. She and Adam and their son were in the Oval Office. Adam
was making his acceptance speech. Mary Beth walked in and began to
interrupt. Adam started to yell at her and his voice got louder and louder.
Jennifer woke up. The voice was the voice of Edwin Newman. The television
set was still on. It was dawn.
Edwin Newman, looking exhausted, was reading the final election returns.
Jennifer listened to him, her mind still half asleep.
As she started to rise from the couch she heard him say, "And here are the
final results on the New York State senatorial election. In one of the most
stunning upsets in years, Adam Warner has defeated the incumbent, Senator
John Trowbridge, by a margin of less than one percent."
It was over. Jennifer had lost.
26

When Jennifer walked into the office late that morning, Cynthia said, "Mr.
Adams is on the line, Miss Parker: He's been calling all morning."
Jennifer hesitated, then said, "All right, Cynthia, I'll take it." She went
into her office and picked up the telephone. "Hello, Adam.
Congratulations." .
"Thanks. We have to talk. Are you free for lunch?"
Jennifer hesitated. "Yes."
It had to be faced sometime.

It was the first time Jennifer had seen Adam in three weeks. She studied
his-face. Adam looked haggard and drawn. He should have been flushed with
victory, but instead he seemed oddly nervous and uncomfortable. They

ordered a lunch which neither of them ate, and they talked about the
election, their words a camouflage to hide their thoughts.
The charade had become almost unbearable, when, finally, Adam said,
"Jennifer . . :" He took a deep breath and plunged ahead. "Mary Beth is
going to have a baby."

Hearing the words from him somehow made it an unbearable reality. "I'm
sorry, darling. It-it just happened. It's difficult to explain."
"You don't have to explain." Jennifer could see the scene clearly. Mary
Beth in a provocative negligee-or nakedand Adam-
"I feel like such a fool," Adam was saying. There was an uncomfortable
silence and he went on. "I got a call this morning from the chairman of the
National Committee. There's talk about grooming me as their next
presidential candidate." He hesitated. "The problem is that with Mary Beth
pregnant, this would be an awkward time for me to get a divorce. I don't
know what the hell to do. I haven't slept in three nights." He looked at
Jennifer and said, "I hate to ask this of you, butdo you think we could
wait a little while until things sort themselves out?"
Jennifer looked across the table at Adam and felt such a deep ache, such an
intolerable loss, that she did not think she could stand it.
"We'll see each other as often as possible in the meantime," Adam told her.
"We-"
Jennifer forced herself to speak. "No, Adam. It's-over."

He stared at her. "You don't mean that. I love you, darling. We'll find a
way to-"
"There is no way. Your wife and baby aren't going to disappear. You and I
are finished. I've loved it. Every moment of it."
She rose to her feet, knowing that if she did not get out of the restaurant
she would start screaming. "We must never see each other again."
She could not bear to look at his pain-filled eyes.
"Oh, God, Jennifer! .Don't do this. Please don't do this!
We---" _
She did not hear the rest. She was hurrying toward the door, running out of
Adam's life.

27

Adam's telephone calls were neither accepted nor returned. His letters were
sent back unopened. On the last letter Jennifer received, she wrote the
word "deceased" on the envelope and dropped it in the mail slot. It's true,
Jennifer thought. I am dead.
She had never known that such pain could exist. She had to be alone, and
yet she was not alone. There was another human being inside her, a part of
her and a part of Adam. And she was going to destroy it.
She forced herself to think about where she was going to have the abortion.
A few years earlier an abortion would have meant some quack doctor in a
dirty, sleazy back-alley room, but now that was no longer necessary. She
could go to a hospital and have the operation performed by a reputable
surgeon. Somewhere outside of New York City. Jennifer's photograph had been
in the newspapers too many times, she had been on television too often. She
needed anonymity, someplace where no one would ask

questions. There must
never,

never be a link between her and Adam Warner. United
States Senator Adam
Warner. Their baby must die anonymously.
Jennifer allowed herself to think of what the baby would
have been like,
and she began to weep so hard that it was difficult to
breathe.
It had started to rain. Jennifer looked up at the sky
and wondered whether
God was crying for her.

Ken Bailey was the only person Jennifer could trust to
help her.
"I need an abortion," Jennifer said without preamble.
"Do yob know of a
good doctor?"
He tried to mask his surprise, but Jennifer could see
the variety of
emotions that flickered across his face.
"Somewhere out of town, Ken. Someplace where they won't
know me."
"What about the Fiji Islands?" There was an anger in his
voice.
"I'm serious."
"Sorry. I-you caught me off guard:" The news had taken
him completely by
surprise. He worshipped Jennifer. He knew that he loved
her, and there were
times when he thought he was in love with her; but he
could not be sure,
and it was torture. He could never do to Jennifer what
he had done to his
wife. God; Ken thought, why the hell couldn't You make
up Your mind about
me?
He ran his hands through his red hair and said, "If you
don't want to have
it in New York, I'd suggest North Carolina. It's not too

far away."
"Can you check it out for me?"
"Yeah. F'me. I-"
"Yes?"
He looked away from her. "Nothing."
s

Ken Bailey disappeared for the next three days. When he walked into
Jennifer's office on the third day, he was unshaven and his eyes were
hollow and red-rimmed.
Jennifer took one look at him and asked, "Are you all right?"
"I guess so."
"Is there anything I can do to help?"
"No." If God can't help me, love, there's nothing you can do..
He handed Jennifer a slip of paper. On it was written,
Dr. Eric Linden, Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, North Carolina.
"Thank you, Ken."
"De nada. When are you going to do it?"
"I'll go down there this weekend."
He said awkwardly, "Would you like me to go with you?"
"No, thanks. I'll be fine."
"What about the return trip?"
"I'll be all right."
He stood there a moment, hesitating. "It's none of my business, but are you
sure this is what you want tp do?"
"I'm sure:'
She had no choice. She wanted nothing more in the world than to keep Adam's
baby, but she knew it would be insane to try to bring the baby up by
herself.
She looked at Ken and said again, "I'm sure."

The hospital was a pleasant. old two-story brick building on the outskirts
of Charlotte.
The woman behind the registration desk was gray-haired,

in her late
sixties. "May I help you?"
"Yes," Jennifer said. ,rm Mrs. Parker. I have an appointment with Dr.
Linden to-to-" She could not bring herself to say the words.

The receptionist nodded understandingly. "The doctor's expecting you, Mrs.
Parker. I'll have someone show you the way."
An efficient young nurse led Jennifer to an examining room down the halt
and said, "I'll tell Dr. Linden you're here. Would you like to get
undressed? There's a hospital gown on the hanger."
Slowly, possessed by a feeling of unreality, Jennifer undressed and put on
the white hospital gown. She felt as though she were putting on a butcher's
apron. She was about to kill the life inside her. In her mind, the apron
became spattered with blood, the blood of her baby. Jennifer found herself
trembling.
A voice said, "Here, now. Relax."
Jennifer looked up to see a burly bald-beaded man wearing horn-rimmed
glasses that gave his face an owlish appearance.
"I'm Dr. Linden." He looked at the chart in his hand. "You're Mrs. Parker."
Jennifer nodded.
The dqetor touched her arm and said soothingly, "Sit down." He went to the
sink and filled a paper cup with water. "Drink this."
Jennifer obeyed. Dr. Linden sat in a chair, watching her until the
trembling had subsided.
"So. You want to have an abortion."
"Yes."
"Have you discussed this with your husband, Mrs. Parker?"
"Yes. We-we both want it."
He studied her. "You appear to be in good health."

"I feel-I feel fine:"
"Is it an economic problem?"
"No," Jennifer said sharply. Why was he bothering her with questions?
"We-we just can't have the baby."
Dr. Linden took out a pipe. "This bother you?"
"No."

Dr. Linden lit the pipe and said, "Nasty habit." He leaned back and blew out a puff of smoke.
"Could we get this over with?" Jennifer asked.
Her nerves were stretched to the breaking point. She felt that at any moment she was going to scream.
Dr. Linden took another long, slow puff from his pipe. "I think we should talk for a few minutes."
By an enormous effort of will, Jennifer controlled her agitation. "All right."
"The thing about abortions," Dr. Linden said, "is that they're so final.
You can change your mind now, but you can't change it after the baby's gone:"
"I'm not going to change my mind."
He nodded and took another slow puff of the pipe.
"That's good." .
'The sweet smell of the tobacco was making Jennifer nauseous. She wished he would put away his pipe. "Doctor Linden-"
He rose to his feet reluctantly and said, "All right, young lady, let's have a look at you."
Jennifer lay back on the examining table, her feet in the cold metal stirrups. She felt his fingers probing inside her body. They were. gentle, and skilled, and she felt no embarrassment, only an ineffable sense of loss, a deep sorrow. Unbidden visions came into her mind of her young son,

because she knew with certainty it would have been a boy, running and
playing and laughing. Growing up in the image of his father.
Dr. Linden had finished his examination. "You can get dressed now, Mrs.
Parker. You ma~ stay here overnight, if you like, and we'll perform the
operation in the morning."
"No!"' Jennifer's voice was sharper than she had intended. "Pd like it done
now, please."
Dr. Linden was studying her again, a quizzical expression on his face.

"I have two patients ahead of you. I'll have the nurse come in and get a
lab work-up and then put you in your room. We'll go ahead with surgery in
about four hours. All right?"
Jennifer whispered, "All right."

She lay on the narrow hospital bed, her eyes closed, waiting for Dr. Linden
to return. There was an old-fashioned clock on the wall and its ticking
seemed to fill the room. The ticktock became words: Young Adam, Young Adam,
Young Adam, our son, our son, our son.
Jennifer could not shut the vision of the baby out of her mind. At this
moment it was inside her body, comfortable and warm and alive, protected
against the world in its amniotic womb. She wondered whether it had any
primeval fear of what was about to happen to it. She wondered whether. it
would feel pain when the knife killed it. She put her hands over her ears
to shut, out the ticking of the clock. She found she was beginning to
breathe hard, and her body was covered with perspiration. She heard a sound

and opened her eyes.
Dr. Linden was standing over her, a look of concern on his face. "Are you all right, Mrs. Parker?"
"Yes," Jennifer whispered. "I just want it finished:"
Dr. Linden nodded. "That's what we're going to do." He took a syringe from the table next to her bad and moved toward her.
"What's in that?"
"Demerol and Phenergan to relax you. We'll be going into the operating room in a few minutes." He gave Jennifer the injection. "I take it that this is your first abortion?"
"Yes,.

"Then let me explain the procedure to you. It's painless and relatively simple. In the operating room you'll be given nitrous oxide, a general anesthesia, and oxygen by mask. When you're unconscious, a speculum will be inserted into the vagina, so that we can see. what we're doing. We will then begin dilating

the cervix with a series of metal dilators, in increasing sizes, and scraping out the uterus with a curette. Any questions so far?þ
"No."

A warm, sleepy feeling was stealing over her. She could feel her tension vanishing as though by magic, and the walls of the room began to blur. She wanted to ask the doctor something, but she could not remember what it was . . . something about the baby . . . it no longer seemed important. The important thing was that she was doing what she had to do. It would ail be over in a few minutes, and she could start her life

again.
She found herself drifting off into a wonderful, dreamy state . . . she was
aware of people coming into the room, lifting her onto a metal table with
wheels . . . she could feel the coldness of the metal on her back through
her thin hospital gown. She was being rolled down the hallway and she
started to count the lights overhead. It seemed important to get the number
right, but she was not sure why. She was being wheeled into a white,
antiseptic operating room and Jennifer thought, This is where my baby is
going to die. Don't worry, little Adam. I won't let them hurt you. And
without meaning to, she began to cry.
Dr. Linden patted her- arm. "It's all right. This won't hurt."
Death without pain, Jennifer thought. That was nice. She loved her baby.
She did not want him to be hurt.
Someone put a mask over her face and a voice said, "Breathe deeply."
Jennifer felt hands raise the hospital gown and spread her legs apart.
It was going to happen. It vas going to happen now.
Young Adam. Young Adam,
Young Adam.
"I want you to relax," Dr. Linden said.
Jennifer nodded. Good-bye, my baby. She felt a cold, steel object begin to
move between her thighs and slowly slide up

inside her. It was the alien instrument of death that was going to murder
Adam's baby.
She heard a strange voice scream out, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"
And Jennifer looked up at the surprised faces staring down at her and
realized that the screams were coming from her. The mask

pressed down
harder against her face. She tried to sit up, but there
were straps holding
her down. She was being sucked into a vortex that was
moving faster and
faster, drowning her.
The last thing she remembered was the huge white light
in the ceiling
whirling above her, spinning down and going deep inside
her skull.

When Jennifer awakened, she was lying in the hospital
bed in her room.
Through the window she could see that it was dark
outside. Her body felt
sore and battered, and she wondered how long she had
been unconscious. She
was alive, but her baby=?
She reached for the bell pinned to her bed and pressed
it. She kept
pressing it, frantic, unable to stop herself.
t1 nurse appeared in the doorway, then quickly left. A
few moments later
Dr. Linden hurried in. He moved to the side of the bed
and gently pried
Jennifer's fingers away from the bell.
Jennifer grabbed his arm fiercely and said in a hoarse
voice, "My baby-he's
dead!"-!"
Dr. Linden said, "No, Mrs. Parker. He's alive. I hope
it's a boy. You kept
calling him Adam."
28

Christmas came and went, and it was a new year, 1973.
The sn:dws of
February gave way to the brisk winds of March, and
Jennifer knew that it
was time to stop working.
She called a meeting of the office staff.
"I'm taking a leave of absence," Jennifer announced.
"Tll be gone for the
next five months."
There were murmurs of surprise.

Dan Martin asked, "We'll be able to reach you, won't we?"
"No, Dan. I'll be out of touch."
Ted Harris peered at her through his thick spectacles.
"Jennifer, you can't just "
"I'll be leaving at the end of this week."
There was a finality -in her tone that brooked no further questions. The rest of the meeting vas taken up with a discussion of perding cases.
When everyone else had left, Ken Bailey asked, "Have you really thought this thing through?"
"I have no choice, Ken."

He looped at her. "I don't know who the son of a bitch is, but I hate him."
Jennifer put her hand on his arm. "Thank you. I'll be all right."
"It's going to get rough, you know. Kids grow up. They ask questions. He'll want to know who his father is."
"I'll handle it."
"Okay." His tone softened. "If there's anything I can doanything-I'll always be around."
She put her arms around him. "Thank you, Ken. I-thank

YOU."

Jennifer stayed in her office long after everyone else 'had left, sitting alone in the dark; thinking. She would always love Adam. Nothing could ever change that, and she was sure that he still loved her. Somehow, Jennifer thought, it would be easier i/ he did not. It was an unbearable irony that they loved each other and could not be together, that their lives were going to move farther and farther apart. Adam's life

would be in Washington
now with Mary Beth and their child. Perhaps one day Adam would be in the
White House. Jennifer thought of her own son growing up, wanting to know
who his father was. She could never tell him, nor must Adam ever know that
she had borne him a child, for it would destroy him.
And if anyone else ever learned about it, it would destroy Adam in a
different way.

Jennifer had decided to buy a house in the country, somewhere outside of
Manhattan, where she and her son could live together in their own little
world-
She found the house by sheer accident. She had been on her way to see a
client on Long Island and had turned off the Long Island Expressway at Exit
36, then had taken a wrong turn and found herself in Sands Point. The
streets were quiet and shaded with tall, graceful trees, and the houses
were set

back fi=om the road, each in its private little domain. There was a For Sale
sign in front of a white colonial house on Sands Point Road. The grounds
were fenced in and there was a lovely wrought-iron gate in front of a
sweeping driveway, 'with lamp posts lighting the way, and a large front lawn
with a row of yews sheltering the house. From the outside it looked
enchanting. Jennifer wrote down the name of the realtor and made an
appointment to see the house the following afternoon.

The real estate agent was a hearty, high-pressure type, the kind of

salesman Jennifer hated. But she was not buying his personality, she was buying a house. .

He was saying, "It's a real beauty. Yessir, a real beauty. About a hundred years old. It's in tip-top condition. Absolutely tip-top."

Tip-top was certainly an exaggeration. The rooms were airy and spacious, but in need of repair. It would be fun, Jennifer thought, to fix up this house and decorate it.

Upstairs, across from the master suite, was a room that could be converted into a nursery. She would do it, in blue and-

"Like to walk around the grounds?"

It was the tree house that decided Jennifer. It was built on a platform high up in a sturdy oak tree. Her son's tree house. There were three acres, with the back lawn gently sloping down to the sound, where there was a dock. It would be a wonderful place for her son to grow up in, with plenty of room for him to run around. ~ Later, he would have a small boat. There would be all the privacy here that they would need, for Jennifer was determined that this was going to be a world that belonged only to her and her child.

She bought the house the following day.

Jennifer had had no idea how painful it would be to leave

the Manhattan apartment she and Adam had shared. His bathrobe and pajamas were still there, and his slippers and shaving kit. Every room held hundreds of memories of Adam, memories of a lovely, dead past. Jennifer packed her things as quickly as possible and got out of there.

At the new house, Jennifer kept herself busy from early morning until late at night, so that there would be no time to think about Adam. She went into the shops in Sands Point and Port Washington to order furniture and drapes.

She bought Porthault linens, and silver and china. She hired local workmen to come in and repair the faulty plumbing and leaky roof and worn-out electrical equipment. From early morning until dusk, the house was filled with painters, carpenters, electricians and wallpaper hangers. Jennifer was everywhere, supervising everything. She wore herself out during the day, hoping she would be able to sleep at night, but the demons had returned, torturing her with unspeakable nightmares.

She haunted antique shops, buying lamps and tables and objets d'art. She bought a fountain and statues for the garden, a Lipschitz, a Noguchi and a Mirb.

Inside the house, everything was beginning to look beautiful.

Bob Clement was a California client of Jennifer's and the area rugs he had designed for the living room and the nursery made the rooms glow with subdued color.

Jennifer's abdomen was getting bigger, and she went into the village to buy maternity clothes. She had an unlisted telephone installed. It was there only for emergencies, and she gave no one the telephone number and expected no calls. The only person in the office who knew where she lived was Ken Bailey, and he was sworn to secrecy.

He drove out to see Jennifer one afternoon, and she showed him around the house and grounds and took enormous pleasure in his

delight.

"It's beautiful, Jennifer. Really beautiful. You've done a hell of a job."
He looked at her swollen abdomen. "How long is it going to be?"
"Another two months." She put his hand against her belly and said, "Feel this."
He felt a kick.
"He's getting stronger every day," Jennifer said proudly.
She cooked dinner for Ken. He waited until they were having dessert before he brought up the subject.
"I don't want to pry," he said, "but shouldn't whoever the proud papa is be doing something-?"
"Subject closed."
"Okay.,Sorry. The office misses you like hell. We have a new client who-"
Jennifer held up a hand. "I don't want to hear about it."
They talked until it was time for Ken to leave, and Jennifer hated to see him go. He was a dear man and a good friend.

_Jennifer shut herself off from the world in every possible way. She stopped reading the newspapers and would not watch television or listen to the radio. Her universe was here within these four walls. This was her nest, her womb, the place where she was going to bring her son into the world.
She read every book she could get her hands on about raising children, from Dr. Spock to Ames and Gesell and back again.
When Jennifer finished decorating the nursery, she filled it with toys. She visited a sporting goods shop and looked at footballs and baseball bats and

a catcher's mitt. And she laughed at herself. This is ridiculous. Ht hasn't even been born yet. And she bought the baseball bat and the catcher's mitt.
The football tempted her, but she thought, That can wait.

It was May, and then June.

The workmen finished and the house became quiet and serene. Twice a week Jennifer would .drive into the village and shop at the supermarket, and every two weeks she would visit Dr. Harvey, her obstetrician. Jennifer obediently drank more milk than she wanted, took vitamins and ate all the proper, healthy foods. She was getting large now and clumsy, and it was becoming difficult for her to move about.
She had always been active, and she had thought she would loathe getting heavy and awkward, having to move slowly; but somehow, she did not mind it.
There was no reason to hurry anymore. The days became long and dreamy and peaceful. Some diurnal clock within her had slowed its tempo. It was as though she were reserving her energy, pouring it into the other body living inside her.

One morning, Dr. Harvey examined her and said, "Another two weeks, Mrs. Parker."
It was so close now. Jennifer had thought she might be afraid. She had heard all the old wives' tales of the pain, the accidents, the malformed babies, but she felt no fear, only a longing to see her child, an impatience to get his birth over with so she could hold him in her arms.

Ken Bailey drove out to the house almost every day now, bringing with him
The Little Engine That Could, Little Red Hen, Pat the Bunny, and a dozen
Dr. Seuss books.
"He'll love these," Ken said.
And Jennifer smiled, because he had said "he." An omen.
They strolled through the grounds and had a picnic lunch at the water's
edge and sat in the sun. Jennifer was selfconscious about her looks. She
thought, Why would he want to waste his time with the ugly fat lady from
the circus?
And Ken was looking at Jennifer and thinking: She's the most beautiful
woman I've ever seen.

The first pains came at three o'clock in the morning. They

were so sharp that Jennifer was left breathless. A few moments later they
were repeated and Jennifer thought exultantly, It's happening!
She began to count the time between the pains, and when they were ten
minutes apart she telephoned her obstetrician. Jennifer drove to the
hospital, pulling over to the side of the road every time a contraction
came. An attendant was standing outside waiting for her when she arrived,
and a few minutes later Dr. Harvey was examining her.
When he finished, he said reassuringly, "Well, this is going to be an easy
delivery, Mrs. Parker. Just relay and we'll let nature take its course."
It was not easy, but neither was it unbearable. Jennifer could stand the
pain because out of it something wonderful was happening. She was in labor
for almost eight hours, and at the end of that time,

when her body was wracked and contorted with spasms and she thought that it was never. going to stop, she felt a quick easing and then a rushing emptiness, and a sudden blessed peace.

She heard a thin squeal and Dr. Harvey was holding up her baby, saying, "Would you like to take a look at your son, Mrs. Parker?"

Jennifer's smile lit the room.

29

His name was Joshua Adam Parker and he weighed in at eight pounds, six ounces, a perfectly formed baby. Jennifer knew that babies were supposed to be ugly at birth, wrinkled and red and resembling little apes. Not Joshua Adam. He was beautiful. The nurses at the hospital kept telling Jennifer what a handsome boy Joshua was, and Jennifer could not hear it often enough. The resemblance to Adam was striking. Joshua Adam had his father's gray-blue eyes and beautifully shaped head. When Jennifer looked at him, she was looking at Adam. It was a strange feeling, a poignant mixture of joy and sadness. How Adam would have loved to see his handsome son!

When Joshua was two days old he smiled up at Jennifer and she excitedly rang for the nurse.

"Look! He's smiling!"

"It's gas, Mrs. Parker."

"With other babies it might be gas," Jennifer said stubbornly. "My son is smiling."

Jennifer had wondered how she would feel about her baby, had worried
whether she would be a good mother. Babies were surely boring to be around.
They messed their diapers, demanded to be fed constantly, cried and slept.
There was no communication with them.
I won't really feel anything about him until he's four or eve
years old, Jennifer had thought. How wrong, how wrong. From the moment of
Joshua's birth, Jennifer loved her son with a love she had never known
existed in her. It was a fiercely protective love. Joshua was so small, and
the world so large.
When Jennifer brought Joshua home from the hospital, she was given a long
list of instructions, but they only served to panic her. For the first two
weeks R practical nurse stayed at the house. After that, Jennifer was on
her own, and she was terrified she might do something wrong that would kill
the baby. She was afraid he might stop breathing at any moment.
The first time Jennifer made Joshua's formula, she realized she had
forgotten to sterilize the nipple. She threw the formula in the sink and
started all aver again. When she had finished she remembered she had
forgotten to sterilize the bottle. She began again. By the time Joshua's
meal was ready, he was screaming with rage.

There were times when Jennifer did not think she would be able to cope. At
unexpected moments she was overwhelmed with feelings of unexplained
depression. She told herself that it was the normal postpartum blues, but
the explanation did not make her feel any better. She was constantly

exhausted. It seemed to her that she was up all night giving Joshua his
feedings and when she did finally manage to drop off to sleep, Joshua's
cries would awaken her and Jennifer would stumble back into the nursery.

She called the doctor constantly, at all hours of the day and

night.
"Joshua's breathing too fast" . . . "He's breathing too slowly" . . .
"Joshua's coughing" . . . "He didn't eat his dinner" . .
"Joshua vomited."
In self-defense, the doctor finally drove to, the house and gave Jennifer
a lecture.
"Mrs. Parker, I've never seen a healthier baby than your son. He may look
fragile, but he's as strong as an oz. Stop worrying about him and enjoy
him. Just remember one thing -he's going to outlive both of us!"
And so Jennifer began to relax. She had decorated Joshua's bedroom with
print curtains and a bedspread with a blue background sprigged with white
flowers and yellow butterflies. There was a crib, a play pen, a miniature
matching chest and desk and chair, a rocking horse, and the chest full of
toys.
Jennifer loved holding Joshua, bathing and diapering him, taking him for
airings in his shiny new perambulator. She talked to him constantly, and
when Joshua was four weeks old he rewarded her with a smile. Not gas,
Jennifer thought happily. A smile!

The first time Ken Bailey saw the baby, he stared at it for a long time.

With a feeling of sudden panic, Jennifer thought, He's going to recognize
it. He's going to know it's Adam's -baby.
But all Ken said was, "He's a real beauty. He takes after his mother."
She let Ken hold Joshua in his arms and she laughed at Ken's awkwardness.
But she could not help thinking, Joshua will never have a father to hold
him.

Six weeks had passed and it was time to go back to work.

Jennifer hated the idea of being away from her son, even for a few hours a
day, but the thought of returning to the office filled her with excitement.
She had completely cut herself off from everything for so long. It was time
to re-enter her other world.
She looked in the mirror and decided the first thing she had to do was get
her body back in shape. She had been dieting and exercising since shortly
after Joshua's birth, but now she went at it even more strenuously, and
noon she began to look like her old self.
Jennifer started to interview housekeepers. She examined them as though
each one was a juror: she probed, looking for weaknesses, lies,
incompetence. She interviewed more than twenty potential candidates before
she found one she liked and trusted, a middle-aged Scotswoman named Mrs.
Mackey, who had worked for one family for fifteen years and had left when
the children had grown up and gone away to school.
Jennifer had Ken check her out, and when Ken assured her that Mrs. Mackey
was legitimate, Jennifer hired her.
A week later Jennifer returned to the office.

30

Jennifer Parker's sudden disappearance had created a spate of rumors around Manhattan law offices.
When word got out on the grapevine that Jennifer was back, the interest was enormous. The reception that Jennifer received on the morning she returned kept swelling, as attorneys from other offices dropped by to visit her.
Cynthia, Dan and Ted had hung streamers across the room and a huge Welcome Back sign. There was champagne and cake.
"At nine o'clock in the morning?" Jennifer protested.
But they insisted.
"It's been a madhouse here without you," Dan Martin told her. "You're not planning to do this again, are you?"
Jennifer looked at him and said, "No. I'm not planning to do this again."
Unexpected visitors kept dropping in to make sure Jennifer was all right and to wish her well.

She parried questions about where she had been with a smile and "We're not allowed to tell."
She held conferences all day with the members of her staff. Hundreds of telephone messages had accumulated.
When Ken Bailey was in Jennifer's office alone with her, he said, "You know who's been driving us nuts trying to reach you?"
Jennifer's heart leaped. "Who?"
"Michael Moretti."
"Oh."
"He's weird. When we wouldn't tell him where you were, he made us swear you were all right."
"Forget about Michael Moretti."

Jennifer went over all the cases that were being handled by the office.
Business was excellent. They had acquired a lot of important new clients.
Some of the older clients refused todeal with anyone but Jennifer, and were
waiting for her return.
"I'll call them as soon as I can," Jennifer promised.
She went through the rest of the telephone messages. There were a dozen
calls from Mr. Adams. Perhaps she should have let Adam know that she was
all right, that nothing had happened to her. But she knew she could not
bear hearing his voice, knowing he was close and that she would not be able
to see him, touch him, hold him. Tell him about Joshua.
Cynthia had clipped news stories she thought would be of interest to
Jennifer. There was a syndicated series on Michael Moretti, calling him the
most important Mafia leader in the country. There was a photograph of him
and under it the caption, I'm just an insurance salesman.

It took Jennifer three months to catch up on her backlog of cases. She
could have handled it more rapidly, but she insisted on leaving .the office
at four o'clock every day, no matter what she was involved in. Joshua was
waiting.

Mornings, before Jennifer went to the office, she made Joshua's breakfast
herself and spent as much time as possible playing with him before she
left.
When Jennifer came home in the afternoon, she devoted all-. of her time to
Joshua. She forced herself to leave her business problems at the office,

and turned down any cases that would take her away from her son. She stopped working weekends. She would let nothing intrude on her private world.
She loved reading aloud to Joshua.
Mrs. Mackey protested, "He's an infant, Mrs. Parker. He doesn't understand a word you're saying."
Jennifer would reply confidently, "Joshua understands."
And she would go on reading.

Joshua was a series of unending miracles. When he was three months old he began cooing and trying to talk to Jennifer. He amused himself in his crib with a large, tinkling ball and a toy bunny that Ken had brought him. When he was six months old, he was already trying to climb .out of his crib, restless to explore the world. Jennifer held him in her arms and he grabbed her fingers with his tiny hands and they carried on long and serious conversations.

Jennifer's days at the office were full. One morning she received a call from Philip Redding, president of a large oil corporation.
"I wonder if we could meet," he said. "I have a problem."
Jennifer did not have to ask him what it was. His company .had been accused of paying bribes in order to do business in the Middle East. There would be a large fee for handling the case, but Jennifer simply did not have the time.
"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm not available, but I can recommend someone who's very good."
"I was told not to take no for an answer," Philip Redding replied.

"By whom?"
"A friend of mine. Judge Lawrence Waldman."
Jennifer heard the name with disbelief. "Judge Waldman asked you to call me?"
"He said you're the best there is, but I already knew that."
Jennifer held the receiver in her hand, thinking of her previous experiences with Judge Waldman, how sure she had been that he hated her and was out to destroy her.
"All right. Let's have breakfast tomorrow morning," Jennifer said.
When she had hung up, she placed a call to Judge Waldman.
The familiar voice came on the telephone. "Well. I haven't talked to you in some time, young lady."
"I wanted to thank you for having Philip Redding call me."
"I wanted to make certain he was in good hands."
"I appreciate that, Your Honor."
"How would you like to have dinner with an old man one evening?"
Jennifer was taken by surprise, "Td love having dinner with you."
"Fine. I'll take you to my club. They're a bunch of old fogies and they're not used to beautiful young women. It71 shake them up a bit."

Judge Lawrence Waldman belonged to the Century Association on West 43rd Street, and when he and Jennifer met there for dinner she saw that he had been teasing about old fogies. The dining room was filled with authors, artists, lawyers and actors.
"It is the custom not to make introductions here," Judge Waldman explained to Jennifer. "It's assumed that every person is

immediately recognizable."
Seated at various tables, Jennifer recognized Louis Au-

chincloss, George Plimpton and John Lindsay, among others.
Socially, Lawrence
Waldman was totally different from what Jennifer had expected. Over
cocktails he said to Jennifer, "I once wanted to see you disbarred because
I thought you had disgraced our profession. I'm convinced that I was wrong.
I've -been watching you closely. I think you're a credit to the profession."
Jennifer was pleased. She had encountered judges who were venal, stupid or
incompetent. She respected Lawrence Waldman. He was both a brilliant jurist
and a man of integrity.
"Thank you, Your Honor."
"Off the bench, why don't we make it Lawrence and Jennie?"
Her father was the only one who had ever called her Jennie.
"I'd like that, Lawrence."
The food was excellent and that dinner was the beginning of a monthly
ritual they both enjoyed tremendously.

31

It was the summer of 1974. Incredibly, a year had flown by since Joshua
Adam Parker had been born. He had taken his first tottering steps and he
understood the words for nose and mouth and head.
"He's a genius," Jennifer flatly informed Mrs. Mackey.
Jennifer planned Joshua's first birthday party as though it were being
given at the White House. On Saturday she shopped for gifts. She bought
Joshua clothes and books and toys, and a tricycle he would not be able to
use for another year or two. She bought favors for the neighbors'- children

she had invited to the party, and she spent the afternoon putting up
strewners and balloons. She baked the birthday cake herself and left it on
the kitchen table. Somehow, Joshua got hold of the cake and grabbed
handfuls of it and crammed it into his mouth, ruining it before the other
guests arrived.
Jennifer had invited a dozen children from the neighborhood, and their
mothers. The only adult male guest was Ken

Bailey. He brought Joshua a tricycle, a duplicate of the one Jennifer had
bought.
Jennifer laughed and said, "That's ridiculous, Ken. Joshua's not old enough
for that."
The party only lasted two hours, but it was splendid. The children ate too
much and were sick on the rug, and fought over the toys and cried when
their balloons burst, but all in all, Jennifer decided, it was a triumph.
Joshua had been a perfect host, handling himself, with the exception of a
few minor incidents, with dignity and aplomb.
That night, after all the guests had left and Joshua had been put to bed,
Jennifer sat at his bedside watching her sleeping son, marveling at this
wonderful creature that had come from her body and the loins of Adam
Warner. Adam would have been so proud to have seen how Joshua had behaved.
Somehow, the joy was diminished because it was hers alone.
Jennifer thought of all the birthdays to come. Joshua would be two years
old, then five, then ten and twenty. And he would be a

man and he would leave her. He would make his own life for himself.

Stop it! Jennifer scolded herself. You're feeling sorry for yourself. She lay in bed that night, wide awake, reliving every detail of the party, remembering it all.

One day, perhaps, she could tell Adam about it.

32

In the months that followed, Senator Adam Warner was becoming a household word. His background, ability and charisma had made him a presence in the Senate from the beginning. He won a place on several important committees and he sponsored a piece of major labor legislation that passed quickly and easily. Adam Warner had powerful friends in Congress. Many had known and respected his father. The consensus was that Adam was going to be a presidential contender one day. Jennifer felt a bittersweet pride.

Jennifer received constant invitations from clients, associates and friends to dinner and the theater and various charity affairs, but she refused almost all of them. From time to time she would spend an evening with Ken. She enjoyed his company immensely. He was funny and selfdeprecating, but beneath the facade of lightness, Jennifer knew, there was a sensitive, tormented man. He would sometimes come to the house for lunch or dinner on weekends,

and he would play with Joshua for hours. They loved each other.

Once, when Joshua had been put to bed and Jennifer and Ken were having
dinner in the kitchen, Ken kept staring at Jennifer until she asked, "Is
anything wrong?"
"Christ, yes," Ken groaned. "Tm sorry. What a bitch of a world this is."
And he would say nothing further.

Adam had not tried to get in touch with Jennifer in almost nine months now,
but she avidly read every newspaper and magazine article about him, and
watched him whenever he appeared on television. She thought about him
constantly. How could she not? Her son was a living reminder of Adam's
presence. Joshua was two years old now and incredibly like his father. He
had the same serious blue eyes and the identical mannerisms. Joshua was a
tiny; dear replica, warm and loving and full of eager questions.
To Jennifer's surprise, Joshua's first words had been carcar, when she took
him for a drive one day.
He was speaking in sentences now and he said please and thank you. Once,
when Jennifer was trying to feed him in his high chair, he said
impatiently, "Mama, go play with your toys."
Ken had bought Joshua a paint set, and Joshua industriously set about
painting the walls of the living room.
When Mrs. Mackey wanted to spank him, Jennifer said, "Don't. It will wash
off. Joshua's just expressing himself."
"That's all I wanted to do," Mrs. Mackey sniffed. "Express myself. You'll
spoil that boy rotten."
But Joshua was not spoiled. He was mischievous and demanding, but that was
normal for a two-year-old. He was afraid of the vacuum cleaner, wild

animals, trains and the dark.
Joshua was a natural athlete. Once, watching him at flay

with some of his friends, Jennifer turned to Mrs. Mackey and said, "Even
though I'm Joshua's mother, I'm able to look at him objectively, Mrs.
Mackey. I think he may be the Second Coming."

Jennifer had made it a policy to avoid any cases that would take her out of
town and away from Joshua, but one morning she received an urgent call from
Peter Fenton, a client who owned a large manufacturing firm.
"I'm buying a factory in Las Vegas and rd like you to fly down there and
meet with their lawyers."
"Let me send Dan Martin," Jennifer suggested. "You know I don't like to go
out of town, Peter."
"Jennifer, you can wrap the whole thing up in twenty-four hours. I'll fly
you down in the company plane and you'll be back the next day."
Jennifer hesitated. "All right:"
She had been to Las Vegas and was indifferent to it. It was impossible to
hate Las Vegas or to like it. One had to look upon it as a phenomenon, an
alien civilization with its own language, laws and morals. It was like no
other city in the world. Huge neon lights blazed all night long, pro-
claiming the glories of the magnificent palaces that had been built to
deplete the purses of tourists who flocked in like lemmings and lined up to
have their carefully hoarded savings taken away from them.
Jennifer gave Mrs. Mackey a long and detailed list of instructions about
taking care of Joshua.

"How long are you going to be away, Mrs. Parker?"
"I'll be back tomorrow."
"Mothers!"

Peter Fenton's Lear jet picked Jennifer up early the next morning and flew
her to Las Vegas. Jennifer spent the afternoon and evening working out the
details of the contract.

When they finished, - Peter Fenton asked Jennifer to have dinner with him.
"Thank you, Peter, but I think I'll stay in my room and get to bed early.
I'm returning to New York in the morning."
Jennifer had talked to Mrs. Mackey three times during the day and had been
reassured each time that little Joshua was fine. He had eaten his meals, he
had no fever and he seemed

happy.
"Does he miss me?" Jennifer asked.
"He didn't say," Mrs. Mackey sighed.
Jennifer knew that Mrs. Mackey thought she was a fool, but Jennifer did not
care.
"Tell him I'll be home tomorrow."
"I71 give him the message, Mrs. Parker."
Jennifer had intended to have a quiet dinner in her suite, but for some
reason, the rooms suddenly became oppressive, the walls seemed to be
closing in on her. She could not stop thinking about Adam.
How could he have made love to Mary Beth and made her, pregnant when . .
.
The game Jennifer always played, that her Adam was just away on a business
trip and would soon return to her, did not work this time. Jennifer's mind
kept returning to a picture of Mary Beth in her lace

negligee and Adam . .
.
She had to get out, to be somewhere where there were noisy crowds of
people. Perhaps, Jennifer thought, 1 might even see a show. She quickly
showered, dressed and went downstairs.
Many Allen was starring in. the main show room. There was a long line at
the entrance to the room for the late show, and Jennifer regretted that she
had not asked Peter Fenton to make a reservation for her.
She went up to the captain at the head of the line and said, "How long a
wait will there be for a table?"

"How many in your party?"
"I'm alone."
"I'm sorry, miss, but I'm afraid "
A voice beside her said, "My booth, Abe."
The captain beamed and said, "Certainly, Mr. Moretti. This way, please."
Jennifer turned and found herself looking into the deep black eyes of
Michael Moretti.
"No, thank you," Jennifer said. "rm afraid I-"
"You have to eat." Michael Moretti took Jennifer's arm and she found
herself walking beside him, following the captain to a choice banquette in
the center of the large room. Jennifer loathed the idea of dining with
Michael Moretti, but she did not know how to get out of it now without
creating a scene. She wished fervently that she had agreed to have dinner
with Peter Fenton.
They were seated at a banquette facing the stage and the captain said,
"Enjoy your dinner, Mr. Moretti, miss,"
Jennifer could feel Michael Moretti's eyes on her and it made her

uncomfortable. He sat there, saying nothing. Michael Moretti was a man of
deep silences, a man who distrusted words, as though they were a trap
rather than a form of communication. There was something riveting about his
silence. Michael Moretti used silence the way other men used speech.
When he finally spoke, Jennifer was caught off guard.
"I hate dogs," Michael Moretti said. "They die."
And it was as though he was revealing a private part of himself that came
from some deep wellspring. Jennifer did not know what to reply.
Their drinks arrived and they sat there drinking quietly, and Jennifer
listened to the conversation they were not having.
She thought about what he had said: 1 hate dogs. They die.

She wondered what Michael Moretti's early life had been like. She found
herself studying him. He was attractive in a dangerous, exciting way. There
was a feeling of violence about him, ready to explode.
Jennifer could not say why, but being with this man made her feel like a
woman. Perhaps it was the way his ebony black eyes looked at her, then
looked away from her, as though fearful of revealing too . much. Jennifer
realized it had been a long time since she had thought of herself as a
woman. From the day she had lost Adam. It takes a man to make a woman feel
female, Jennifer thought, to make her feel beautiful, to make her feel
wanted.
Jennifer was grateful he could not read her mind.
Various people approached their booth to pay their respects to Michael
Moretti: business executives, actors, a judge, a United States senator. It

was power paying tribute to power, and Jennifer began to feel a sense of
how much influence he wielded.
"I'll order for us," Michael Moretti said. "They prepare this menu for
eight hundred people. It's like eating on an airline."
He raised his hand and the captain was at his side instantly. "Yes, Mr.
Moretti. What would you like tonight, sir?"
"We'll have a Chateaubriand, pink and charred:"
"Of course, Mr. Moretti."
"Pommes souffl,6es and an endive salad."
"Certainly, Mr. Moretti."
"We'll order dessert later."
A bottle of champagne was sent to the table, compliments of the management.
Jennifer found herself beginning to relax, enjoying herself almost against
her will. It had been a long while since she had spent an evening with an
attractive.man. And even as the phrase came into Jennifer's mind, she
thought, How can

I think of Michael Moretti as attractive? He's a killer, an amoral animal
with no feelings.
Jennifer had known and defended dozens of men who had committed terrible
crimes, but she had the feeling that none of them was as dangerous as this
man. He had risen to the top of the Syndicate and it had taken more than a
marriage to Antonio Granelli's daughter to accomplish that.
"I telephoned you once or twice while you were away," Michael said.
According to Ken Bailey, he had called almost every day.
"Where were you?"
He made the question sound casual.
"Away."
A long silence. "Remember that offer I made you?"
Jennifer took a sip of her champagne. "Don't start that

again, please."
"You can have any-"
"I told you, I'm not interested. There's no such thing as an offer you
can't refuse. That's only in books, Mr. Moretti. I'm refusing."

Michael Moretti thought of the scene that had taken place in his
father-in-law's home a few weeks earlier. There had been a meeting of the
Family and it had not gone well. Thomas Colfax had argued against
everything that Michael had proposed.
When Colfax had left, Michael had said to his father-inlaw, "Colfax is
turning into an old woman. I think it's time to put him out to pasture,
Papa_."
"Tommy's a good man. He's saved us a lot of trouble over the years."
"That's history. He doesn't have it anymore:"
"Who would we get to take his place?"
"Jennifer Parker."
Antonio Granelli had shaken his head. "I told you, Michael.

It ain't good to have a woman know our business."
"This isn't just a woman. She's the best lawyer around."
"We'll see," Antonio Granelli had said. "We'll see."

Michael Moretti was a man who was used to getting what he wanted, and the
more Jennifer stood up to him, the more he was determined to have her. Now,
sitting next to her, Michael looked at Jennifer and thought, One day you're
going to belong to me, baby-al! the way.
"What are you thinking about?"
Michael Moretti gave Jennifer a slow, easy smile, and she instantly
regretted the question. It was time to leave.
"Thank you for a wonderful dinner, Mr. Moretti. I have

to get up early,
so-"
The lights began to dim and the orchestra started an overture.
"You can't leave now. The show is starting. You'll love Marry Allen."

It was the kind of entertainment that only Las Vegas could afford to put
on, and Jennifer thoroughly enjoyed it. She told herself she would leave
immediately after the show, but when it was over and Michael Moretti asked
Jennifer to dance, she decided it would be ungracious to refuse. Besides,
she had to admit to herself that she was having a good time. Michael
Moretti was a skillful dancer, and Jennifer found herself relaxing in his
arms. Once, when another couple collided with them, Michael was pushed
against Jennifer and for an instant she felt his male hardness, and then he
immediately pulled away, careful to hold her at a discreet distance.

Afterward, they walked into the casino, a vast terrain of bright lights and
noise, packed with gamblers engrossed in various games of chance, playing
as though their lives de-

pended on their winning. Michael took Jennifer to one of the dice tables and
handed her a dozen chips.
"For luck," he said.
The pit boss and dealers treated Michael with deference, calling him Mr. M.
and giving him large piles of hundreddollar chips, taking his markers
instead of cash. Michael played for large stakes and lost heavily, but he
seemed unperturbed. Using Michael's chips, Jennifer won

three hundred dollars, which she insisted on giving to Michael. She had no intention of being under any obligation to him.

From time to time during the course of the evening, various women came up to greet Michael. All of them were young and attractive, Jennifer noticed.

Michael was polite to them, but it was obvious that he was only interested in Jennifer. In spite of herself, she could not help feeling flattered.

Jennifer had been tired and depressed at the beginning of the evening, but there was such a vitality about Michael Moretti that it seemed to spill over, charging the air, enveloping Jennifer.

Michael took her to a small bar where a jazz group was playing, and afterward they went on to the lounge of another hotel to hear a new singing group. Everywhere they went Michael was treated like royalty. Everyone tried to get his attention, to say hello to him, to touch him, to let him know they were there.

During the time they were together, Michael did not say one word at which Jennifer could take offense. And yet, Jennifer felt such a strong sexuality coming from him that it was like a series of waves beating at her. Her body felt bruised, violated. She had never experienced anything like it. It was a disquieting feeling and, at the same time, exhilarating. There was a wild, animal vitality about him that Jennifer had never encountered before.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Michael finally

walked Jennifer back to her suite. When they reached Jen
nifer's door, Michael took her hand and said, "Good

night.
I just want you to know this has been the greatest night of my
life: "
His words frightened Jennifer.
33

In Washington, Adam Warner's popularity was growing. He was written up in
the newspapers and magazines with increasing frequency. Adam started an
investigation of ghetto schools, and headed a Senate committee that went to
Moscow to meet with dissidents. There were newspaper photographs of his
arrival at Sheremetyevo Airport, being greeted by unsmiling Russian
officials. When Adam returned ten days later, the newspapers gave warm
praise to the results of his trip.
The coverage kept expanding: The public wanted to read about Adam Warner
and the media fed their appetite. Adam became the spearhead for reform in
the Senate. He headed a committee to investigate conditions in federal
penitentiaries, and he visited prisons around the country. He talked to the
inmates and guards and wardens, and when his committee's report was turned
in, extensive reforms were begun.
In addition to the news magazines, women's magazines ran articles about
him. In Cosmopolitan, Jennifer saw a picture of Adam, Mary Beth and their
tittle daughter, Samantha. Jen-

niter sat by the fireplace in her bedroom and looked at the picture for a
long, long time. Mary Beth was smiling into the camera, exuding sweet, warm

southern charm. The daughter was a miniature of her mother. Jennifer turned to the picture of Adam. He looked tired. There were small lines around his eyes that had not been there before, and his sideburns were beginning to be tinged with gray. For a moment, Jennifer had the illusion that she was seeing the face of Joshua, grown up. The resemblance was uncanny. The photographer had had Adam turn directly into the camera, and it seemed to Jennifer that he was looking at her. She tried to read the expression in his eyes, and she wondered whether he ever thought about her.
Jennifer turned to look again at the photograph of Mary Beth and her daughter. Then she threw the magazine into the fireplace and watched it burn.

Adam Warner sat at the head of his dinner table, entertaining Stewart Needham and half a dozen other guests. Mary Beth sat at the other end of the table, making small talk with a senator from Oklahoma and his bejeweled wife. Washington had been like a stimulant to Mary Beth. She was in her element here. Because of Adam's increasing importance, Mary Beth had become one of Washington's top hostesses and she reveled in that position. The social side of Washington bored Adam, and he was glad to leave it to Mary Beth. She handled it well and he was grateful to her.
"In Washington," Stewart Needham was saying, "more deals get made over dinner tables than in the hallowed halls of Congress."
Adam looked around the table and wished that this evening were over. On the surface, everything was wonderful. Inside, everything was wrong. He was married to one woman and in love with another. He was

locked into a
marriage from which there was no escape. If Mary Beth had not become
pregnant, Adam knew he would have gone ahead with the divorce. It

was too late now; he was committed. Mary Beth had given him a beautiful
little daughter and he loved her, but it was impossible to get Jennifer
out of his mind.
The wife of the governor was speaking to him.
"You're so lucky, Adam. You have everything in the world a man could
want, don't you?"
Adam could not bring himself to answer.
34

The seasons came and went and they revolved around Joshua. He was the
center of Jennifer's world. She watched him grow and develop, day by day,
and it was a never-ending wonder as he began to walk and talk and reason.
His moods changed constantly and he was, in turn, wild and aggressive and
shy and loving. He became upset when Jennifer had to leave him at night,
and he was still afraid of the dark, so Jennifer always left a night light
on for him.
When Joshua was two years old he was impossible, a typical "Terrible Two."
He was destructive and stubborn and violent. He loved to "fix" things. He
broke Mrs. Mackey's sewing machine, ruined the two television sets in the
house and took Jennifer's wristwatch apart. He mixed the salt with the
sugar and fondled himself when he thought he was alone. Ken Bailey brought
Jennifer a German shepherd puppy, Max, and Joshua bit it.

When Ken came to the house to visit, Joshua greeted him with, "Hi! Do you
have a ding-dong? Can I see it?"

That year, Jennifer would gladly have given Joshua away to the first
passing stranger.
At three, Joshua suddenly became an angel, gentle, affectionate and loving.
He had the physical coordination of his father, and he loved doing things
with his hands. He no longer broke things. He enjoyed playing outdoors,
climbing and running and riding his tricycle.
Jennifer took him to the Bronx Zoo and to marionette plays. They walked
along the beach and saw a festival of Marx Brothers movies in Manhattan,
and had ice cream sodas afterward at Old Fashioned Mr. Jennings on the
ninth floor of Bonwit Teller.
Joshua had become a companion. As a Mother's Day gift, Joshua learned a
favorite song of Jennifer's father-,Shine On, Harvest Moon-and sang it to
Jennifer. It was the most touching moment of her life.
It's true, Jennifer thought, that we do not inherit the world from our
parents; we borrow it from our children.

Joshua had started nursery school and was enjoying it. At night when
Jennifer came home, they would sit in front of the fireplace and read
together. Jennifer would read Trial Magazine and The Barrister and Joshua
would read his picture books. Jennifer would watch Joshua as he sprawled
out on the floor, his brow knit in concentration, and she would suddenly be
reminded of Adam. It was still like an open wound. She

wondered where Adam
was and what he was doing.
What he and Mary Beth and Samantha were doing.

Jennifer managed to keep her private and professional life separate, and
the only link between the two was Ken Bailey.
He brought Joshua toys and books and played games with him and was, in a
sense, a surrogate father.
One Sunday afternoon Jennifer and Ken stood near the tree house, watching
Joshua climb up to it.

"Do you know what he needs?" Ken asked.

"A father." He turned to Jennifer. "His real father must be one prize
shit."
"Please don't, Ken."
"Sorry. It's none of my business. That's the past. It's the future I'm
concerned about. It isn't natural for you to be living alone like-"
"I'm not alone. I have Joshua."
"That's not what I'm talking about." He took Jennifer in his arms and
kissed her gently. "Oh, God damn it; Jennifer. Im sorry . . :'

Michael Moretti had telephoned Jennifer a dozen times. She returned none of
his calls. Once she thought she caught a glimpse of him sitting in the back
of a courtroom where she was defending a case, but when she looked again he
was gone.
35

Late one afternoon as Jennifer was getting ready to leave the office,
Cynthia said, "There's a Mr. Clark Holman on the phone."
Jennifer hesitated, then said, "rll take it."

Clark Holman was an attorney with the Legal Aid Society. "Sorry to bother you, Jennifer," he said, "but we have a case downtown that no one wants to touch, and I'd really appreciate it if you could help us out. I know how busy you are, but---:'

"Who's the defendant?"
"Jack Scanlon."
The name registered instantly. It had been on the front pages of the newspapers for the past two days. Jack Scanlon had bees arrested for kidnapping a four-year-old girl and holding her for ransom. He had bin identified from a composite drawing the police had obtained from witnesses to the abduction.
"Why me, Clark?"

"Scanlon asked for you."
Jennifer looked at the clock on the wall. She was going to be late for Joshua. "Where is he now?"
"At the Metropolitan Correctional Center."
Jennifer made a quick decision. "I'll go down and talk to him. Make the arrangements, will you?"
"Right. Thanks a million. I owe you one."
Jennifer telephoned Mrs. Mackey. "rm going to be a little late. Give Joshua his dinner and tell him to wait up for me."
Ten minutes later, Jennifer was on her way downtown.

To Jennifer, kidnapping was the most vicious of all crimes, particularly the kidnapping of a helpless young child; but every accused person was entitled to a hearing no matter how terrible the crime. That was the foundation of the law: justice for the lowliest as well

as the highest.
Jennifer identified herself to the guard at the
reception desk and was
taken to the Lawyers' Visiting Room.
. The guard said, "I'll get Scanlon for you."
A few minutes later a thing aesthetic-looking man in his
late thirties,
with a blond beard and light blond hair was brought into
the room. He
looked almost Christlike.
He said, "."Thank you for coming, Miss Parker." His
voice was soft and
gentle. "Thank you for caring."
"Sit down."
He took a chair opposite Jennifer.
"You asked to see me?"
"Yes. Even though I think only God can help me. rve done
a very foolish
thing."
She regarded him distastefully. "You call kidnapping a
helpless little girl
for ransom a `foolish thing'?"
"I didn't kidnap Tammy for ransom."
"Oh? Why did you kidnap her?"
There was a long silence before Jack Scanlon spoke. "My

wife, Evelyn, died in childbirth. I loved her more than
any
thing in the world. If ever there was a saint on earth,
it was
that woman. Evelyn wasn't a strong person. Our doctor ad
vised her not to have a baby, but she didn't listen." He
looked
down at the floor in embarrassment. "It it may be hard
for
you to understand, but she said she wanted it anyway, be
cause it would be like having another part of me."
How well Jennifer understood that.
Jack Scanlon had stopped speaking, his thoughts far away.
"So she had the baby?"
Jack Scanlon nodded. "They both died." It was difficult
for him to go on.
"For a while, I-I thought I would . . . I didn't want to

go on living
without her. I kept wondering what our child would have
been like. I kept
dreaming about how it would have been if they had lived.
I kept trying to
turn the clock back to the moment before Evelyn----?' He
stopped, his voice
choked with pain. "I turned to the Bible and it saved my
sanity. Behold. 1
have set before you an open door which no one is able to
shut. Then, a few
days ago, I saw a little girl playing on the street, and
it was as though
Evelyn had been reincarnated. She had her eyes, her
hair. She looked up at
me and smiled and I-I know it sounds crazy,_but it teas
Evelyn smiling at
me. I must have been out of my head. I thought to
myself, This is the
daughter Evelyn would have had. This is our child."
Jennifer could see his fingernails digging into his
flesh.
"I know it was wrong, but I took her." He looked up into
Jennifer's eyes.
"I wouldn't have harmed that child for anything in the
world."
Jennifer was studying him closely, listening for a false
note. There was
none. He was a man in agony.
"What about the ransom .note?" Jennifer asked.
"I didn't send a ransom note. The last thing in the
world I cared about was
money. I just wanted little Tammy."

"Someone sent the family a ransom note."
"The police keep saying I sent it, but I didn't."
Jennifer sat there, trying to fit the pieces together.
"Did the story of
the kidnapping appear in the newspapers before or after
you were picked up
by the police?"
"Before. I remember wishing they'd stop writing about it
i wanted to go

away with Tammy and I was afraid someone would stop us."
"So anyone could have read about the kidnapping and tried to collect a ransom?"
Jack Scanlon twisted his hands helplessly. "I don't know. All I know is I want to die."
His pain was so obvious that Jennifer found herself moved by it. If he was telling the truth-and it was naked in his face ---then he did not deserve to die for what he had done. He should be punished, yes, but not executed.
Jennifer made her decision. "I'm going to try to help you."
He said quietly, "Thank you. I really don't care anymore what happens to me."
- "I do."
Jack Scanlon said, "I'm afraid I -I have no money to give you."
"Don't worry about it. I want you to tell me about yourself."
"What do you want to know'!"
"Start from the beginning. Whore were you born?"
"In North Dakota, thirty-five years ago. I was born on a farm. I guess you could call it a farm. It was a poor piece of land that nothing much wanted to grow on. We were poor. I left home when I was fifteen. I loved my mother, but I hated my father. I know the Bible says it's wrong to speak evil of your parents, but he was a wicked man. He enjoyed whipping me."
Jennifer could see his body tighten as he went on.

"I mean, he really enjoyed it. If I did the smallest thing he thought was wrong, he would whip me with a leather belt that had a big brass buckle on it. Then he'd make me get down on my, knees and pray to

God for
forgiveness. For a long time I hated God as much as I hated my father." He
stopped, too filled with memories to speak.
"So you ran away from home?"
"Yes. I hitchhiked to Chicago. I didn't have much schooling, but at home I
used to read a lot. Whenever my father caught me, that was an excuse for
another whipping. In Chicago, I got a job working in a factory. That's
where I met Evelyn. I cut my hand on a milling machine and they took me to
the dispensary, and there she was. She was a practical nurse." He smiled at
Jennifer. "She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. It took about
two weeks before my hand was healed, and I went to her for a treatment
every day. After that, we just kind of started going together. We talked
about getting married, but the company lost a big order and I was laid off
with the rest of the people in my department. That didn't matter to Evelyn.
We got married and, she took care of me. That was the only thing we ever
argued about. I was brought up to believe that a man should take care of a
woman. I got a job driving a truck and the money was good. The only part I
hated was that we were separated, sometimes for a week at a time. Outside
of that, I was awfully happy. We were both happy. And then Evelyn got
pregnant."
A shudder ran through him. His hands began to tremble.
"Evelyn and our baby girl died." Tears were running down his cheeks. --"I
don't know why God did that. He must have had a reason, but I don't know
why." He was rocking back and forth in his chair, unaware of what he was
doing, his arms clasped in front of his chest, holding

in his grief. "1
wilt instruct you and teach you the way you should go; I will counsel you."

Jennifer thought, This one the electric chair is not going to get!
"I'll be back to see you tomorrow," Jennifer promised him.

Bail had been set at two hundred thousand dollars. Jack Scanlon did not have the bond money and Jennifer had it put up for him. Scanlon was released from the Correctional Center and Jennifer found a small motel on the West Side for him to move into. She gave him a hundred dollars to tide him over.
"I don't know how," Jack Scanlon said, "but I'll pay you back every cent.
I'll start looking for a job. I don't care what it is. I'll do anything."
When Jennifer left him, he was searching through the want ads.

The federal prosecutor, Earl Osborne, was a large, heavyset man with a smooth round face and a deceptively bland manner. To Jennifer's surprise,
Robert Di Silva was in Osborne's office.
"I heard you were taking on this case," Di Silva said. "Nothing's too dirty for you to handle, is it?"
Jennifer turned to Earl Osborne. "What's he doing here? This is a federal case."
Osborne replied, "Jack Scanlon took the girl away in her family's car."
"Auto theft, grand larceny," Di Silva said.
Jennifer wondered if Di Silva would have been there if she were not involved. She turned back to Earl Osborne.
"I'd like to make a deal," Jennifer said. "My client--r

Earl Osborne held up a hand. "Not a chance. We're going all the way on this
one."
"There are circumstances-"
"You can tell us all about it at the preliminary."

Di Silva was grinning at her.
"All right," Jennifer said. "I'll see you in court."

Jack Scanlon found a job working at a service station on the West Side near
his motel, and Jennifer stopped by to see him.
"The preliminary hearing is the day after tomorrow," Jennifer informed him.
"I'm going to try to get the government to agree to t plea bargain and
plead you guilty to a lesser charge. You'll have to serve some time, Jack,
but I'll try to see that it's as short as possible."
The gratitude in his face was reward enough.

At Jennifer's suggestion, Jack Scanlon had bought a respectable suit to
wear at the preliminary hearing. He had had his hair cut and his beard
trimmed, and Jennifer was pleased with his appearance.
They went through the court formalities. District Attorney Di Silva was
present. When Earl Osborne had presented his evidence and asked for an
indictment, Judge Barnard turned to Jennifer.
"Is there anything you would like to say, Miss Parker?"
"There is, Your Honor. I'd like to save the government the cost of a trial.
There are mitigating circumstances here that have not been brought out. I
would like to plead my client guilty to a lesser charge:"
"No way," Earl Osborne said. "The government will not agree to it."
Jennifer turned to Judge Barnard. "Could we discuss this in Your Honor's
chambers?"

"Very well. I'll set a date for the trial after I've heard what counsel has to say."
Jennifer turned to Jack Scanlon, who was standing there, bewildered.

"You can go back to work," Jennifer told him. "I'll drop by and let you know what happened."
He nodded and said quietly, "Thank you, Miss Parker."
Jennifer watched him turn and leave the courtroom.

Jennifer, Earl Osborne, Robert Di Silva and Judge Barnard were seated in the judge's chambers.
Osborne was saying to Jennifer, "I don't know how you could even ask me to plea-bargain. Kidnapping for ransom is a capital offense. Your client is guilty and he's going to pay for what he did."
"Don't believe everything you read in the newspapers, Earl. Jack Scanlon had nothing to do with that ransom note."
"Who you trying to kid? If it wasn't for ransom, what the hell was it for?"
"rll tell you," Jennifer said.
And she told them. She told them about the farm and the beatings and about Jack Scanlon falling in love with Evelyn 'and marrying her, and losing his wife and daughter in childbirth.
They listened in silence, and when Jennifer was finished, Robert Di Silva said, "So Jack Scanlon kidnapped the girl because it reminded him of the kid he would have had? And Jack Scanlon's wife died in childbirth?"
"That's right." Jennifer turned to Judge Barnard. "Your Honor, I don't think that's the kind of man you execute."
Di Silva said unexpectedly, "I agree with-you."
Jennifer looked at him in surprise.
Di Silva was pulling some papers out of a briefcase.

"Let me ask you
something," he said. "How would you feel about executing this kind of man?"
He began to read from a dossier. "Frank Jackson, age thirty-eight. Born in
Nob Hill, San Francisco. Father was a doctor, mother a prominent socialite.
At fourteen, Jackson got into drugs, ran away from home, picked up in
Haight-Ashbury and returned to his parents. Three

months later Jackson broke into his father's dispensary, stole all the drugs
he could get his hands on and ran away. Picked up in Seattle for possession
and selling, sent to a reformatory, released when he was eighteen, picked up
one month later on a charge of armed robbery with intent to kill . . ."
Jennifer could feel her stomach tightening. "What does this have to do with
Jack Scanlon?"
Earl Osborne gave her a frosty smile. "Jack Scanlon is Frank Jackson."
"I don't believe it!"
Di Silva said, "This yellow sheet came in from the FBI an hour ago.
Jackson's a con artist and a psychopathic liar. Over the last ten years
he's been arrested on charges ranging from pimping to arson to armed
robbery. He did a stretch in Joliet. He's never held a steady job and he's
never been married. Five years ago he was picked up by the FBI on a
kidnapping charge. He kidnapped a three-year-old girl and sent a ransom
note. The body of the little girl was found in a wooded area two months
later. According to the coroner's report, the body was partially
decomposed, but there were visible signs of small knife cuts all over her

body. She had been raped and sodomized."
Jennifer felt suddenly ill.
"Jackson was acquitted on a technicality that some hotshot lawyer cooked
up." When Di Silva spoke again his voice was filled with contempt. "That
the man you want walking around the streets?"
"May I see that dossier, please?"
Silently, Di Silva handed it to Jennifer and she began reading it. It was
Jack Scanlon. There was no question about it. There was a police mug shot
of him stapled to the yellow sheet. He had looked younger then and he had

no beard, but there was no mistaking him. Jack Scanlon-Frank Jacksonr-had
lied to her about everything. He had made up his life story and Jennifer had
believed every word. He had been so

convincing that she had not even taken the trouble to have Ken Bailey check
him out. .
Judge Barnard said, "May I see that?"
Jennifer handed the dossier to him. The judge glanced through it and then
looked at Jennifer. "Well?"
"I won't represent him"
Di Silva raised his eyebrows in mock surprise. "You shock me, Miss Parker.
You're always saying that everyone is entitled to a lawyer."
"Everyone is," Jennifer replied evenly, "but I have a hard and fast rule:
I won't represent anyone who lies to me. Mr. Jackson will have to get
himself another lawyer."
Judge Barnard nodded. "The court will arrange that."
Osborne said, "I'd like his bail revoked immediately, Your Honor. I think
he's too dangerous to be walking the streets."

Judge Barnard turned to Jennifer. "As of this moment you're still the
attorney of record, Miss Parker. Do you have any objection to that?"
"No," Jennifer said tightly. "None."
Judge Barnard said, "I'll order his bait revoked."

Judge Lawrence Waldman had invited Jennifer to a -charity dinner that
evening. She had felt drained after the events of the afternoon and would
have preferred to go home and have a quiet evening with Joshua, but she did
not want to disappoint the judge. She changed clothes at the office and met
Judge Waldman at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the party was taking place.
It was a gala event, with half a dozen Hollywood stars entertaining, but
Jennifer was unable to enjoy it. Her mind was elsewhere. Judge Waldman had
been watching her.
"Is anything wrong, Jennie?"
She managed a smile. `.`No, just a business problem, Lawrence."

And what kind of business am I really in, Jennifer wondered, dealing with
the dregs of humanity, the rapists and killers and kidnappers? She decided
it would be a wonderful night to get drunk.
The captain came over to the table and whispered in Jennifer's ear. "Excuse
me, Miss Parker, there's a telephone call for you."
Jennifer felt an instant sense of alarm. The only one who knew where to
reach her was Mrs. Mackey. She could only be calling because something was
wrong.
"Excuse me," Jennifer said.
She followed the captain to a small office off the lobby.
Jennifer picked up the receiver and a man's voice

whispered, "You bitch!
You double-crossed me."
Jennifer felt her body begin to tremble. "Who is this?" she asked.
But she knew.
"You told the cops to come and get me."
"That's not true! I-"
"You promised to help me:"
"I will help you. Where are-?"
"You lying cunt!" His voice dropped so low she could hardly make out his
words. "You're going to pay for this. Oh, you're going to pay for this!"
"Wait a min-"
The telephone was dead. Jennifer stood there, chilled. Something had gone
terribly wrong. Frank Jackson, alias lack Scanlon, had somehow escaped and
he was blaming Jennifer for what had happened. How had he known where she
was? He must have followed her here. He could.be waiting outside for her
now.
Jennifer was trying to control the trembling of ,her body, trying to think,
to reason out what had happened. He had seen the police coming to arrest
him, or perhaps they had

picked him up and he had gotten away from them. How did not matter. The
important thing was that he was blaming her for what had happened.
Frank Jackson had killed before and he could kill again. Jennifer went into
the ladies' room and stayed there until she was calm again. When she had
regained control of herself, she returned to the table.
Judge Waldman took one look at her face. "What on earth's happened?"
Jennifer told him briefly. He was aghast.
"Good God! Would you like me to drive you home?"
"Tll be all rift, Lawrence. If you could just make sure

I get to my car
safely, I'll be fine."
They quietly slipped out of the large ballroom and Judge Waldman stayed
with Jennifer until the attendant brought her

"You're certain you don't want me to come with you?"
"Thanks. I'm sure the police will pick him up before morning. There aren't
many people walking around who look like him. Good night."
Jennifer drove off, making sure' no one was following her. When she was
certain she was alone, she turned onto the Long Island Expressway and
headed for home.
She kept looking in her rearview mirror, checking the cars behind her. Once
she pulled off the road to let all the traffic pass her, and when the road
behind her was clear, she drove on. She felt safer now. It could not be
many hours before the police picked up Frank Jackson. There would be a
general alert out for him by this time.

Jennifer turned into her driveway. The grounds and the house, which should
have been brightly lighted, were dark. She sat in the car staring at the
house unbelievingly, her mind beginning to shriek with alarm. Frantically,
she tore the car

door open and raced to the front door. It was ajar. Jennifer stood there for
an instant, filled with terror, then stepped into the reception hall. Her
foot kicked something warm and soft and she let out an involuntary gasp. She
turned on the lights. Max lay on the blood-soaked rug. The dog's throat had
been cut from ear to ear.

"Joshua!" It was a scream. "Mrs. Mackey!"
Jennifer ran from room to room, switching on all the lights and calling out their names, her heart pounding so hard that it was difficult for her to breathe. She raced up the stairs to Joshua's bedroom. His bed had been slept in, but it was empty.
Jennifer searched every room in the house, then raced downstairs, her mind numb. Frank Jackson must have known all along where she lived. He had followed her home one night from her office or after she left the service station. He had taken Joshua and he was going to kill him to punish her.
She was passing the laundry room when she heard a faint scrabbling sound coming from the closet. Jennifer moved toward the closed door slowly and pulled it open. It was black inside.
A voice whimpered, "Please don't hurt me any more."
Jennifer turned on the light. Mrs. Mackey was lying on the floor, her hands and feet tightly bound with wire. She was only half-conscious.
Jennifer quickly knelt beside her. "Mrs. Mackey!"
The older woman looked up at Jennifer and her eyes began to focus.
"He took Joshua." She began to sob.
As gently as she could, Jennifer untwisted the wire that was cutting into Mrs. Mackey's arms and legs. They were raw and bleeding. Jennifer helped the housekeeper to her feet.
Mrs. Mackey cried hysterically. "I c-couldn't stop him. I t-tried. I="
The sound of the telephone cut into the room. The two

women were instantly silenced. The telephone rang again and again, and somehow it had an evil sound. Jennifer walked over to it and picked it up.

The voice said, "I just wanted to make sure you got home all right."
"Where is my son?"
"He is a beautiful boy, isn't he?" the voice asked.

"Please! I'll do anything. Anything you like!"
"You've already done everything, Mrs. Parker."
"No, please!" She was sobbing helplessly.
"I like to hear you cry," the voice whispered. "You'll get your son back,
Mrs. Parker. Read tomorrow's papers."
And the line went dead.
Jennifer stood there, fighting against the faintness, trying to think.
Frank Jackson had said, "He is a beautiful boy, isn't he?" That could mean
Joshua was still alive. Otherwise, wouldn't he have said was beautiful? She
knew she was simply playing games with words, trying to keep her sanity.
She had to do something quickly.
Her first impulse was to telephone Adam, ask him to help. It was his ion
who had been kidnapped, his son who was going to be killed. But she knew
there was nothing Adam could do. He was two hundred and thirty-five miles
away. She had only two choices: One was to call Robert Di Silva, tell him
what had happened and ask him to throw out a dragnet to try to catch Frank
Jackson. Oh, God, that will take too long!
The second choice was the FBI. They were trained to handle kidnappings. The
problem was that this was not like other kidnapping. There would be no
ransom note for them to trace, no chancy to try to trap Frank Jackson and
save Joshua's life. The FBI moved according to its own strict ritual. It
would not be of any help in this instance. She had to decide quickly . . .
While Joshua was still alive. Robert Di Silva or the FBI. It was difficult

to think.

She took a deep breath and made her decision. She looked up a telephone
number. Her fingers were trembling so badly, she had to dial the number
three times before she got it right.
When a man answered, Jennifer said, "I want to speak to Michael Moretti."
36

"Sorry, lady. This is Tony's Place. I don't know no Mike Moretti."
"Wait!" Jennifer screamed. "Don't hang up!" She forced a calmness into her
voice. "This is urgent. I'm a-a friend of his. My name is Jennifer Parker.
I need to talk to him right away."

"Look, lady, I said-r
'Give him my name and this telephone number."
She gave him the number. Jennifer was beginning to stutter so badly she
could hardly speak. "T-t-tell him-"
The line went dead.
Numbly, Jennifer replaced the receiver. She was back to one of her first
two choices. Or both of them. There was no reason why Robert Di Silva and
the FBI could not join forces to try to find Joshua. The thing that was
driving her mad was that she knew how little chance they would have of
fording Frank Jackson. There was no time. Read tomorrow's papers. There was
a finality about his last words that made Jennifer

certain he would not telephone her again, would not give anyone a chance to
trace him. But she had to do something. She would try Di

Silva. She reached
for the telephone again. It rang as she touched it, startling her.
"This-is Michael Moretti."
"Michael! Oh, Michael, help me, please! I-þ She began to sob
uncontrollably. She dropped the telephone, then picked it up again quickly,
terrified he had hung up. "Michael?"
"I'm here:" His voice was calm. "Get hold of yourself and tell me what's
wrong."
"I- I'll-" She took in quick, deep breaths, trying to stop the trembling.
"It's my son, Joshua. He's--he's been kidnapped. They're going to-kill
him."
"Do you know who took him?" .
"Y-yes. His name is F-Frank Jackson." Her heart was pounding.
"Tell me what happened." His voice was quiet and confident.
Jennifer forced herself to talk slowly, recounting the sequence of events.
"Can you describe what Jackson looks like?"
Jennifer conjured up a picture of him in her mind. She put the picture into
words, and Michael said, "You're doing fine. Do you know where he served
time?"
"At Joliet. He told me he's going to kill-"
"Where was the gas station he worked at?"
She gave Michael the address.
"Do you know the name of the motel he was staying at?"
"Yes. No." She could not remember. She dug her fingernails into her
forehead until it began to bleed, forcing herself to think. He waited
patiently.
It came to her suddenly. "It's the Travel Well Motel. It's on Tenth Avenue.
But I'm sure he isn't there now."
"We'll see."
"I want my son back alive."

Michael Moretti did not reply and Jennifer understood why.
"If we find Jackson-?"
Jennifer took a deep, shuddering breath. "Kill him!"
"Stay by your telephone."
The connection was broken. Jennifer replaced the receiver. She felt strangely calmer, as though something had been accomplished. There was no reason to feel the confidence she did in Michael Moretti. From a logical point of view, it was a wild, insane thing to have done; but logic had nothing to do with this. Her son's life was at stake. She had deliberately sent a killer to catch a killer. If it did not work . . . She thought of the little girl whose body had been raped and sodomized.

Jennifer went to tend to Mrs. Mackey. She took care of her cuts and bruises and put her to bed. Jennifer offered her a sedative, but Mrs. Mackey pushed it away.
"I couldn't sleep," she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Parkerl He gave that baby sleeping pills."
Jennifer stared at her in horror.

Michael Moretti sat at his desk, facing the seven men he had summoned. He had already given instructions to the first three.
He turned to Thomas Colfax. "Toro, I want you to use your connections. Go down and see Captain Notaras and have him pull the package on Frank Jackson. I want everything they've got on him."
"We're wasting a good connection, Mike. I don't think-"
"Don't argue! Just do it."
Colfax said stiffly, "Very well."
Michael turned to Nick Vito. "Check out the gas station where Jackson

worked. Find out if he hung around any of the bars there, if he had any friends."

To Salvatore Fiore and Joseph Colella: "Get over to Jackson's motel. He's probably gone by now, but find out if he

palled around with anyone. I want to know who his buddies were." He looked at his watch. "It's midnight. I'm giving you eight hours to find Jackson."

The men started out the door.

Michael called after them, "I don't want anything to happen to the kid. Keep calling in. I'll be waiting."

Michael Moretti watched them leave, then picked up one of the telephones on his desk and began to dial.

1:00 A.M.

The motel room was not large, but it was very neat. Frank Jackson liked things neat. He felt it was part of being brought up properly. The venetian blinds were rolled down and slanted so that no one could see into the room.

The door was locked and chained, and he had pressed a chair against it. He walked over to the bed where Joshua lay. Frank. Jackson had forced three sleeping pills down the boy's throat, and he was still sleeping soundly.

Still, Jackson prided himself on being a man who took no chances, so Joshua's hands and feet were tightly bound together with the same kind of wire that had been used to tie up the old lady in the house. Jackson looked down at the sleeping boy and he was filled with a sense of sadness.

Why in God's name did people keep forcing him to do these terrible things?

He was a gentle, peaceful man, but when everyone was against-you, when
everyone attacked you, you had to defend yourself. The trouble with
everybody was that they always underestimated him. They failed to realize
until too late that he was smarter than all of them.

He had known the police were coming for him half an hour before they
arrived. He had been filling the tank of a Chevrolet Camaro and had seen
his boss go inside the office to answer the telephone. Jackson had not been
able to hear the conversation, but it was not necessary. He saw the covert
looks his boss. gave him as he whispered into the telephone. Frank Jackson

knew immediately what was happening. The police were coming for him. The
Parker bitch had double-crossed him, had told the police to lock him up. She
was like all the rest of them. His boss was still talking on the telephone
when Frank Jackson grabbed his jacket and disappeared. It had taken him less
than three minutes to find an unlocked car on the street and hot-wire it,
and moments later he was headed for Jennifer Parker's house.
Jackson really had to admire his own intelligence. Who else would have
thought of following her to find out where she lived? He had done that the
day she had gotten him out on bail. He had parked across the street from
her house and had been surprised when Jennifer had been met at the gate by
a little boy. He had watched them together and sensed even then that the
kid might come in handy. He was an unexpected bonus, what the poets called

a hostage to fate.
Jackson smiled to himself at how terrified the old bitch of a housekeeper
had been. He had enjoyed twisting the wire into her wrists and ankles. No,
not enjoyed, really. He was being too hard on himself. It had been
necessary. The housekeeper had thought he was going to rape her. She
disgusted him. All women did, except for his sainted mother. Women were
dirty, unclean, even his whore of a sister. It was only the children who
were pure. He thought of the last little girl he had taken. She had been
beautiful, with long blond curls, but she had had to pay for her mother's
sins. Her mother had had Jackson fired from his job. People tried to keep
you from earning an honest living and then punished you when you broke
their stupid laws. The men were bad enough, but the women were worse. Pigs
who wanted to soil the temple of your body. Like the waitress, Clara, he
was going to take to Canada She was in love with him. She thought he was
such a gentleman because he had never touched her. If she only knew! The
idea of making love to her sickened him. But he was going to take her out
of the country with him because the police would be look-

ing for a man alone. He would shave off his beard and trim his hair, and
when he crossed the border he would get rid of Clara. That would give him
great pleasure.
Frank Jackson walked over to a battered cardboard suitcase on a luggage
rack, opened it and took out a tool kit. From it he removed nails and a

hammer. He laid them on the bedside table next to the sleeping boy. Then he went into the bathroom and lifted a two-gallon gasoline can from the bath-tub. He carried it into the bedroom and set the can on the floor. Joshua was going to go up in flames. But that would be after the crucifixion.

2:00 A.M.

Throughout New York and around the country, the word was spreading. It started in bars and flophouses. A cautious word here and there, dropped into a willing ear. It began as a trickle and spread to cheap restaurants and noisy discotheques and all-night newsstands. It was picked up by taxi drivers and truckers and girls working the midnight streets. It was like a pebble dropped into a deep, dark lake, with the ripples beginning to widen and spread. Within a couple of hours everyone on the street knew that Michael Moretti wanted some information and wanted it fast. Not many people were given a chance to do a favor for Michael Moretti. This was a golden opportunity for somebody, because Moretti was a man who knew how to show his appreciation. The word was that he was looking for a thin blond guy who looked like Jesus. People began searching their memories.

2:15 A.M.

Joshua Adam Parker stirred in his sleep and Frank Jackson moved to his side. He had not yet removed the boy's pajamas. Jackson checked to make sure that the hammer and nails were in place and ready. It was important to be meticulous about these things. He was going to nail the boy's hands and

feet to

the floor before he set the room on fire. He could have done it while 'the boy was asleep, but that would have been wrong. It was important that the boy be awake to see what was happening, to know he was being punished for the sins of his mother. Frank Jackson looked at his watch. Clara was coming to the motel to pick him up at seven-thirty. Five hours and fifteen minutes left. Plenty of time.
Frank Jackson sat down and studied Joshua, and once he tenderly fondled an errant lock of the small boy's hair.

3:00 A.M.
The first of the telephone calls began coming in.
There were two telephones on Michael Moretti's desk and it seemed that the moment he picked up one, the other started ringing.
"I got a line on the guy, Mike. A couple years ago he was workin' a scam in Kansas City with Big Joe Ziegler and Mel Cohen."
"Fuck what he was doing a couple of years ago. Where is he now?"
"Big Joe says he ain't heard from him in about six months. I'm tryin' to get hold of Mel Cohen."
"Do it!"

The next phone call was no more productive.
"I went over to Jackson's motel room. He checked out. He was carryin' a brown suitcase and a two-gallon can that coulda had gasoline in it. The clerk has no idea where he went."
"What about the neighborhood bars?"
"One of the bartenders recognized his description, but he says he wasn't a regular. He went in two or three times after work."
"Alone?"

"Accordin' to the bartender, yeah. He didn't seem interested in the girls there."
"Check out the gay bars."

The telephone rang again almost as soon as Michael had hung up. It was Salvatore Fiore.
"Colfax talked to Captain Notaras. The police property clerk got a record of a pawn ticket in Frank Jackson's personal effects. I got the number of the ticket and the name of the pawn shop. It's owned by a Greek, Gus Stavros, who fences hot rocks."
"Did you check it out?"
"We can't check it out until mornin', Mike. The place is closed. I-"
Michael Moretti exploded. "We can't wait until morning! Get your ass down there!"

There was a telephone call from Joliet. It was hard for Michael to follow the conversation because his caller had heed a laryngectomy and his voice sounded as if it was coming from the bottom of a boa:
"Jackson's cellmate was a man named Mickey Nicola. They were pretty tight."
"Any idea where Nicola is now?"
"Last I heard he was back east somewhere. He's a friend of Jackson's sister. We have no address on her."
"What was Nicola sent up for?"
"They nailed him on a jewelry heist."

3:30 A.M.
The pawnshop was located in Spanish Harlem at Second Avenue and 124th Street. It was in an unloved two-story building, with the shop downstairs and living quarters upstairs.

Gus Stavros was awakened by a flashlight shining in his face. He instinctively started to reach for the alarm button at the side of his bed.
"I wouldn't," a voice said.
The flashlight moved away and Gus Stavros sat up in bed. He looked at the two men standing on either side of him and knew he had been given good advice. A giant and a midget. Stavros could feel an asthma attack coming on.
"Go downstairs and take whatever you want," be wheezed. "I won't make a move"
The giant, Joseph Colella said, "Get up. Slow."
Gus Stavros rose from his bed, cautious not to make any sudden movements.
The small man, Salvatore Fiore, shoved a piece of paper under his nose.
"This is the number of a pawn ticket. We want to see the merchandise."
"Yes, sir."
Gus Stavros walked downstairs, followed by the two men. Stavros had installed an elaborate alarm system only six months earlier. There were bells he could have pushed and secret places on the floor he could have stepped on and help would be on its way. He did none of those things because his instincts told him he would be dead before anyone could reach him. He knew that his only chance lay in giving the two men what they wanted. He only prayed he would not die from a goddamned asthma attack before he got rid of them.
He turned on the downstairs lights and they all moved toward the front of the shop. Gus Stavros had no idea what was going on, but he knew it could

have been a great deal worse. If these men had come
merely to rob him, they
could have cleaned out the pawn shop and been gone by
now. It seemed they
were only interested in one piece of merchandise. He
wondered how they had
circumvented the elaborate new alarms on the doors and
windows, but he
decided not to ask.
"Move your ass," Joseph Colella said.

Gus looked at the pawn ticket number again and began to
sort through his
files. He found what he was looking for, nodded in
satisfaction, and went
to the large walk-in strong room and opened it, the two
men close behind
him. Stavros searched along a shelf until he found a
small envelope. Turn-
ing to the two men, he opened the envelope and took out
a large diamond
ring that sparkled in the overhead lights.
"This is it," Gus Stavros said. "I gave him five hundred
for it." The ring
was worth at least twenty thousand dollars.
"You gave five hundred to who?" little Salvatore Fiore
asked.
Gus Stavros shrugged. "A hundred customers a day come in
here. The name on
the envelope is John Doe."
Fiore pulled a piece of lead pipe out of nowhere and
smashed it savagely
against Gus Stavros' nose. He fell to the floor
screaming with pain,
drowning in his own blood.
Fiore asked quietly, "Who did you say brought it in?"
Fighting for breath, Gus Stavros gasped, "I don't know
his name. He didn't
tell me. I swear to God!"
"What did he look like?"
The blood was flowing into Gus Stavros' throat so fast
he could hardly
speak. He was beginning to faint, but he knew if he

passed out before he
talked he would never wake up.
"Let me think," he pleaded.
Stavros tried to focus, but he was so dizzy from the pain that it was
difficult. He forced himself to remember the customer walking in, taking
the ring out of a box and showing it to him. It was coming back to him.
"He-he was kind of blond and skinny--" He choked on some blood. "Help me
up."
Salvatore Fiore kicked him in the ribs. "Keep talkie':"
"He had a beard, a blond beard . . "
"Tell us about the rock. Where did it come from?"
Even in his extreme pain, Gus Stavros hesitated. If he talked, he would be
a dead man later. If he did not, he would

die now. He decided to postpone his death as long as possible. "It came from
the Tiffany job." "Who was in on the job with the blond guy?" Gus Stavros
was finding it harder to breathe. "Mickey Nicola."
"

:Where can we find Nicola?"
"I don't know. He-he shacks up with some girl in Brooklyn."
Fiore lifted a foot and nudged Stavros' nose. Gus Stavros screamed with
pain.
Joseph Colella asked, "What's the broad's name?"
"Jackson. Blanche Jackson:"

4:30 A.M.
The house was set back from the street, surrounded by a small white picket
fence with a carefully tended garden in front. Salvatore Fiore and Joseph
Colella tramped through the flowers and made their way to the back door. It
took them less than five seconds to open it. They

stepped inside and moved
toward the stairs. From a bedroom above they could hear the sounds of a bed
creaking and the voices of a man and a woman. The two men pulled out their
guns and started to move quietly up the stairs.
The woman's voice was saying, "Oh, Christ! You're wonderful, Mickey! Give
it to me harder, baby."
"It's all for you, honey, every bit, of it. Don't come yet"
"Oh, I won't," the woman moaned. "Let's come to-"
She looked up and screamed. The man whirled around. He started to reach
under the pillow but decided against it.
"Okay," he said. "My wallet's in my pants on the chair. Take it and get the
hell out of here. I'm busy."
Salvatore Fiore said, "We don't want your wallet, Mickey."
The anger on Mickey Nicola's face turned to something else. He sat up in
bed, moving cautiously, trying to figure out

the situation. The woman had pulled the sheets up over her breasts, her face
a combination of anger and fright.
Nicola carefully swung his feet over the side of the bed, sitting on the
edge, ready to spring. His penis had gone limp. He was watching both men,
waiting for an opportunity.
"What do you want?"
"Do you work with Frank Jackson?"
"Go fuck yourselves."
Joseph Colella turned to his companion. "Shoot his balls off."
Salvatore Fiore raised his gun and aimed.
Mickey Nicola screamed, "Wait a minute! You guys must be crazy!" He looked
into the little man's eyes and said quickly, "Yeah. I've worked with
Jackson."

The woman cried out angrily, "Mickey!"
He turned on her savagely. "Shut up! You think I want to be a fuckin' eunuch?"
Salvatore Fiore turned to the woman and said, "You're Jackson's sister, ain't you?"
Her face was filled with fury. "I never heard of him"
Fiore raised his gun and moved closer to the bed. "You got two seconds to talk to me or you two are gonna be splashed all over the wall."
There was something in his voice that chilled her. He raised his gun and the blood began to drain from the woman's face.
"Tell them what they want to know," Mickey Nicola cried.
The gun moved up to press against the woman's breast.
"Don't! Yes! Frank Jackson's my brother."
"Where can we find him?"
"I don't know. I don't see him. I swear to God I don't know! I-"
His hand tightened on the trigger.
She screamed, "Clara! Clara would know! Ask Clara!"
Joseph Colella said, "Who's Clara?"

"She's-she's a waitress Frank knows."
"Where can we find her?"
This time there was no hesitation. The words spilled out. "She works at a bar called The Shakers in Queens." Her body began to tremble.
. Salvatore Fiore looked at the two of them and said politely, "You can go back to your fuckin' now. Have a nice day."
And the two men departed.

S:30 A.M.
Clara Thomas (nee Thomachevsky) was about to fulfill her lifelong dream.
She hummed happily to herself as she packed her cardboard suitcase with the clothes she would need in Canada. She had taken trips

with gentlemen
friends before, but this was different. This was going to be her honeymoon
trip. Frank Jackson was like no other man she had known. The men who came
into the bar, pawing her and pinching her buttocks, were nothing but
animals. Frank Jackson was different. He was a real gentleman. Clara paused
in her packing to think about that word: gentle man. She had never thought
of it that way before, but that was Frank Jackson. She had seen him only
four times in her life, but she knew she was in love with him. She could
tell he had been attracted to her from the very beginning, because he
always sat at her booth. And after the second time he had walked her home
when the bar had closed.
I must still have it, Clara thought smugly, if 1 can get a handsome young
guy like that. She stopped her packing to walk over to the closet mirror to
study herself. Maybe she was a little too heavy and her hair was a couple
of shades too red, but dieting would take care of the extra pounds and she
would be more careful the next time she dyed her hair. All in all, she
wasn't too dissatisfied with what she saw. The old broad's still pretty
good-lookin', she told herself. She knew that Frank

Jackson wanted to take her to bed, even though he had never touched her. He
was really special. There was an almostClara furrowed her forehead, trying
to think of the wordspiritual quality about him. Clara had been brought up
a good Catholic and she knew it was sacrilegious to even think such a
thought, but Frank Jackson reminded her a little bit of

Jesus. She wondered
what Frank would be like in bed. Well, if he was shy, she would show him a
trick or two. He had talked about their getting married as soon as they got
to Canada. Her dream come true. Clara looked at her watch and decided she
had better hurry. She had promised to pick Frank up at his motel at
seven-thirty.

She saw them in the mirror as they walked into her bedroom. They had come
out of nowhere. A giant and a little fellow. Clara watched as the two of
them moved toward her.
The small man looked at the suitcase. "Where you goin', Clara?"
"None of your business. Just take what you want and get out of here. If
there's anything in this joint worth more than ten bucks, I'll eat it."
"I got something you can eat," the big man Colella said.
"Up yours, buster," Clara snapped. "If this is gonna be a rape job, I want
you to know the doctor's treatin' me for gonorrhea."
Salvatore Fiore said, "We ain't gonna hurt you. We just wanna know where
Frank Jackson is."
They could see the change that came over her. Her body suddenly stiffened
and her face became a mask.
"Frank Jackson?" There was a note of deep puzzlement in her voice. "I don't
know any Frank Jackson."
Salvatore Fiore pulled a lead pipe out of his pocket and took a step toward
her.
"You don't scare me," Clara said, "I-"

His arm lashed out across her face, and in the midst of the blinding pain

she could feel her teeth crumbling inside her mouth like tiny pieces of grit. She opened her mouth to speak and blood began pouring out. The big man raised his pipe again.
"No, please don't!" She gagged.
Joseph Colella said politely, "Where can we find this Frank Jackson?"
"Frank is-is-"
Clara thought of her sweet, gentle man in the hands of these two monsters.
They were going to hurt him and, instinctively, she knew that Frank would not be able to stand the pain. He was too sensitive. If she could only find a way to save him, he would be grateful to her forever.
"I don't know."
Salvatore Fiore moved forward and Clara heard the sound of her leg breaking at the same instant she felt the excruciating pain. She fell to the floor, unable to scream because of all the blood in her mouth.
Joseph Colella stood over her and said pleasantly, "Maybe you don't unnerstand. We ain't gonna kill you. We're just gonna keep breakin' things.
When we're through with you, you'll look like a piece of garbage the cat threw away. Do you believe me?"
Clara believed him. Frank Jackson would never want to look at her again.
She had lost him to these two bastards. No dream come true, no marriage.
The little man was moving forward with the lead pipe again.
Clara moaned, "Don't. Please don't. Frank's at the-the Brookside Motel on Prospect Avenue. He-"
She fainted.
Joseph Colella walked over to the telephone and dialed a number.
Michael Moretti answered. "Yes?"

"Brookside Motel on Prospect Avenue. Want us to take him?"
"No. I'll meet you there. Make sure he doesn't leave."
"He won't go anywhere,"

6:30 A.M.
The boy was beginning to stir again. The man watched as Joshua opened his eyes. The boy looked down at the wire on his wrists and legs, and then looked up and saw Frank Jackson, and the memories came flooding back.
This was the man who had pushed those pills down his throat and kidnapped him. Joshua knew all about kidnappings from television. The police would come and save him and put the man in jail. Joshua was determined not to show his fear, because he wanted to be able to tell his mother how brave he had been.
"My mother will be here with the money," Joshua assured the man,'"so you don't have to hurt me."
Frank Jackson walked over to the bed and smiled down at the boy. He really was a beautiful child. He wished he could take the boy to Canada instead of Clara. Reluctantly, Frank Jackson looked at his watch. It was time to get things ready.
The boy held up his bound wrists. The blood had caked dry.
"Would you mind taking this off, please?" he asked politely. "I won't run away."
Frank Jackson liked it that the boy had said "please." It showed good manners. These days, most kids had no manners at all. They ran around the streets like wild animals.
Frank Jackson went into the bathroom where he had put the can of gasoline

back in the tub so that it would not stain the rug in the living room. He
prided himself on details like that. He carried the can into the bedroom
and set it down. He moved to the boy's side, lifted up the bound figure and

placed him on the floor. Then he picked up the hammer and two large nails
and knelt neat to the boy.
Joshua Parker was watching him, wide-eyed. "What are you going to do with
that?"
"Something that will make you very happy. Have you ever heard of Jesus
Christ?" Joshua nodded. "Do you know how he died?"
"On the cross."
"That's very good. You're a bright boy. We don't have a cross here, so
we'll have to do the best we can."
The boy's eyes were beginning to fill with fear.
Frank Jackson said, "There's nothing to be afraid of. Jesus wasn't afraid.
You mustn't be afraid."
"I don't want to be Jesus," Joshua whispered. "I want to go home."
"I'm going to send you home," Frank Jackson promised. "I'm going to send
you home to Jesus."
Frank Jackson took a handkerchief out of his back pocket and moved it
toward the boy's mouth. Joshua gritted his teeth together.
"Don't make me angry."
Frank Jackson pressed his thumb and forefinger against Joshua's cheeks and
forced his mouth open. He shoved the handkerchief into Joshua's mouth and
slapped a piece of tape across it to hold the handkerchief in place. Joshua
was straining against the wires that bound his wrists and hands, and they
began to bleed again. Frank Jackson ran his hands over

the fresh cuts.
"The blood of Christ," he said softly.

He picked up one of the boy's hands, turned it over and held it down
against the floor. Then he picked up a nail. Holding it against Joshua's
palm with one hand, Frank Jackson picked up the hammer with his other. He
drove the nail through the boy's hand into the floor.
s

7:15 A.M.
Michael Moretti's black limousine was stalled on the Brooklyn-Queens
Expressway in early morning traffic, held up by a vegetable truck that had
overturned and spilled its cargo across the road. Traffic had come to a
standstill.
"Pull over to the other side of the road and get past him," Michael Moretti
ordered Nick-Vito.
"There's a police car up ahead, Mike"
"Go up and tell whoever's in charge that I want to talk to him."
"Right, boss." -
Nick Vito got out of the car and hurried toward the squad car. A few
moments later he returned with a police sergeant. Michael Moretti opened
the window of the car and held out his hand. There were five one hundred
dollar bills in it.
"I'm in a hurry, officer."
Two minutes later the police car, red light flashing, was guiding the
limousine past the wreckage on the road. When they were clear of the
traffic, the sergeant got out of the police car and walked back to the
limousine.
"Can I give you an escort somewhere, Mr. Moretti?"

"No, thank you," Michael said. "Come and see me Monday."
To Nick Vito:
"Move it!"

7:30 A.M.
The neon sign in front read:

BROOKSIDE MOTEL
SINGLES-DOUBLES
DAILY AND WEEKLY RATES
INDIVIDUALES-DOBLES
PRECIOS ESFECIALES

Joseph Colella and Salvatore Fiore sat in their car across from Bungalow 7.
A few minutes earlier they had heard a

thump from inside, so they knew that Frank Jackson was still there. '
We oughta jump in and cool him, Fiore thought. But Michael Moretti had given instructions.
They settled back to wait.

7:4$ A.M.
Inside Bungalow 7, Frank Jackson was making his final preparations. The boy was a disappointment. He had fainted. Jackson had wanted to wait until Joshua regained consciousness before the other nails were driven in, but it was getting late. He picked up the can of gasoline and sprinkled it across the boy's body, careful not to let it touch that beautiful face. He visualized the body under the pajamas and wished that he had time to-but, no, that would be foolish. Clara would be here any moment. He must be ready to leave when she arrived. He reached in his pockets, pulled out a box of matches, and set them neatly beside the can of gasoline, the hammer and the

nails. People simply did not appreciate how important neatness was.
Frank Jackson looked at his watch again and wondered what was keeping Clara.

7:SO A.M.
Outside Bungalow 7, the limousine skidded to a step and Michael Moretti
jumped out of the car. The two men in the sedan hurried over to join him.
Joseph Coiella pointed to Bungalow 7. "He's in there."
"What about the kid?"
The big man shrugged. "Dunno. Jackson's got the curtains drawn."
"Should we go in now and take him?" Salvatore Fiore asked.
"Stay here."

The two men looked at him in surprise. He was a caporegime. He had soldiers
to make hits for him while he sat back in safety. And yet he was going in
himself. It was not right.
Joseph Colella said, "Boss, Sal and I can-"
But Michael Moretti was already moving to the door of Bungalow 7, a gun
fitted with a silencer in his hand. He paused for a second to listen, then
stepped back and smashed the door open with one powerful kick.
Moretti took in the scene in a single frozen moment: the bearded man
kneeling on the floor beside the small boy; the boy's hand nailed to the
floor, the room reeking of gasoline.
The bearded man had turned toward the door and was staring at Michael. The
last sounds he ever uttered were, "You're not Cl='
Michael's first bullet took him in the center of his forehead. The second
bullet shattered his pharynx, and the third bullet took him in .the heart.
But by that -time he no longer felt anything.

Michael Moretti stepped to the door and waved to the two men outside. They hurried .into the cabin. Michael Moretti knelt beside the boy and felt his pulse. It was thin and thready, but he was still alive. He turned to Joseph Colella.
"Call Doc Petrone. Tell him we're on our way over."

9:30 A.M.
The instant the telephone rang, Jennifer snatched it up, squeezing it tightly. "Hello!"
Michael Moretti's voice said, "rm bringing your son home."

Joshua was whimpering in his sleep. Jennifer leaned over and put her arms around him, holding him gently. He had been asleep when Michael had carried him into the house. When Jennifer had seen Joshua's unconscious body, his wrists

and ankles heavily bandaged, his body swathed in gauze, she had nearly gone out of her mind. Michael had brought the doctor with him and it had taken him half an hour to reassure Jennifer that Joshua was going to be all right.
"His hand will heal," the doctor assured her. "There will be a small scar there, but fortunately no nerves or tendons were damaged. The gasoline burns are superficial. I bathed his body in mineral oil. I'll look in on him for the next few days. Believe me, he's going to be fine."
Before the doctor left, Jennifer had him attend to Mrs. Mackey.
Joshua had been put to bed and Jennifer stayed at his side, waiting to reassure him when he awakened. He stirred now and his

eyes opened.
When he saw his mother, he said tiredly, "I knew you'd come, Mom. Did you give the man the ransom money?"
Jennifer nodded, not trusting her voice.
Joshua smiled. "I hope he buys too much candy with the money and gets a stomachache. Wouldn't that be funny?"
She whispered, "Very funny, darling. Do you know what you and I are going to do neat week? I'm going to take you to-"
Joshua was asleep again.

It was hours later when Jennifer walked back into the living room. She was surprised to see that Michael Moretti was still there. Somehow it reminded her of the first time she had met Adam Warner, when he had waited for her in her little apartment.
"Michael-" It was impossible to find the words. "I I can't tell you how-how grateful I am."
He looked at her and nodded.
She forced herself to ask the question. "And-and Frank Jackson?"

"He won't bother anyone again."
So it was over. Joshua was safe. Nothing else mattered.
Jennifer looked at Michael Moretti and thought, I owe him so much. How can I ever repay him?
Michael was watching her, wrapped in silence.

BOOK II

37

Jennifer Parker stood naked, staring out of the large picture window that overlooked the Bay of Tangier. It was a beautiful, crisp autumn day and the bay was filled with skimming white sails and

deep-throated power boats.
Half a dozen large yachts bobbed at anchor in the harbor. Jennifer felt his presence and turned.
"Like the view?"
"Love it."
He looked at her naked body. "So do L" His hands were on her breasts, caressing them. "Let's go back to bed:"
His touch made Jennifer shiver. He demanded things that no man had ever dared ask of her, and he did things to her that had never been done to her before.
"Yes, Michael"
They walked back into the bedroom and there, for one fleeting moment, Jennifer thought of Adam Warner, and then she forgot everything except what was happening to her.
Jennifer had never known anyone like Michael Moretti. He was insatiable. His body was athletic, lean and hard, and it became a part of Jennifer's body, catching her up in its own frenzy, carrying her along on a rising wave of pounding ea-

citement that went on and on until she wanted to scream with a wild joy.
When they had finished making love and Jennifer lay there, spent, Michael began once more, and Jennifer was caught up with him again and again in an ecstasy that became almost too much to bear.
Now he lay on top of her, staring into her flushed, happy face. "You love it, don't you, baby?"
"Yes."
There was a shame in it, a shame at how much she needed him, needed his

lovemaking.
Jennifer remembered the first time.

It was the morning Michael Moretti had brought Joshua safely back home.
Jennifer had known that Frank Jackson was dead and that Michael Moretti had
killed him. The man standing in front of her had saved her son for her, had
killed for her. It filled Jennifer with some deep, primordial feeling.
"How can I thank you?" Jennifer had asked.
And Michael Moretti had walked over to her, taken her in his arms and
kissed her. Out of some old loyalty to Adam, Jennifer had pretended to
herself that it would end with that kiss; but instead, it became a
beginning. She knew what Michael Moretti was, and yet all that counted as
nothing against what he had done. She stopped thinking and let her emotions
take over.
They went upstairs to her bedroom, and Jennifer told herself that she was
repaying Michael for what he had done for her, and then they were in bed
and it was an experience beyond anything that Jennifer had ever dreamed.
Adam Warner had made love to her, but Michael Moretti possessed her. He
filled every inch of her body with exquisite sensations. It was as though
he were making love in bright, flashing colors, and the colors kept
changing from one moment to the next, like some wonderful kaleidoscope. One
moment he made love gently and sen.-tively, and the next moment he

was cruel and pounding and demanding, and the changes made Jennifer frantic.
He withdrew from her, teasing .her, making her want more,

and when she was
on the verge of fulfillment he pulled away.
When she could stand it no longer, she begged, "Please take me! Take me!"
And his hard organ began to pound into her again until she screamed with
pleasure. She was no longer a woman paying back a debt. She was a slave to
something she had never known before. Michael stayed with her for four
hours, and when he left, Jennifer knew that her life had changed.
She lay in her bed thinking about what had happened, trying to understand
it. How could she be so much in love with Adam and still have been so
overwhelmed by Michael Moretti? Thomas Aquinas had said that when you got
to the heart of evil, there was nothing there. Jennifer wondered if it was
also true of love. She was aware that part of what she had done was out of
a deep loneliness. She had lived too long with a phantom, a man she could
neither see nor have, yet she knew she would always love Adam. Or was it
just a memory of that love?
Jennifer was not sure what she felt about Michael. Gratitude, yes. But that
was a small part of it. It was more. Much more. She knew who and what
Michael Moretti was. He had killed for her, but he had killed for others,
too. He had murdered men for money, for power, for vengeance. How could she
feel as she did about a man like that? How could she have let him make love
to her and have been so excited by him? She was filled with a sense of
shame and she thought, What kind of person am 1?
She had no answer.

The afternoon newspapers reported the story of a fire in a Queens motel.

The remains of an unidentified man were found in the ruins. Arson was suspected.

After Joshua's return, Jennifer had tried to make everything as normal for him as possible, fearful of the trauma the preceding night might have inflicted upon him. When Joshua woke up, Jennifer prepared a meal and brought it to' him in bed. It was a ridiculous meal, consisting of all the junk foods he loved: a hot dog and a peanut butter sandwich and Fritos and Hostess Twinkies and root beer.

"You should have seen him, Mom," Joshua said between bites. "He was crazy!"

He held up his bandaged hand. "Do you think he really thought I was Jesus Christ?"

Jennifer repressed a shudder. "I-I don't know, darling."

"Why do people want to kill other people?"

"Well-" and Jennifer's thoughts suddenly went back to Michael Moretti. Did she have the right to judge him? She did not know the terrible forces that had shaped his life, that had turned him into what he had become. She had to learn more about him, to get to know and understand him.

Joshua was saying, "Do I have to go to school tomorrow?"

Jennifer put her arms around him. "No, darling. We're both going to stay home and play hooky all week. We-"

The telephone rang.

It was Michael. "How's Joshua?"

"He's wonderful-thank you."

"And how are you feeling?"

Jennifer felt her throat thickening with embarrassment. "Tm-I-I feel fine."

He chuckled. "Good. I'11 see you for lunch tomorrow. Donato's on Mulberry

Street. Twelve-thirty."
"All right, Michael. Twelve-thirty."
Jennifer spoke those words and there was no turning back.

The captain at Donato's knew Michael, and the best table in the restaurant
had been reserved for him. People kept stop-

ping by to say hello, and Jennifer was again amazed at the way everyone
kowtowed to him. It was strange how much Michael Moretti reminded her of
Adam Warner, for each, in his own way, was a man of power.
Jennifer started to question Michael about his background, wanting to learn
how and why he had gotten trapped into the life he led.
He interrupted her. "You think I'm in this because of my family or because
someone put pressure on me?"
"Well-yes, Michael. Of course."
He laughed. "I worked my butt off to get where I am. I love it. I love the
money. I love the power. I'm a king, baby, and I love being king."
Jennifer looked at him, trying to understand. "But you can't enjoy-"
"Listen!" His silence had suddenly turned into words and sentences and
confidences, pouring out as though they had been stored inside him for
years, waiting for someone to come along to share them with. "My old man
was a Coca-Cola bottle."
"A Coca-Cola bottle?"
"Right. There are billions of them in the world and you can't tell one from
another. He was a shoemaker. He worked his fingers to the bone, trying to
put food on the table. We had nothing. Being poor is only romantic in
books. In real life, it's smelly rooms with rats and

cockroaches and bad
food that you can never get enough of. When I was a young punk, I did
anything I could to make a buck. I ran errands for the big shots, I brought
them coffee and cigars, I found them girlsanything to stay alive. Well, one
summer I went down to Mexico City. I had no money, nothing. My ass was
hanging out. One night a girl I met invited me to a large dinner party at
a fancy restaurant. For dessert they served a special Mexican cake with a
little clay doll baked inside it. Someone at the

table explained that the custom was that whoever got the clay doll had to
pay for the dinner. I got the clay doll." He paused. "I swallowed it."
Jennifer put her hand over his. "Michael, other people have grown up poor
and-"
"Don't confuse me with other people." His tone was hard and uncompromising.
"I'm me. I know who I am, baby. I wonder if you know who you are."
"I think I do."
"Why did you go to bed with me?"
Jennifer hesitated. "Well, I-I was grateful and='
"Bullshit! You wanted me."
"Michael, I-"
"I don't have to buy my women. Not with money and not with gratitude."
Jennifer admitted to herself that he was right. She had wanted him, just as
he had wanted her. And yet, Jennifer thought, this man deliberately tried
to destroy me once. How can I forget that?
Michael leaned forward and took Jennifer's hand, palm up. Slowly, he
caressed each finger, each mound, never taking his eyes from her.
"Don't play games with me. Not ever, Jennifer."

She felt powerless. Whatever there was between them transcended the past.

It was when they were having dessert that Michael said, "By the way, I have a case for you."
It was as though he had slapped her in the face.
Jennifer stared at him. "What kind of case?"
"One of my boys, Vasco Gambutti, has been arrested for killing a cop. I want you to defend him."
Jennifer sat there filled with hurt and anger that he was still trying to use her.

She said evenly, "I'm sorry, Michael. I told you before. I can't get involved with-with your . . . friends."
He gave her a lazy grin. "Did you ever hear the story about the little lion cub in Africa? He leaves his mother for the first time to go down to the river to get a drink, and a gorilla knocks him down. While he's picking himself up, a big leopard shoves him out of the way. A herd of elephants comes along and almost tramples him to death. The little cub returns home all shaken up and he says, `You know something, Ma-it's a jungle out there!' "
There was a long silence between them. It was a jungle out there, Jennifer thought, but she had always stood at the edge of it, outside it, free to flee whenever she wanted to. She had made the rules and her clients had had to live by them. But now, Michael Moretti had changed all that. This was his jungle. Jennifer was afraid of it, afraid to get caught up in it. Yet, when she thought about what Michael had done for her, she decided it was a

small thing he was asking.
She would do Michael this one favor.
38

"We're going to handle the Vasco Gambutti case," Jennifer informed Ken Bailey.
Ken looked at Jennifer in disbelief. "He's Mafia! One of Michael Moretti's hit men. That's not the kind of client we take."
"We're taking this one."
"Jennifer, we can't afford to get mixed up with the mob."
"Gambutti's entitled to a fair trial, just like anyone else." The words sounded hollow, even to her.
"I can't let you-"
"As long as this is my office, I'll make the decisions." She could see the surprise and hurt that came into his eyes.
Ken nodded, turned and walked out of the office. Jennifer was tempted to call him back and try to explain. But how could she? She was not sure she could even explain it to herself.

When Jennifer had her first meeting with Vasco Gambutti, she tried to regard him as just another client. She had handled

clients before who were accused of murder, but somehow, this was different.
This man was a member of a vast network of organized crime, a group that bled the country of untold billions of dollars, an arcane cabal that would kill when necessary to protect itself.
The evidence against Gambutti was overwhelming. He had been caught during the holdup of a fur shop and had killed an off-duty policeman who had tried

to stop him. The morning newspapers announced that Jennifer Parker was
going to be the defense attorney.
Judge Lawrence Waldman telephoned. "Is it true, Jennie?"
Jennifer knew instantly what he meant. "Yes, Lawrence."
A pause. "I'm surprised. You know who he is, of course."
"Yes, I know."
"You're getting into dangerous territory."
"Not really. I'm just doing a friend a favor."
"I see. Be careful."
"I will," Jennifer promised.
It was only afterward that Jennifer realized he had said nothing about
their having dinner together.

After looking over the material her staff had assembled, Jennifer decided
that she had no case at all.
Vasco Gambutti had been caught red-handed in a robberymurder, and there
were no extenuating circumstances. Furthermore, there was always a strong
emotional pull in the minds of the jurors when the victim was a policeman.
She called Ken Bailey in and gave him his instructions.
He said nothing, but Jennifer could feel his disapproval and was saddened.
She promised herself that this was the . last time she would work for
Michael.
Her private phone rang and she picked it up. Michael said, "Hello, baby.
I'm hungry for you. Meet me in half an hour."
She sat there, listening, already feeling his arms around her, his body
pressing against hers.

"I'll be there," Jennifer said.
The promise to herself was forgotten.

The Gambutti trial lasted ten days. The press was there in full force,
eager to watch District Attorney Di Silva and Jennifer

Parker in open
combat again. Di Silva had done his homework thoroughly, and he
deliberately understated his case, letting the jurors take the suggestions
he dropped and build on them, creating horrors in their minds even greater
than the ones he depicted.
Jennifer sat quietly through the testimony, seldom bothering to raise
objections.
On the last day of the trial, she made her move.
There is an adage in law that when you have a weak defense, you put your
opponent on trial. Because Jennifer had no defense for Vasco Gambutti, she
had made a decision to put Scott Norman, the slain policeman, on trial. Ken
Bailey had dug up everything there was to know about Scott Norman. His
record was not good, but before Jennifer was through she made it seem ten
times worse than it was. Norman had been on the police force for twenty
years, and in that period had been suspended three times on charges of
unnecessary violence. He had shot and almost killed an unarmed suspect, he
had beaten up a drunk in a bar and he had sent to the hospital a man
involved in a domestic quarrel. Although these incidents had taken place
over a period of twenty years, Jennifer made it seem as though the deceased
had committed an unbroken series of despicable acts. Jennifer had a parade
of witnesses on the stand giving testimony against the dead police officer,
and there was not one thing Robert Di Silva could do about it.
In his summation, Di Silva said, "Remember, ladies and gentlemen of the
jury, that Officer Scott Norman is not the one on trial here. Officer Scott

Norman was the victim. He was killed by'=pointing-"the defendant, Vasco
Gambutti.þ

But even as the District Attorney spoke, he knew it was no use. Jennifer
had made Officer Scott Norman appear to be as worthless a human being as
Vasco Gambutti. He was no longer the noble policeman who had given his life
to apprehend a criminal. Jennifer Parker had distorted the picture so that
the victim was no better than the accused slayer.
The jury returned a verdict of not guilty on the charge of murder in the
first degree and convicted Vasco Gambutti of manslaughter. It was a
stunning defeat for District Attorney Di Silva, and the media were quick to
announce another victory for Jennifer Parker.

"Wear your chiffon. It's a celebration," Michael told her.
They had dinner at a seafood restaurant in the Village. The restaurant
owner sent over a bottle of rare champagne and Michael and Jennifer drank
a toast.
"I'm very pleased."
Coming from Michael, it was an accolade.
He placed a small red-and-white-wrapped box in her hands. "Open it."
He watched as she untied the gold thread and removed the lid. In the box
lay a large, square-cut emerald, surrounded by diamonds.
Jennifer stared at it. She started to protest. "Oh, Michael!" And she saw
the look of pride and pleasure on his face.
"Michael-what am I going to do with you?"
And she thought: Oh, Jennifer, what am I going to do with you?
"You need it for that dress." He placed the ring on the third finger of her

left hand.
"I-I don't know what to say. I-thank you. It's really a celebration, isn't itl"
Michael grinned. "The celebration hasn't started yet. This is only the foreplay."
s s s

They were riding in the limousine on their way to an apartment that Michael kept uptown. Michael pressed a button and raised the glass that separated the rear of the car from the driver.
We're locked away in our own little world, Jennifer thought. Michael's nearness excited her.
She turned to look into his black eyes and he moved toward her and slid his hand along her thighs, and Jennifer's body was instantly on fire.
Michael's lips found hers and their bodies were pressed together. Jennifer felt the hard maleness of him and she slid down to the floor of the car.
She began to make love to him, caressing him and kissing him until Michael began to moan, and Jennifer moaned with him, moving faster and faster until she felt the spasms of his body.
The celebration had begun.

Jennifer was thinking of the past now as she lay in bed in the hotel room in Tangier, listening to the sounds of Michael in the shower. She felt satisfied and happy. The only thing missing was her young son. She had thought of taking Joshua with her on some of her trips, but instinctively she wanted to keep him and Michael Moretti far away from each other. Joshua must never be touched by that part of her life. It

seemed to Jennifer that
her life was a series of compartments: There was Adam, there was her son
and there was Michael Moretti. And each had to be kept separate from the
others.
Michael walked out of the bathroom wearing only a towel. The hair on his
body glistened from the dampness of the shower. He was a beautiful,
exciting animal.
"Get dressed. We have work to do."
39

It happened so gradually that it did not seem to be happening at all. It
had begun with Vasco Gambutti, and shortly afterward Michael asked Jennifer
to handle another case, then another, until soon it became a steady flow of
cases.
Michael would call Jennifer and say, "I need your help, baby. One of my
boys is having a problem."
And Jennifer was reminded of Father Ryan's words, A friend of mine has a
bit of a problem. Was there really any difference? America had come to
accept the Godfather syndrome. Jennifer told herself that what she was
doing now was the same as what she had been doing all along. The truth was
that there was a difference-a big difference.
She was at the center of one of the most powerful organizations in the
world.

Michael invited Jennifer to the farmhouse in New Jersey,

where she met Antonio Granelli for the first time, and some of the other men

in the Organization.
At a large table in the old-fashioned kitchen were Nick Vito, Arthur "Fat
Artie" Scotto, Salvatore Fiore and Joseph Colella.
As Jennifer and Michael came in and stood in the doorway, listening, Nick
Vito was saying, ". . . like the time I did a pound in Atlanta. I had a
heavy H book goin'. This popcorn pimp comes up and tries to fuck me over
'cause he wants a piece of the action."
"Did you know the guy?" Fat Artie Scotto asked.
"What's to know? He wants to get his lights turned on. He tried to put the
arm on me."
410n YOU?"
"Yeah. His head wasn't wrapped too tight."
"What'd you do?"
"Eddie Fratelli and me got him over in-the ghinny corner of the yard and
burned him. What the hell, he was doin' bad time, anyway."
"Hey, whatever happened to Little Eddie?"
"He's doin' a dime at Lewisburg."
"What about his bandit? She was some class act."
"Oh, yeah. Td love to make her drawers."
"She's still got the hots for Eddie. Only the Pope knows why."
"I liked Eddie. He used to be an up-front guy."
"He went ape-shit. Speakin' of that, do you know who turned into a candy
man . . . ?"
Shop talk.
Michael grinned at Jennifer's puzzled reaction to the conversation and
said, "Come on-I'll introduce you to Papa."

Antonio Granelli was a shock to Jennifer. He was in a wheelchair, a feeble
skeleton of a man, and it was hard to imagine him as he once must have
been.

An attractive brunette with a full figure walked into the room, and Michael said to Jennifer, "This is Rosa, my wife."
Jennifer had dreaded this moment. Some nights after Michael had left her-fulfilled in every way a woman could be -she had fought with a guilt that almost overpowered her. I don't want to hurt another woman. I'm stealing. I've got to stop this! I must! And, always, she lost the. battle.
Rosa looked at Jennifer with eyes that were wise. She knows, Jennifer thought.
There was a small awkwardness, and then Rosa said softly, "I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Parker. Michael tells me you're very intelligent."
Antonio Granelli grunted. "It's not good for a woman to be too smart. It's better to leave the brains to the men."
Michael said with a straight face, "I think of Mrs. Parker as a man, Papa."

They had dinner in the large, old-fashioned dining room.
"You sit next to me," Antonio Granelli commanded Jennifer.
Michael sat next to Rosa. Thomas Colfax, the consigliere, sat opposite Jennifer and she could feel his animosity.
The dinner was superb. An enormous antipasto was served, and then pasta fagioli. There was a salad with garbanzo beans, stuffed mushrooms, veal piccata, linguini and baked chicken. It seemed that the dishes never stopped coming.
There were no visible servants in the house, and Rosa was constantly jumping up and clearing the table to bring in new dishes from the kitchen.
"My Rosa's a great cook," Antonio Granelli told Jennifer. "She's almost as

good as her mother was. Hey, Mike?"
"Yes," Michael said politely.
"His Rosa's a wonderful wife," Antonio Granelli went on, and Jennifer
wandered whether it was a casual remark or a warning.

Michael said, "You're not finishing your veal."
"I've never eaten so much in my life," Jennifer protested.
And it was not over yet.
There was a bowl of fresh fruit and a platter of cheese, and ice cream with
a hot fudge sauce, and candy and mints.
Jennifer marveled at how Michael managed to keep his figure.
The conversation was easy and pleasant and could have been taking place in
any one of a thousand Italian homes, and it was hard for Jennifer to
believe that this family was different from any other family.
Until Antonio Granelli said, "You know anythin' about the Unione
Sicilians?"
"No," Jennifer said.
"Let me tell you about it, lady."
"Pop-her name is Jennifer."
"That's not no Italian name, Mike. It's too hard for me to remember. I'll
call you lady, lady. Okay?"
"Okay," Jennifer replied.
"The Unione Sicilians started in Sicily to protect the poor against
injustices. See, the people in power, they robbed the poor. The poor had
nothin'-no money, no jobs, no justice. So the Unione was formed. When there
was injustice, people came to the members of the secret brotherhood and
they got vengeance. Pretty soon the Unione became stronger than the law,
because it was the people's law. We believe in what the Bible says, lady."

He looked Jennifer in the eye. "If anyone betrays us, we get vengeance."
The message was unmistakable.

Jennifer had always known instinctively that if she ever worked for the Organization she' would be taking a giant step, but like most outsiders, she had a misconception of what the Organization was like. The Mafia was generally depicted as a

bunch of mobsters sitting around ordering people murdered and counting the money from loan-sharking and whorehouses. That was only a part of the picture. The meetings Jennifer attended taught her the rest of it: These were businessmen operating on a scale that was staggering. They owned hotels and banks, restaurants and casinos, insurance companies and factories, building companies and chains of hospitals. They controlled unions and shipping. They were in the record business and sold vending machines. They owned funeral parlors, bakeries and construction companies. Their yearly income was in the billions. How they had acquired those interests was none of Jennifer's concern. It was her job to defend those of them who got into trouble with the law.

Robert Di Silva had three of Michael Moretti's men indicted for shaking down a group of lunch wagons. They were charged with conspiracy to interfere with commerce by extortion and seven counts of interference with commerce. The only witness willing to testify against the men was a woman who owned one of the stands.

"She's going to blow us away," Michael told Jennifer. "She's got to be handled."
"You own a piece of a magazine publishing company, don't you?" Jennifer asked.
"Yes. What does that have to do with lunch wagons?"
"You'll see."
Jennifer quietly arranged for the magazine to offer a large sum of money for the witness's story. The woman accepted. In court, Jennifer used that to discredit the woman's motives, and the charges were dismissed.

Jennifer's relationship with her associates had changed. When the office had begun to take a succession of Mafia cases, Ken Bailey had come into Jennifer's office and said, "What's

going on? You can't keep representing these hoodlums. They'll ruin us."
"Don't worry about it, Ken. They'll pay."
"You can't be that naive, Jennifer. You're the one who's going to pay. They'll have you hooked."
Because she had known he was right, Jennifer said angrily, "Drop it, Ken."
He had looked at her for a long moment, then said, "Right. You're the boss."

The Criminal Courts was a small world, and news traveled swiftly. When word got out that Jennifer Parker was defending members of the Organization, well-meaning friends went to her and reiterated the same things that Judge Lawrence Waldman and Ken Bailey had told her.
"If you get involved with these hoodlums, you'll be tarred with the same brush."

Jennifer told them all: "Everyone is entitled to be defended."
She appreciated their warnings, but she felt that they did not apply to
her. She was not a part of the Organization; she merely represented some of
its members. She was a lawyer, like her father, and she would never do
anything that would have made him ashamed of her. The jungle was there, but
she was still outside it.

Father Ryan had come to see her. This time it was not to ask her to help
out a friend.
"rm concerned about you, Jennifer. I hear reports that you're
handling-well-the wrong people."
"Who are the wrong people? Do you judge the people who come to you for
help? Do you turn people away from God because they've sinned?"
Father Ryan shook his head. "Of course not. But it's one thing when an
individual makes a mistake. It's something else

when corruption is organized. If you help those people, you're condoning
what they do. You become a part of it."
"No. Im a lawyer, Father. I help people in trouble."

Jennifer came to know Michael Moretti better than anyone had ever known
him. He exposed feelings to her that he had never revealed to anyone else.
He was basically a lonely, solitary man, and Jennifer was the first person
who had ever been able to penetrate his shell.
Jennifer felt that Michael needed her. She had never felt that with Adam.
And Michael had forced her to admit how much she needed him. He had brought
out feelings in her that she had kept suppressed-wild,

atavistic passions
that she had been afraid to let loose. There were no inhibitions with
Michael. When they were in bed together, there were no limits, no barriers.
Only pleasure, a pleasure Jennifer had never dreamed possible.
Michael confided to Jennifer that he did not love Rosa, but it was obvious
that Rosa worshiped Michael. She was always at his service, waiting to take
care of his needs.
Jennifer met other Mafia wives, and she found their lives fascinating.
Their husbands went out to restaurants and bars and racetracks with their
mistresses while their wives stayed home and waited for them.
A Mafia wife always had a generous allowance, but she had to be careful how
she spent it, lest she attract the attention of the Internal Revenue
Service.
There was a pecking order ranging from the lowly soldato to the capo di
tutri capi, and the wife never owned a more expensive coat or car than the
wife of her husband's immediate superior.
The wives gave dinner parties for their husbands' associates, but they were
careful not to be more lavish than their position permitted in relation to
the others.
At ceremonies such as weddings or baptisms, where gifts

were called for, a wife was never allowed to spend more than the wife above
her station in the hierarchy.
The protocol was as stringent as that at U.S. Steel, or any other large
business corporation.
The Mafia was an incredible moneymaking machine, but Jennifer became aware

that there was another element in it that was equally important: power.
"The Organization is bigger than the government of most of the countries of
the world," Michael told Jennifer. "We gross more than a half a dozen of
the largest companies in America, put together."
"There's a difference," Jennifer pointed out. "They're legitimate and-"
Michael laughed. "You mean the ones that haven't been caught. Dozens of the
country's biggest companies have been indicted for violating one law or
another. Don't kid yourself about heroes, Jennifer. The average American
today can't name two astronauts who have been up in space, but they know
the names of Al Capone and Lucky Luciano."
Jennifer realized that in his own way, Michael was equally as dedicated as
Adam was. The difference was that their lives had gone in opposite
directions.
When it came to business, Michael had a total lack of empathy. It was his
strong point. He made decisions based solely on what was expedient for the
Organization.
In the past, Michael had been completely dedicated to fulfilling his
ambitions. There had been no emotional room for a woman in his life.
Neither Rosa nor Michael's girl friends had ever been a part of his real
needs.
Jennifer was different. He needed her as he had needed no other woman. He
had never known anyone like her. She excited him physically, but so had
dozens of others. What made Jennifer special was her intelligence, her
independence. Rosa obeyed him; other women feared him; Jennifer challenged

him. She was his equal. He could talk to her, discuss things with her. She was more than intelligent. She was smart.
He knew that he was never going to let her go.

Occasionally Jennifer took business trips with Michael, but she tried to avoid traveling whenever she could because she wanted to spend as much time as possible with Joshua. He was six years old now and growing unbelievably fast. Jennifer had enrolled him in a private school nearby, and Joshua loved it.
He rode a two-wheel bicycle and had a fleet. of toy racing cars and carried on long and earnest conversations with Jennifer and Mrs. Mackey.
Because Jennifer wanted Joshua to grow up to be strong and independent, she tried to walk a carefully balanced line, letting Joshua know how much she loved him, making him aware that she was always there when he needed her and yet giving him a sense of his own independence.
She taught him to love good books and to enjoy music. She took him to the theater, avoiding opening nights because there would be too many people there who might know her and ask questions. On weekends she and Joshua would have a movie binge. On Saturday they would see a movie in the afternoon, have dinner at a restaurant and then see a second movie. On Sunday they would go sailing or bicycling together. Jennifer gave her son all the love that was stored in her, but she was careful to try not to spoil him. She planned her strategy with Joshua more carefully than she had planned any court case, determined not to fall into the traps of a

one-parent home.
Jennifer felt no sacrifice in spending so much time with Joshua; he was
great fun. They played word games and Impressions and Twenty Questions, and
Jennifer was delighted by the quickness of her son's mind. He was at the
head of his

class and an outstanding athlete, but he did not take himself seriously. He
had a marvelous sense of humor.
When it did not interfere with his schoolwork, Jennifer would take Joshua
on trips. During Joshua's winter vacation, Jennifer took time off to go
skiing with him in the Poconos. In the summer she took him to London on a
business trip with her, and they spent two weeks exploring the countryside.
Joshua adored England.
"Could I go to school here?" he asked.
Jennifer felt a pang. It would not be long before he left her to go away to
school, to seek his fortune, to get married and have his own home and
family. Was that not what she wanted for him? Of course it was. When Joshua
was ready, she would let him go with open arms, and yet she knew how
difficult it was going to be.
Joshua was looking at her, waiting for an answer. "Can I, Mom?" he asked.
"Maybe Oxford?"
Jennifer held him close. "Of course. They'll be lucky to get you."

On a Sunday morning when Mrs. Mackey was off, Jennifer had to go into
Manhattan to pick up a transcript of a deposition. Joshua was visiting some
friends. When Jennifer returned home, she started to prepare dinner for the

two of them. She opened the refrigerator-and stopped dead in her tracks.
There was a note inside, propped up between two bottles of milk. Adam had left her notes like that. Jennifer stared at it, mesmerized, afraid to touch it. Slowly, she reached for the note and unfolded it. It said,
Surprise! Is it okay if Alan has dinner with us?
It took half an hour for Jennifer's pulse to return to normal.

From time to time, Joshua asked Jennifer about his father.
"He was killed in Viet Nam, Joshua. He was a very brave man."

"Don't we have a picture of him anywhere?"
"No, rm sorry, darling. We-we weren't married very long before he died."
She hated the lie, but she had no choice.
Michael Moretti had only asked once about Joshua's father.
"I don't care what happened before you belonged to merm just curious."
Jennifer thought about the power that Michael would have over Senator Adam Warner if Michael ever learned the truth.
"He was killed in Viet Nam. His name's not important."
40

In Washington, D.C., a Senate investigating committee headed by Adam Warner was in its final day of an intensive inquiry into the new XK-1 bomber that the Air Force was trying to get the Senate to approve. For weeks, expert witnesses had paraded up to Capitol Hill, half of them testifying that the new bomber would be an expensive albatross that would destroy the defense budget and ruin the country, and the other half testifying that unless the

Air Force could get the bomber approved, America's defenses would be so
weakened that the Russians would invade the United States the following
Sunday.
Adam had volunteered to test-fly a prototype of the new bomber, and his
colleagues had eagerly seized on his offer. Adam was one of them, a member
of the club, and he would give them the truth.
Adam had taken the bomber up early on a Sunday morning with a skeleton crew
and had put the plane through a series of rigorous tests. The flight had
been an unqualified

success, and he had reported back to the Senate committee that the new XK-i
bomber was an important advance in aviation. He recommended that the
airplane go into production immediately. The Senate approved the funds. '
The press enthusiastically played up the story. They described Adam as one
of the new breed of investigative senators, a lawmaker who went out into
the field to study the facts for himself instead of taking the word of
lobbyists and others who were concerned with protecting their own
interests.
Newsweek and Time both did cover stories on Adam, and the Newsweek story
ended with:

The Senate has found an honest and capable new guardian to investigate
some of the vital problems that plague this country, and to bring to them
light instead of heat. There is a growing feeling among the kingmakers

that Adam Warner has the qualities that would grace the presidency.

Jennifer devoured the stories about Adam and she was filled with pride. And pain. She still loved Adam and she loved Michael Moretti, and she did not understand how it was possible, or what kind of woman she had become. Adam had created the loneliness in her life. Michael had erased it.

The smuggling of drugs from Mexico had increased enormously, and it was obvious that organized crime was behind it. Adam was asked to head an investigating committee. He coordinated the efforts of half a dozen United States law enforcement agencies, and flew to Mexico and obtained the co-operation of the Mexican government. Within three months, the drug traffic had slowed to a trickle.

In the farmhouse in New Jersey, Michael Moretti was saying, "We've got a problem."

They were seated in the large, comfortable study. In the room were Jennifer, Antonio Granelli and Thomas Colfax. Antonio Granelli had suffered a stroke and it had aged him twenty years overnight. He looked like a shrunken caricature of a man. The paralysis had affected the right side of his face so that when he spoke, saliva drooled from the corners of his mouth. He was old and almost senile, and he leaned more and more on Michael's judgment. He had even reluctantly come to accept Jennifer.
Not so Thomas Colfax. The conflict between Michael and

Colfax had grown
stronger. Colfax knew it was Michael's intention to
replace him with this
woman. Colfax admitted to himself that Jennifer Parker
was a clever lawyer,
but what could she possibly know of the traditions of
the borgata? Of what
had made the brotherhood work so smoothly all these
years? How could
Michael bring- in a stranger-worse, a woman!-and trust
her with their
life-and-death secrets? It was an untenable situation.-
Colfax had talked
to the caporegimi-the squad lieutenants-and the
soldati-the soldiers -one
by one, voicing his fears, trying to win them over to
his side, but they
were afraid to go against Michael. If he trusted this
woman, then they felt
they must trust her also.
Thomas Colfax decided he would have to bide his time.
But he would find a
way to get rid of her.
Jennifer was well aware of his feelings. She had
replaced him, and his
pride would never let him forgive her for that. His
loyalty to the
Syndicate would keep him in line and protect her, but if
his hatred for her
should become stronger than that loyalty . . .
Michael turned to Jennifer. "Have you ever heard of Adam
Warner?"
Jennifer's heart stopped for an instant. It was suddenly
hard for her to
breathe. Michael was watching her, waiting for an
answer.

"You-you mean the senator?" Jennifer managed to say.
"Uh-huh. We're going
to have to cool the son of a bitch."
Jennifer could feel the blood drain from her face. "Why,
Michael?"
"He's hurting our operation. Because of him, the Mexican

government is
closing down factories belonging to friends of ours. Everything's starting
to come apart. I want the bastard out of our hair. He's got to go."
Jennifer's mind was racing. "If you touch Senator Warner," she said,
choosing,her words carefully, "you'll destroy yourself."
"rm not going to let --2'
"Listen to me, Michael. Get rid of him, and they'll send ten men to take
his place. A hundred. Every newspaper in the country will be after you. The
investigation that's going on now will be nothing compared to what will
happen if Senator Warner is harmed."
Michael said angrily, "I'm telling you we're hurting!"
Jennifer changed her tone. "Michael, use your head. You've seen these
investigations before. How long do they last? Five minutes after the
senator is finished, he'll be investigating something else and all this
will be over. The factories that are closed down will open up again and
you71 be back in business. That way there won't be any repercussions. You
try to do it your way and you'll never hear the end of it."
"I disagree," Thomas Colfax said. "In my opinion-"
Michael Moretti growled, "No one asked for your opinion."
Thomas Colfax jerked as though he had been slapped. Michael paid no
attention. Colfax turned to Antonio Granelli for support. The old man was
asleep.
Michael said to Jennifer, "Okay, counselor, we'll leave Warner alone for
now."
Jennifer realized she had been holding her breath. She exhaled slowly. "Is
there anything else?"

"Yeah." Michael picked up a heavy gold lighter and lit a cigarette. "A
friend of ours, Marco Lorenzo, has been convicted of extortion and
robbery."
Jennifer had read about the case. According to the newspapers, Lorenzo was
a congenital criminal with a long string of arrests for crimes of violence.
"Do you want me to file an appeal?"
"No, I want you to see that he goes to jail."
Jennifer looked at him in surprise.
Michael put the cigarette lighter back on his desk. "I got word that Di
Silva wants to ship him back to Sicily. Marco's got enemies there. If they
send him back he won't live twentyfour hours. The safest place for him is
Sing Sing. When the heat's off in a year or two we'll get him out. Can you
swing it?"
Jennifer hesitated. "If we were in another jurisdiction I could probably do
it. But Di Silva won't plea-bargain with me."
Thomas Colfax said quickly, "Perhaps we should let someone else take care
of this."
"If I had wanted someone else to take care of it," Michael snapped, "I
would have said so." He turned back to Jennifer. "I want you to handle it."

Michael Moretti and Nick Vito watched from the window as Thomas Colfax
climbed into his sedan and drove off.
Michael said, "Nick, I want you to get rid of him."
"Col fax?"
"I can't trust him anymore. He's living in the past with the old man."
"Whatever you say, Mike. When do you want me to do itT"
"Soon. rll let you know."

Jennifer was seated in Judge Lawrence Waldmans chambers.

It was the first
time she had seen him in more than a

year. The friendly telephone calls and dinner invitations had stopped. Well,
that could not be helped, Jennifer thought. She liked Lawrence Waldman and
she regretted losing his friendship, but she had made her choice.
They were waiting for Robert Di Silva and they sat there in an
uncomfortable silence, neither bothering to make small talk. When the
District Attorney walked in and took a seat, the meeting began.
Judge Waldman said to Jennifer, "Bobby says that you want to discuss a plea
bargain before I pass sentence on Lorenzo."
"That's right." Jennifer turned to District Attorney Di Silva. "I think it
would be a mistake to send Marco Lorenzo to Sing Sing. He doesn't belong
here. He's an illegal alien. I feel he should be shipped back to Sicily
where he came from."
Di Silva looked at her in surprise. He had been going to recommend
deportation, but if that was what Jennifer Parker wanted, then he would
have to reevaluate his decision.
"Why do you recommend that?" Di Silva asked.
"For several reasons. First of all, it will keep him from committing any
more crimes here, and-"
"So will being in a cell in Sing Sing."
"Lorenzo is an old man. He can't stand being confined. He'll go crazy if
you put him in jail. All his friends are in Sicily. He can live there in
the sun and die in peace with his family."
Di Silva's mouth tightened with anger. "We're talking about a hoodlum who's
spent his life robbing and raping and killing, and

you're worried about
whether he's with his friends in the sun?" He turned to Judge Waldman.
"She's unreal!"
"Marco Lorenzo has a right to-"
Di Silva pounded his fist on the desk. "He has no rights at all! He's been
convicted of extortion and armed robbery."
"In Sicily, when a man-"
"He's not in Sicily, goddamn it!" Di Silva yelled. "He's

here! He committed the crimes here and he's going to pay for them here." He
stood up. "Your Honor, we're wasting your time. The state refuses any plea
bargaining in this case. We're asking that Marco Lorenzo be sentenced to
Sing Sing."
Judge Waldman turned to Jennifer. "Do you have anything more to say?"
She looked at Robert Di Silva angrily. "No, Your Honor."
Judge Waldman said, "Sentencing will be tomorrow morning. You are both
excused."
Di Silva and Jennifer rose and left the office.
In the corridor outside, the District Attorney turned to Jennifer and
smiled. "You've lost your touch, counselor."
Jennifer shrugged. "You can't win them all."
Five minutes later, Jennifer was in a telephone booth talking to Michael
Moretti.
"You can stop worrying. Marco Lorenzo will be going to Sing Sing."

41

Time was a swiftly flowing river that had no shores, no boundaries. Its
seasons were not winter, spring, fall or summer, but birthdays and joys and
troubles and pain. They were court battles won, and cases lost; the reality
of Michael, the memories of Adam. But mainly, it was

Joshua who was time's
calendar, a reminder of how quickly the years were passing.
He was, incredibly, seven years old. Overnight, it seemed, he had gone from
crayons and picture books to airplane models and sports. Joshua had grown
tall and he resembled his father more every day, and not merely in his
physical appearance. He was sensitive and polite, and he had a strong sense
of fair play. When Jennifer punished him for something he had done, Joshua
said stubbornly, "I'm only four feet tall, but I've got my rights."
He was a miniature Adam. Joshua was athletic, as Adam was. His heroes were
the Bebble brothers and Carl Stotz.
"I never heard of them," Jennifer said.

"Where have you been, Mom? They invented Little League."
"Oh. That Bebble brothers and Carl Stotz."
On weekends, Joshua watched every sports event on television-football,
baseball, basketball-it did not matter. In the beginning, Jennifer had let
Joshua watch the games alone, but when he tried to discuss the plays with
her afterward and Jennifer was completely at sea, she decided she had
better watch with him. And so the two of them would sit in front of the
television set, munching popcorn and cheering the players.

One day Joshua came in from playing ball, a worried expression on his fact,
and said, "Mom, can we have a manto-man talk?"
"Certainly, Joshua."
They sat down at the kitchen table and Jennifer made him a peanut butter

sandwich and poured a glass of milk.
"What's the problem?"
His voice was sober and filled with concern. "Well, I heard the guys talkin' and I was just wonderin'-do you think there'll still be sex when I grow up?"

Jennifer had bought a small Newport sailboat, and on weekends she and Joshua would go out on the sound for a sail. Jennifer liked to watch his face when he was at the helm. He wore an excited little smile, which she called his "Eric the Red" smile. Joshua was a natural sailor, like his father. The thought brought Jennifer up sharply. She wondered whether she was trying to live her life with Adam vicariously through Joshua. All the things she was doing with her son-the sailing, the sporting events-were things she had done with his father. Jennifer told herself she was doing them because Joshua liked doing them, but she was not sure she was being completely honest. She watched Joshua sheet in the jib, his cheeks tanned from the wind and the sun, his

face beaming, and Jennifer realized that the reasons did not matter. The important thing was that her son loved his life with her. He was not a surrogate for his father. He was his own person and Jennifer loved him more than anyone on earth.

42

Antonio Granelli died and Michael took over full control of his empire. The funeral was lavish, as befitted a man of the Godfather's stature. The heads

and members of Families from all over the country came
to pay their
respects to their departed friend, and to assure the new
capo of their
loyalty and support. The FBI was there, taking
photographs, as well as half
a dozen other government agencies.
Rosa was heartbroken, because she had loved her father
very much, but she
took consolation and pride in the fact that her husband
was taking her
father's place as head of the Family.

Jennifer was proving more valuable to Michael every day.
When there was a
problem, it was Jennifer whom Michael consulted. Thomas
Colfax was becoming
an increasingly bothersome appendage.
"Don't worry about him," Michael told Jennifer. "He's
going to retire
soon."

s s

The soft chimes of the telephone awakened Jennifer. She
lay in bed,
listening a moment, then sat up and looked at the
digital clock on the
nightstand. It was three o'clock in the morning.
She lifted the receiver. "Hello."
It was Michael. "Can you get dressed right away?"
Jennifer sat up straighter and tried to blink the sleep
from her eyes.
"What's happened?"
"Eddie Santini was just picked up on an armed robbery
charge. He's a
two-time loser. If they convict him, they'll throw the
key away."
"Were there any witnesses?"
"Three, and they all got a good look at him."
"Where is he now?"
"The Seventeenth Precinct."

"I'm on my way, Michael."
Jennifer put on a robe and went down to the kitchen and made herself a steaming pot of coffee. She sat drinking it in the breakfast room, staring out at the night, thinking. Three witnesses. And they all got a good look at him.
She picked up the telephone and dialed. "Give me the City Desk."
Jennifer spoke rapidly. "I got some information for you. A guy named Eddie Santini's just been picked up on an armed robbery charge. His attorney's Jennifer Parker. She's gonna try to spring him."
She hung up and repeated the call to two other newspapers and a television station. When Jennifer was through telephoning, she looked at her watch and had another leisurely cup of coffee. She wanted to make certain the photographers had time to get to the precinct on 51 st Street. She went upstairs and got dressed.
Before Jennifer left, she went into Joshua's bedroom. His night-light was on. He was sound asleep, the blankets twisted

around his restless body. Jennifer gently straightened the blankets, kissed him on the forehead and started to tiptoe out of the room.
"Where you goin'?"
She turned and said, "I'm going to work. Go back to sleep."
"What time is it?"
"It's four o'clock in the morning."
Joshua giggled. "You sure work funny hours for a lady."
She came back to his bedside. "And you sure sleep funny hours for a man."
"Are we going to watch the Mets game tonight?"
"You bet we are. Back to Dreamland."
"Okay, Mom. Have a good case:'

"Thanks, pal."
A few minutes later, Jennifer was in her car, on her way into Manhattan.

When Jennifer arrived, a lone photographer from the Daily News was waiting.
He stared at Jennifer and said, "It's true! You really handling the Santini case?"
"How did you know that?" Jennifer demanded.
"A little birdie, counselor."
"You're wasting your time. No pictures:"
She went inside and arranged for Eddie Santini's bail, stalling the proceedings until she was sure the television cameraman and a reporter and photographer had arrived from The New York Times. She decided she- could not wait for the Post.
The police captain on duty said, "There're some reporters and television people out front, Miss Parker. You can go out the back way if you want."
"It's all right," Jennifer said. "I'll handle them."
She led Eddie Santini to the front corridor where the

photographers and reporters were waiting.
- She said, "Look, gentlemen, no pictures, please."
And Jennifer stepped aside while the photographer and television cameraman took pictures.
A reporter asked, "What makes. this case big enough for you to handle?"
"You'll find out tomorrow. Meanwhile, I would advise you not to use those pictures."
One of the reporters called out, "Come on, Jennifer! Haven't you heard of freedom of the press?"

At noon Jennifer got a call from Michael Moretti. His

voice was angry.
"Have you seen the newspapers?"
"No."

"Well, Eddie Santini's picture is all over the front
pages and on the
television news. I didn't tell you to turn this
goddamned thing into a
circus!"
"I know you didn't. It was my own idea."
"Jesus! What's the point?"
""The point, Michael, is those three witnesses."
"What about them?"
"You said they got a good look at Eddie Santini. Well,
when they get up in
court to identify him, they're going to have to prove
they didn't identify
him because they saw his picture all over the newspapers
and television."
There was a long silence, and then Michael's voice said
admiringly, "I'm a
son of a bitch!"
Jennifer had to laugh.

Ken Bailey was waiting is her office that afternoon when
Jennifer walked
in, and she knew instantly from the look on his face
that something was
wrong.
"Why didn't you tell me?" Ken demanded.
"Tell you what?"

"About you and Mike Moretti."
Jennifer checked the retort that rose to her lips.
Saying It's none of your
business was too easy. Ken was her friend; he cared. In
a way, it was his
business. Jennifer remembered it all, the tiny office
they had shared, how
he had helped her. I've got a lawyer friend who's been
bugging me to serve
some subpoenas for him. I haven't got time. He pays
twelve-fifty for each

subpoena plus mileage. Would you help me out?
"Ken, let's not discuss this."
His tone was filled with cold fury. "Why not? Everybody else is discussing
it. The word is that you're Moretti's girl." His face was pale. "Jesus!"

"My personal life-"
"He lives in a sewer and you brought that sewer into the office! You've got
us all working for Moretti and his hoodlums."
"Stop it!"
"I am. That's what I came to tell you. rm leaving."
His words were a shock. "You can't leave. You're wrong about what you think
of Michael. If you'll just meet him, you'll see-"
The moment the words were out, Jennifer knew she had made a mistake.
He looked at her sadly and said, "He's really wrapped you up, hasn't he? I
remember you when you knew who you were. That's the girl I want to
remember. Say good-bye to Joshua for me."
And Ken Bailey was gone.
Jennifer felt the tears begin to come, and her throat constricted so
tightly that she could hardly breathe. She put her head down on the desk
and closed her eyes, trying to shut out the hurt.

When she opened her eyes, night had fallen. The office

was in darkness except for the eerie red glow cast by the city lights. She
walked over to the window and stared out at the city below. It looked like
a jungle at night, with only a dying campfire to keep away the encroaching
terrors.
It was Michael's jungle. There was no way out of it.

43

The Cow Palace in San Francisco was a madhouse, filled

with noisy, chanting
delegates from all over the country. There were three candidates vying for
the presidential nomination, and each had done well in the primaries. But
the star, the one who outshone them all, was Adam Warner. The nomination
was his on the fifth ballot, and it was made unanimous. His party finally
had a candidate they could put forward with pride. The incumbent President,
the leader of the opposition party, had a low credibility rating and was
considered by the majority of people to be inept.
"Unless you take your cock out and pee in front of a camera on the six
o'clock news," Stewart Needham told Adam, "you're going to be the next
President of the United States."

After his nomination, Adam flew to New York for a meeting at the Regency
Hotel with Needham and several influential members of the party. Present in
the room was Blair

Roman, head of the second largest advertising agency in the country.
Stewart Needham said, "Blair will be in charge of running the publicity end
of your campaign, Adam."
"Can't tell you how glad I am to be aboard:" Blair Roman grinned. "You're
going to be my third President."
"Really?" Adam was not impressed with the man.
"Let me fill you in on some of the game plan." Blair Roman started pacing
the room, swinging an imaginary golf club as he walked. "We're going to
saturate the country with television commercials, build an image of you as

the man who can solve America's problems. Big Daddy-only a young,
good-looking Big Daddy. You get it, Mr. President?"
"Mr. Roman . . ."
"Yes?"
"Would you mind not calling me `Mr. President'?"
Blair Roman laughed. "Sorry. Slip of the tongue, A.W. In my mind you're
already in the White House. Believe me, I know you're the man for the job
or I wouldn't be undertaking this campaign. I'm too rich to have to work
for money."
Beware of people who say they're too rich to have to work for money, Adam
thought.
"We know you're the man for the job-now we have to let the people know it.
If you'll just take a look at these charts I've prepared, I've broken down
different sections of the country into various ethnic groups. We're going
to send you to key places where you can press the flesh."
He leaned forward into Adam's face and said earnestly, "Your wife is going
to be a big asset. Women's magazines will go crazy for stuff on your family
life. We're going to merchandise you, A.W."
Adam found himself beginning to get irritated. "Just how do you plan to do
that?"
"It's simple. You're a product, A.W. We're going to sell you just like we'd
sell any other product. We-"

Adam turned to Stewart Needham. "Stewart, could I see you alone?"
"Certainly." Needham turned to the others and said, "Let's break for dinner
and meet back here at nine o'clock. We'll continue the discussion then."
When the two men were alone, Adam said, "Jesus, Stewart!

He's planning to
turn this thing into a circus! `You're a product, A.W. We're going to sell
you just like we'd sell any other product.' He's disgusting!"
"I know how you feel, Adam," Stewart Needham said soothingly, "but Blair
gets results. When he said you're his third President, he wasn't kidding.
Every President since Eisenhower has had an advertising agency
masterminding his campaign. Whether you like it or not, a campaign needs
salesmanship. Blair Roman knows the psychology of the public. As
distasteful as it may be, the reality is that if you want to be elected to
any public office, you have to be sold-you have to be merchandised."
"I hate it."
"That's part of the price you're going to have to pay." He walked over to
Adam and put an arm across his shoulder. "All you have to do is keep the
objective in mind. You want the White House? All right. We're going to do
everything we can to get you there. But you have to do your part. If being
the ringmaster in a three-ring circus is part of it, bear with it."
"Do we really need Blair Roman?"
"We need a Blair Roman. Blair's as good as there is. Let me handle him.
I'll keep him away from you as much as possible."
"I'd appreciate that."

The campaign began. It started with a few television spots and personal
appearances and gradually grew bigger and bigger until it spanned the
nation. Wherever one went, there was Senator Adam Warner in living color.
In every part of the

country he could be watched on television, heard on radio, seen on
billboards. Law and order was one of the key issues of the campaign, and
Adam's crime investigation committee was heavily stressed.
Adam taped one-minute television spots, three-minute television spots and
five-minute spots, geared for different sections of the country. The
television spots that went to West Virginia dealt with unemployment and the
vast supply of underground coal that could make the area prosperous; the
television segments for Detroit talked about urban blight; in New York
City, the subject was the rising crime rate.
Blair Roman confided to Adam, "All you have to do is hit the highlights,
A.W. You don't have to discuss key issues in depth. We're selling the
product, and that's you."
Adam said, "Mr. Roman, I don't care what your goddamned statistics say. I'm
not a breakfast food and I don't intend to be sold like one. I will talk,
about issues in depth because I think the American people are intelligent
enough to want to know about them."
"I only='
"I want you to try to set up a debate between me and the President, to
discuss the basic issues."
Blair Roman said, "Right. I'll take a meeting with the President's boys
right away, A.W."
"One more thing," Adam said.
"Yes? What's that?"
"Stop calling me A.W."
44

In the mail was a notice from the American Bar Association announcing its

annual convention in Acapulco. Jennifer was in the midst of handling half
a dozen cases, and ordinarily she would have ignored the invitation, but
the convention was going to take place during Joshua's school vacation and
Jennifer thought about how much Joshua would enjoy Acapulco.
She said to Cynthia, "Accept. I'll want three reservations." She would take
Mrs. Mackey along.
At dinner that evening, Jennifer broke the news to Joshua. "How would you
like to go to Acapulco?"
"That's in Mexico," he announced. "On the west coast."
"That's right."
"Can we go to a topless beach?"
"Joshua!"
"Well, they have them there. Being naked is only natural"
"rll think about it."
"And can we go deep-sea fishing?"

Jennifer visualized Joshua trying to pull in a large marlin and she
contained her smile. "We'll see. Some of those fish get pretty big."
"That's what makes it exciting," Joshua explained seriously. "If it's easy,
it's no fun. There's no sport to it."
It could have been Adam talking.
"I agree."
"What else can we do there?"
"Well, there's horseback riding, hiking, sightseeing-"
"Let's not go to a bunch of old churches, okay? They all look alike."
Adam saying, If you've seen one church, you've seen them all.

The convention began on a Monday. Jennifer, Joshua and Mrs. Mackey flew to
Acapulco on Friday morning on a Braniff jet. Joshua had

flown many times
before, but he was still excited by the idea of airplanes. Mrs. Mackey was
petrified with fear.
Joshua consoled her. "Look at it this way. Even if we crash, it'll only
hurt for a second."
Mrs. Mackey turned pale.

The plane landed at Benito Juarez Airport at four o'clock in the afternoon,
and an hour later the three of them arrived at Las Brisas. The hotel was
eight miles outside of Acapulco, and consisted of a series of beautiful
pink bungalows built on a hill, each with its private patio. Jennifer's
bungalow, like several of the others, had its own swimming pool. Reserva-
tions had been difficult to get, for there were half a dozen other
conventions and Acapulco was overcrowded, but Jennifer had made a telephone
call to one of her corporate clients, and an hour later she had been
informed that Las Brisas was eagerly expecting her.

When they had unpacked, Joshua said, "Can we go into town and hear them
talk? I've never been to a country where nobody speaks English." He thought
a moment and added, "Unless you count England."
They went into the city and wandered along the Zocalo, the frenetic center
of downtown, but to Joshua's disappointment the only language to be heard
was English. Acapulco was crowded with American tourists.
They strolled along the colorful market on the main pier opposite Sanborn's
in the old part of town, where there were hundreds of

stalls selling a
bewildering variety of merchandise.
In the late afternoon, they took a calandria, a horse-drawn carriage, to
Pie de la Cuesta, the sunset beach, and then returned to town.

They had dinner at Armando's Le Club, and it was excellent.
"I love Mexican food," Joshua declared.
"I'm glad," Jennifer said. "Only this is French."
"Well, it has a Mexican flavor."

Saturday was a full day. They went shopping in the morning at the Quebrada,
where the nicer stores were, and then stopped for a Mexican lunch at Coyuca
22. Joshua said "I suppose you're going to tell me this is French, too."
"No, this is the real thing, gringo."
"What's a gringo?".
"You are, amigo."
They walked by the fronton building near the Plaza Caleta, and Joshua saw
the billboards advertising jai alai inside.
He stood there, wide-eyed, and Jennifer asked, "Would you like to see the
jai. alai games?"
Joshua nodded. "If it's not too expensive. If we run out of money we won't
be able to get home."
"I think we can manage."

They went inside and watched the furious play of the teams. Jennifer placed
a bet for Joshua and his team won.
When Jennifer suggested returning to the hotel, Joshua said, "Gosh, Mom,
can't we see the divers first?"
The hotel manager had mentioned them that morning.
"Are you sure you wouldn't like to rest, Joshua?"
"Oh, if you're too tired, sure. I keep forgettin' about your age."

That did it. "Never mind my age." Jennifer turned to Mrs. Mackey. "Are you up to it?"
"Certainly," Mrs. Mackey groaned.

The diving act was at La Quebrada cliffs. Jennifer, Joshua and Mrs. Mackey stood on a public viewing platform while divers carrying lighted torches plunged one hundred and fifty feet into a narrow, rock-lined cove, timing their descent to coincide with the arrival of incdming breakers. The slightest miscalculation would have meant instant death.
When the exhibition was over, a boy came around to collect a donation for the divers.
"Uno peso, por favor."
Jennifer gave him five pesos.
She dreamed about the divers that night.

Las Brisas had its own beach, La Concha, and early Sunday morning Jennifer, Joshua and Mrs. Mackey drove down in one of the pink canopied jeeps that the hotel supplied to its guests. The weather was perfect. The harbor was a sparkling blue canvas dotted with speedboats and sailboats.
Joshua stood at the edge of the terrace, watching the water skiers race by.
"Did you know water skiing was invented in Acapulco, Mom?"
"No. Where did you hear that?"
"I either read it in a book or I made it up."

"I vote for 'made it up.'"
"Does that mean I can't go water skiing?"
"Those speedboats are pretty fast. Aren't yon afraid?"
Joshua looked out at the skiers skimming over the water. "That man said, `I'm going to send you home to Jesus.' And then he put a nail in my hand:'

It was the first reference he had made to the terrible ordeal 6e had gone
through.
Jennifer knelt and put her arms around her son. "What made you think of
that, Joshua?"
He shrugged. "I don't know. I guess because Jesus walked on water and
everyone out there is walking on water." He saw the stricken look on his
mother's face. "I'm sorry, Mom. I don't think about it much, honest."
She hugged him tightly and said, "It's all right, darling. Of course you
can go water skiing. Let's have lunch first."

The outdoor restaurant at La Concha had wrought-iron tables set with pink
linen, shaded by pink-and-white-striped umbrellas. Lunch was a buffet and
the long serving table was crowded with an incredible assortment of dishes.
There were fresh lobster and crab and salmon, selections of cold and hot
meats, salads, a variety of raw and cooked vegetables, cheeses and fruits.
There was a separate table for an array of freshly baked desserts. The two
women watched Joshua fill and empty his plate three times before he sat
back, satisfied.
"It's a very good restaurant," he pronounced. "I don't care what kind of
food it is." He stood up. "I'll go check on the water skiing."
Mrs. Mackey had barely picked at her food.
"Are you feeling all right?" Jennifer asked. "You haven't eaten anything
since we arrived."
Mrs. Mackey leaned forward and whispered darkly, "7 don't want Montezuma's
Revenge!"

"I don't think you have to worry about that in a place like this."
"I don't hold with foreign food," Mrs. Mackey sniffed.
Joshua ran back to the table and said, "I got a boat. 1s it okay if I go
now, Mom?"
"Don't you want to wait a while?"
"What for?"
"Joshua, you'll sink with all you've eaten."
"Test me!" he begged.
While Mrs. Mackey watched on shore, Jennifer and Joshua got into the
speedboat and Joshua had his first water-skiing lesson. He spent the first
five minutes falling down, and after that, performed as though born to
water skiing. Before the afternoon was over, Joshua was doing tricks on one
ski, and finally skiing on his heels with no skis.
They spent the rest of the afternoon lazing on the sand and swimming.
On the way back to Las Brisas in the jeep, Joshua snuggled up against
Jennifer and said, "You know something, Mom? I think this was probably the
best day of my whole life."
Michael's words flashed through her mind: 1 just want you to know this has
been the greatest night of my life.

Early Monday morning Jennifer arose and got dressed to attend the
convention. She put on a full-flowing dark green skirt and an
off-the-shoulder blouse embroidered in giant red roses, that revealed her
patina of suntan. She studied herself in the mirror and was pleased.
Despite the fact that her son thought she was over the hill, Jennifer was
aware that she looked like Joshua's beautiful thirty-four-year-old sister.
She laughed to herself and thought that this vacation was one of her better

ideas.
Jennifer said to Mrs. Mackey, "I have to go to work now. Take good care of
Joshua. Don't let him get too much sun."

* *

The huge convention center was a cluster of five buildings joined by roofed
circulation terrace , sprawled over thirty-five acres of lush greenery. The
carefully tended lawns were studded with pre-Columbian statues.
The Bay Association Convention was being held in Teotihuacan, the main
hall, holding an audience of seventyfive hundred people.
Jennifer went to the registration desk, signed in and entered the large
hall. It was packed. In the crowd she spotted dozens of friends and
acquaintances. Nearly all of them had changed from conservative business
suits and dresses to brightly colored sport shirts and pants. It was as
though everyone was on vacation. There is a good reason, Jennifer thought,
for holding the convention in a place like Acapulco instead of in Chicago
or Detroit. They could take off their stiff collars and somber ties and let
themselves go under a tropical sun.
Jennifer had been given a program at the door but, deep in conversation
with some friends, had paid no attention to it.
A deep voice boomed over the loudspeaker, "Attention, please! Would you all
please take your seats? Attention, please! We would like to get the meeting
started. Would you sit down, please!"
Reluctantly the small groups began to break up as people started to find
seats. Jennifer looked up to see that half a dozen men had mounted the

dais.
In the center was Adam Warner.
Jennifer stood there, frozen, as Adam walked to the chair next to the microphone and took a seat. She felt her heart begin to pound. The last time she had seen Adam had been when they had had lunch at the little Italian restaurant, the day he had told her that Mary Beth was pregnant.
Jennifer's immediate impulse was to flee. She had had no

idea Adam would be there and she could not bear the thought of facing him.
Adam and his son being in the same city filled her with panic. Jennifer knew she had to get out of there quickly.
She turned to leave as the chairman announced over the loudspeaker, "If the rest of you ladies and gentlemen will take your seats, we will begin."
As people around her began sitting down, Jennifer found herself conspicuous by standing. Jennifer slid into a seat, determined to slip away at the first opportunity.
The chairman said, "We are honored this morning to have as our guest speaker a nominee for the presidency of the United States. He is a member of the New York Bar Association and one of the most distinguished members of the United States Senate. It is with great pride that I introduce Senator Adam Warner."
Jennifer watched as Adam rose, accepting the warm applause. He stepped to the microphone and looked out across the room. "Thank you, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen
Adam's voice was rich and resonant, and he had an air of authority that was

mesmerizing. The silence in the room was total.
"There are many reasons why we are gathered here today."
He paused. "Some
of us like to swim and some of us like to snorkel . . .
." There was a
swell of appreciative laughter. "But the main reason we
are here is to
exchange ideas and knowledge and discuss new concepts.
Today, lawyers are
under greater attack than at any time in my memory. Even
the Chief Justice
of the Supreme Court has been sharply critical of our
profession."
Jennifer loved the way he used our, making him one with
the rest of them.
She let his words wash over her, content just to look at
him, to watch the
way he moved, to hear his voice. At one point he stopped
to run his fingers
through his hair,

and it gave Jennifer a sharp pang. It was a gesture of
Joshua's. Adam's son
was only a few miles away and Adam would never know.
Adam's voice grew stronger, more forceful. "Some of you
in this room are
criminal lawyers. I must admit I have always considered
that to be the most
exciting branch of our profession. Criminal lawyers
often deal in life and
death. It is a very honorable profession and one of
which we can all be
proud. However"-his voice grew hard-"there are some of
them"-and now
Jennifer noticed that Adam was disassociating himself by
his choice of the
pronoun-"who are a disgrace to the oath they have taken.
The American
system of jurisprudence is based on the inalienable
right of every citizen
to have a fair trial. But when the law is made a mockery
of, when lawyers
spend their time and energy, imagination and skill,

finding ways to defy
that law, finding ways to subvert justice, then I think it is time
something must be done." Every eye in the room was fastened on Adam as he
stood there, eyes blazing. "I am speaking, ladies and gentlemen, out of
personal experience and a deep anger for some of the things I see hap-
pening. I am currently heading a Senate committee conducting an
investigation of organized crime in the United States. My committee has
found itself thwarted and frustrated time after time by men who hold
themselves to be more powerful than the highest enforcement agencies of our
nation. I have seen judges suborned, the families of witnesses threatened,
key witnesses disappear. Organized crime in our country is like a deadly
python that is squeezing our economy, swallowing up our courts, threatening
our very lives. The great majority of lawyers are honorable men and women
doing honorable jobs, but I want to give warning to that small minority who
think their law is above our law: You're making a grave mistake and you're
going to pay for that mistake. Thank you."
Adam sat down to a tumultuous burst of applause that be-

came a standing ovation. Jennifer found herself on her feet applauding with
the others, but her thoughts were on Adam's last words. It was as though he
had been speaking directly to her. Jennifer turned and headed toward the
exit, pushing her way through the crowd.
As Jennifer approached the door she was hailed by a Mexican lawyer with
whom she had worked a year earlier.
He kissed her hand gallantly and said, "What an honor to

have you in our
country again, Jennifer. I insist you have dinner with me this evening."
Jennifer and Joshua had planned to go to The Maria Elena that night to
watch the native dancers. "I'm sorry, Luis. I have an engagement."
His large, liquid eyes showed his disappointment. "Tomorrow then?"
Before Jennifer could answer, an assistant district attorney from New York
was at her side.
"Hello, there," he said. "What are you doing slumming with the common .
folk? How about having dinner with me tonight? There's a Mexican disco
called Nepentha, where they have a glass floor lit from underneath and a
mirror overhead."
"It sounds fascinating, thanks, but I'm busy tonight."
A few moments later Jennifer found herself surrounded by lawyers she had
worked for and against all over the country. She was a celebrity and they
all wanted to talk to her. It was half an hour before Jennifer could break
free. She hurried toward the lobby, and as she moved to the exit, Adam was
walking toward her, surrounded by the press and secret service men.
Jennifer tried to retreat, but it was too late. Adam had seen her.
"Jennifer!"
For an instant she thought of pretending she had not heard him, but she
could not embarrass him in front of the others. She would say hello quickly
and be on her way.

She watched as Adam moved toward her, saying to the press, "I have no more
statements to make now, ladies and gentlemen."
A moment later Adam was touching her hand, looking into

her eyes, and it
was as though they had never been apart. They stood there in the lobby,
surrounded by people, and yet they might have been completely alone.
Jennifer had no idea how long they stood there looking at each other.
Finally, Adam said, "I-I think we'd better have a drink."
"It would be wiser if we didn't." She had to get out of this place.
Adam shook his head. "Overruled."
He took her arm and led her into the crowded bar. They found a table at the
rear of the room.
"I've called you and rve written to you," Adam said. "You never called me
back and my letters were returned."
He was watching her, his eyes filled with questions. "There isn't a day
that's gone by that I haven't thought about you. Why did you disappear?"
"It's part of my magic act," Jennifer said lightly.
A waiter came to take their order. Adam turned to Jennifer. "What would you
like?"
"Nothing. I really have to leave, Adam."
"You can't go now. This is a celebration. The anniversary of the
revolution."
"Theirs or ours?"
"What's the difference?" He turned to the waiter. "Two margaritas."
"No. I-" All right, she thought, one drink. "Make mine a double," Jennifer
said recklessly.
The waiter nodded and left.
"I read about you all the time," Jennifer said. "rm very proud of
you,-Adam."
"Thank you." Adam hesitated. "I've been reading about you, too."

She responded to the tone in his voice. "But you're not proud of me."
"You seem to have a lot of Syndicate clients."
Jennifer found her defenses going up. "I thought your lecture was over."
"This isn't a lecture, Jennifer. rm concerned about you. My committee is
after Mike Moretti, and we're going to get him."
Jennifer looked around the bar filled with lawyers. "For God's sake, Adam,
we shouldn't be having this discussion, especially in here."
"Where, then?"
"Nowhere. Michael Moretti is my client. I can't discuss him with you:"
"I want to talk to you. Where?"
She shook her head. "I told you I-"
"I have to talk about us."
"There is no us." Jennifer started to rise.
Adam put his hand on her arm. "Please, don't go. I can't let you go. Not
yet."
Reluctantly, Jennifer sat down.
Adam's eyes were fastened on her face. "Do you ever think of me?"
Jennifer looked up at him and did not know whether to laugh or cry. Did she
ever think of him! He lived in her house. She kissed him good morning every
day, made his breakfast, went sailing with him, loved him. "Yes," Jennifer
said finally, "I think of you."
"I'm glad. Are you happy?"
"Of course:" She knew she had said it too quickly. She made her voice more
casual. "I have a successful practice, I'm well off financially, I travel
a great deal, I see a lot of attractive men. How is your wife?"
"She's fine." His voice was low.
"And your daughter?"

He nodded, and there was pride in his face. "Samantha's

wonderful. She's
just growing up too fast."
She would be Joshua's age.
"You've never married?"
"No."
There was a long moment, and then Jennifer tried to continue, but she had
hesitated too long. It was too late. Adam had looked into her eyes and he
had known instantly.
He clasped her hand in his. "Oh, Jennifer. Oh, my darling!¯
Jennifer could feel the blood rushing to her face. She had known all along
that this would be a terrible mistake.
"I have to go, Adam. I have an appointment."
"Break it," he urged.
"I'm sorry. I can't." All she wanted to do was get out of there, to get her
son away from there, to flee back home.
Adam was saying, "I'm supposed to fly back to Washington on an afternoon
plane. I can arrange to stay over if you'll see me tonight."
"No. No!"
"Jennifer, I can't let you go again. Not like this. We have to talk. Just
have dinner with me."
He was pressing her hand tighter. She looked at him and fought with all her
strength and found herself weakening.
"Please, Adam," she begged. "We shouldn't be seen together. If you're after
Michael Moretti='
"This has nothing to do with Moretti. A friend of mine has offered me the
use of his boat It's called the Paloma Blanca. It's docked at the Yacht
Club. Eight o'clock."
"I won't be there."
"I will. I'll be waiting for you."

Across the room, at the crowded bar, Nick Vito was sitting with two Mexican

puttanas a friend had delivered to him. Both were pretty and coarse and underage, the way Nick

Vito liked them. His friend had promised they would be special, and he had been right. They were rubbing up against him, whispering exciting promises in his ear, but Nick Vito was not listening. He was staring across the room at the booth where Jennifer Parker and Adam Warner were seated.

"Why don't we go up to your room now, querido?" one of the girls suggested to Nick.

Nick Vito was tempted to walk over to Jennifer and the stranger she was with and say hello, but both girls had their hands between his legs and were stroking him. He was going to make one hell of a sandwich.

"Yeah, let's go upstairs," Nick Vito said.

45

The Paloma Blanca was a motor sailer and it shone proud and white and gleaming in the moonlight. Jennifer approached it slowly, looking around to make sure that no one had observed her. Adam had told her he would elude the secret service men and apparently he had succeeded. After Jennifer had seated Joshua and Mrs. Mackey at Maria Elena, she had taken a taxi and had had the driver drop her off two blocks before the pier.

Jennifer had picked up the phone half a dozen times to call Adam to say she would not meet him. She had started to write a note, then had torn it up.

From the moment she had left Adam at the bar, Jennifer had been in an agony of indecision. She thought of all the reasons why she should not see Adam.

Nothing good could possibly come of it, and it could lead to a tremendous amount of harm. Adam's career could be at stake. He was riding on a crest of public popularity, an idealist in a time of cynicism, the country's hope for the future. He was the darling of the media, but the same press that had helped to create him would be out there waiting to push him into the abyss if he betrayed their image of him.

And so Jennifer had made up her mind not to see him. She was another woman, living a different life, and she belonged to Michael now . . . .

Adam was waiting for her at the top of the gangplank.
"I was so afraid you weren't coming," he said.
And she was in his arms and they were kissing.
"What about the crew, Adam?" Jennifer finally asked.
"I sent them away Do you still remember how to sail?"
"I still remember."
They hoisted the sail and sheeted in for a starboard tack, and ten minutes later the Paloma Blanca was heading through the harbor toward the open sea.
For the first half hour they were busy navigating, but there was not a moment when they were not acutely aware of each other. The tension kept mounting, and they both knew that what was going to happen was inevitable.
When they finally cleared the harbor and were sailing into the moonlit Pacific, Adam moved to Jennifer's side and put his arms around her.
They made love on the deck under the stars, with the soft, fragrant breeze cooling their naked bodies.
The past and the future were swept away and there was

only the present holding the two of them together in its swiftly fleeting moments. For Jennifer knew that this night in Adam's arms was not a beginning; it was an ending. There was no way to bridge the worlds that separated them. They had traveled too far from each other and there was no road back. Not now, not ever. She would always have a part of Adam in Joshua, and that would be enough for her, would have to be enough for her.

This night would have to last her the rest of her life.

They lay there together, listening to the gentle susurration of the sea against the boat.

Adam said, "Tomorrow-"

"Don't talk," Jennifer whispered. "Just love me, Adam."

She covered his lips with small kisses and fluttered her fingers delicately along the strong, lean lines of his body. She moved her hands down in slow circles until she found him, and her fingers began to stroke him.

"Oh God, Jennifer," Adam whispered, and his mouth began to move slowly down her naked body.

46

"The cocksucker kept givin' me the malocchio," little Salvator Fiore was complaining, "so I finally hadda burn 'im."

Nick Vito laughed, for anyone who was stupid enough to fool around with the Little Flower had to be out to lunch. Nick Vito was enjoying himself in the farmhouse kitchen with Salvatore Fiore and Joseph Colella, talking over old times, waiting for the conference in the living room to end. The midget and the giant were his best friends. They had gone through

the fire together.
Nick Vito looked at the two men and thought happily, They're like my
brothers.
"How's your cousin Pete?" Nick asked the giant Colella.
"He did cancer and he's under the hammer, but he's gonna be okay."
"He's beautiful."
"Yeah. Pete's good people; he's just had a little bad luck. He was back-up
man on a bank job, but it wasn't his stick, and the fuckin' cops tagged him
and put him away. He did

hard time. The hacks tried to turn him around but they was spinnin' their
wheels."
"Hell, yes. Pete's got class."
"Yeah. He always went for big bucks, big broads and big

cars.From the living room there came the sound of raised, angry
voices. They listened a moment.
"Sounds like Colfax has a bug up his ass."

Thomas Colfax and Michael Moretti were alone in the room, discussing a
large gambling operation that the Family was about to start in the Bahamas.
Michael had put Jennifer in charge of making the business arrangements.
"You can't do it, Mike," Colfax protested. "I know all the boys down there.
She doesn't. You must let me handle it." He knew he was talking too loudly,
but he was unable to control himself.
"Too late," Michael said.
"I don't trust the girl. Neither did Tony."
"Tony's not with us anymore." Michael's voice was dangerously quiet.
Thomas Colfax knew that this was the moment to back

down. "Sure, Mike. All I'm saying is that T think the girl's a mistake. I grant you she's smart, but rm warning you, before she's through she could send us all away."

It was Thomas Colfax whom Michael was concerned about. The Warner Crime Commission investigation was in full swing. When they reached Colfax, how long would the old man stand up to them before he cracked? He knew more about the Family than Jennifer Parker could ever know. Colfax was the one who could destroy them all, and Michael did not trust him.

Thomas Colfax was saying, "Send her away for awhile. Just until this investigation cools down. She's a woman. If they start putting pressure on her, she'll talk."

Michael studied him and made his decision. "All right, Tom. Maybe you've got a point there. Jennifer may not be dangerous, but on the other hand, if she's not with us a hundred percent, why take unnecessary chances?"

"That's all I'm suggesting, Mike." Thomas Colfax rose from his chair, relieved. "You're doing the wise thing."

"I know." Michael turned toward the kitchen and yelled out, "Nick!"

A moment later Nick Vito appeared.

"Drive the consigliere back to New York, will you, Nick?"

"Sure thing, boss."

"Oh. On the way I want you to stop and deliver a package for me." He turned to Thomas Colfax. "You don't mind?"

"Of course not, Mike." He was flushed with his victory.

Michael Moretti said to Nick Vito, "Come on. It's upstairs."

Nick followed Michael up to his bedroom. When they were

inside, Michael
closed the door.
"I'd like you to make a stop before you get out of New Jersey."
"Sure, boss."
"I want you to drop off some garbage." Nick Vito looked puzzled. "The
corrsigliere," Michael explained.
"Oh. Okay. Whatever you say."
"Take .him out to the dump. There won't be anyone around at this time of
night."

Fifteen minutes later the limousine was headed for New York. Nick Vito was
at the wheel, with Thomas Colfax in the passenger seat beside him.
"I'm glad Mike decided to sideline that bitch," Thomas Colfax said.
Nick glanced sideways at the unsuspecting lawyer seated beside him.
"Uh-huh."
Thomas Colfax looked at the gold -Baume & Mercier watch

on his wrist. It was three o'clock in the morning, long past his bedtime. It
had been a long day and he was tired. I'm getting too old for these battles,
he thought.
"How far out are we driving?"
"Not far," Nick mumbled.
Nick Vito's mind was in a turmoil. Killing was a part of his job and it was
a part he enjoyed, because of the sense of power it gave him. Nick felt
like a god when he killed; he was omnipotent. But tonight, he was bothered.
He could not understand why he had been ordered to blow away Thomas Colfax.
Colfax was the consigliere, the man everyone turned to when they were in
trouble. Next to the Godfather, the consigliere was the most important man

in the Organization. He had kept Nick out of the stammer a dozen times.
Shit! Nick thought. Colfax was right. M;ke should never have let a woman
come into the business. Men thought with their brains. Women thought with
their pussies. Oh, how he'd love to get his hands on Jennifer Parker! He'd
fuck her until she cried `Uncle' and then-

"Watch it! You're going off the road!"
"Sorry." Nick,quickly steered the car back into his lane.
The dump was a short distance ahead. Nick could feel the perspiration
popping out under his arms. He glanced over again at Thomas Colfax.

Snuffing him out would be a cinch. It would be like putting a baby to sleep
but, goddamn it! it was the wrong baby! Someone was giving Mike a hand job.
This was a sin. It was like murdering his old man.
He wished he could have talked it over with Salvatore and Joe. They could
have told him what to do.
Nick could see the dump ahead to the right of the highway. His nerves began
to tighten, just as they always did before a hit. He pressed his left arm
against his side and felt the reassuring bulk of the short-barreled .38
Smith & Wesson nestling there.

"I could use a good night's sleep," Thomas Colfax yawned. "Yeah." He was
going to get a long, long sleep.
The car was nearing the dump now. Nick checked the rearview mirror and
scanned the road ahead. There were no cars in sight.
He put his foot on the brake suddenly and said, "Goddamn it, it feels like
I'm getting a flat."

He brought the car to a stop, opened the door and stepped out onto the road. He slipped the gun out of its holster and held it at his side. Then he moved around to the passenger side of the car and said, "Could you give me a hand?"
Thomas Colfax opened the door and stepped out. "I'm not very good at----"
He saw the raised gun in Nick's hand and stopped. He tried to swallow.
"W-What's the matter, Nick?" His voice cracked. "What have I done?"
That was the question that had been burning inside Nick Vito's mind all evening. Someone was running a game on Mike. Colfax was on their side, he was one of them. When Nick's younger brother had gotten in trouble with the Feds, it had been Colfax who had stepped in and saved the boy. He had even gotten him a job. 1 owe him, goddamn it, Nick thought.
He let his gun hand drop. "Honest to God, I don't know, Mr. Colfax. It ain't right."
Thomas Colfax looked at him a moment and sighed. "Do what you have to do, Nick."
"Jesus, I can't do this. You're my consigliere."
"Mike will kill you if you let me go."
Nick knew that Colfax was telling the truth. Michael Moretti was not a man to tolerate disobedience. Nick thought of Tommy Angelo. Angelo had been the wheel man on a fur heist. Michael had ordered him to take the car they had used and have it crushed in a compactor in a New Jersey junkyard the Family owned. Tommy Angelo had been in a hurry to keep a date, so he had dumped the car on an East Side street,

where investigators had found it. Angelo had disappeared

the next day, and
the story was that his body had been put in the trunk of an old Chevy and
compacted. No one crossed Michael Moretti and lived. But there is a way,
Nick thought.
"Mike don't have to know it," Nick said. His usually slow brain was working
rapidly, with an unnatural clarity. "Look," he said, "all you gotta do is
blow the country. I'll tell Mike I buried you under the garbage so they'll
never find you. You can hide out in South America or somewhere. You must
have a little dough stashed away."
Thomas Colfax tried to keep the sudden hope out of his voice. "I have
plenty, Nick, rll give you whatever-"
Nick shook his head fiercely. "I ain't Join' this for money.
rm doin' it because" How could he put it into words? 'I got respect for you. The only thing is, you gotta protect me.
Can you catch a mornin' plane to South America?"
Thomas Colfax said, "No problem, Nick. Just drop me off at my house. My
passport's there."

Two hours later, Thomas Colfax was on an Eastern Airlines jet. It was bound
for Washington, D.C.

47

It was their last day in Acapulco, a perfect morning with warm, soft
breezes playing melodies through the palm trees. The beach at La Concha was
crowded with tourists greedily soaking up the sun before returning to the
routine of their everyday lives.
Joshua came running up to the breakfast table wearing a bathing suit, his
athletic little body fit and tan. Mrs. Mackey lumbered along behind him.

Joshua said, "I've had plenty of sufficient time to digest my food, Mom. Can I go water skiing now?"
"Joshua, you just finished eating."
"I have a very high metabolism rate," he explained earnestly. "I digest food fast."
Jennifer laughed. "All right. Have a good time."
"I will. Watch me, huh?"
Jennifer watched as Joshua raced along the pier to a waiting speedboat. She saw him engage the driver in earnest con-

versation, and then they both turned to look at Jennifer. She signaled an okay, and the driver nodded and Joshua began to put on water skis.
The motor boat roared into life and Jennifer looked up to see Joshua beginning to rise on his water skis.
Mrs. Mackey said proudly, "He's a natural athlete, isn't he?"
At that moment, Joshua turned to wave at Jennifer and lost his balance, falling against the pilings. Jennifer leaped to her feet and began racing toward the pier. An instant later, she saw Joshua's head appear above the surface of the water and he looked at her, grinning.
Jennifer stood there, her heart beating fast, and watched as Joshua put the water skis back on. As the boat circled and began to move forward again, it gained enough momentum to pull Joshua to his feet. He turned once to wave at Jennifer and then was racing away on top of the waves. She stood there watching, her heart still pounding from fright. If anything happened to him . . . She wondered whether other mothers loved their children as much as

she loved her son, but it did not seem possible. She would have died for
Joshua, killed for him. I have killed for him, she thought, with the hand
of Michael Moretti.
Mrs. Mackey was saying, "That could have been a nasty fall."
"Thank God it wasn't."
Joshua was out on the water for an hour. When the boat pulled back into the
slip, he let go of the tow rope and gracefully skied up onto the sand.
He ran over to Jennifer, filled with excitement. "You should have seen the
accident, Mom. It was incredible! A big sailboat tipped over and we stopped
and saved their lives."
"That's wonderful, son. How many lives did you save?"
"There were six of them:"
"And you pulled.them out of the water?"

Joshua hesitated. "Well, we didn't exactly pull them out of the water. They
were kinda sittin' on the side of their boat. But they probably would have
starved to death if we hadn't come along."
Jennifer bit her lip to keep from smiling. "I see. They were very lucky you
came along, weren't they?"
441'11 say."
"Did you hurt yourself when you fell, darling?"
"Course not." He felt the back of his head. "I got a little bump."
"Let me feel it."
"What for? You know what a bump feels like."
Jennifer reached down and gently ran her hand along the back of Joshua's
head.
Her fingers found a large lump. "It's as big as an egg, Joshua."
"It's nothing."
Jennifer rose to her feet. "I think we'd better get started back to the

hotel."
"Can't we stay a little while longer?"
"I'm afraid not. We have to pack. You don't want to miss your ball game
Saturday, do you?"
He sighed. "No. Old Terry Waters is just waitin' to take my place."
"No chance. He pitches like a girl."
Joshua nodded smugly. "He does, doesn't he?"

When they returned to Las Brisas, Jennifer telephoned the manager and asked
him to send a doctor to the room. The doctor arrived thirty minutes later,
a portly, middle-aged Mexican dressed in an
old-fashioned white suit.
Jennifer admitted him into the bungalow.
"How may I serve you?" Dr. Raul Mendoza asked.
"My son had a fall this morning. He has a nasty bump on his head. I want to
make sure he's all right."

Jennifer led him into Joshua's bedroom, where he was packing a suitcase.
"Joshua, this is Doctor' Mendoza."
Joshua looked up and asked, "Is somebody sick?"
"No. No one's sick, my lad.'I just wanted the doctor to take a look at your
head."
"Oh, for Pete's sake, Mom! What's the matter with my head?"
"Nothing. I would just feel better if Doctor Mendoza checked it over. Humor
me, will you?"
"Women!" Joshua said. He looked at the doctor suspiciously. "You're not
going to stick any needles in me or anything, are you?"
"No, senor, I am a very painless doctor."
"That's the kind I like."
"Please sit down."
Joshua sat on the edge of the bed and Dr. Mendoza ran his fingers over the
back of Joshua's head. Joshua winced with pain but he

did not cry out. The
doctor opened his medical bag and took out an
ophthalmoscope. "Open your
eyes wide, please."
Joshua obeyed. Dr. Mendoza stared through the
instrument.
"You see any naked dancin' girls in there?"
"Joshua!"
"I was just askin'."
Dr. Mendoza examined Joshua's other eye. "You are fit as
a fiddle. That is
the American slang expression, no?" He rose to his feet
and closed his
medical bag. "I would put some ice on that," he told
Jennifer. "Tomorrow
the boy will be fine."
It was as though a heavy load had.been lifted from
Jennifer's heart. "Thank
you," she said.
"I will arrange the bill with the hotel cashier, senora,
Goodbye, young
man."
"Good-bye, Doctor Mendoza.,,

When the doctor had gone, Joshua turned to his mother.
"You sure like to
throw your money away, Mom."
"I know. I like to waste it on things like food, your
health=
"I'm the healthiest man on the whole team."
"Stay that way."
He grinned. "I promise."
They boarded the six o'clock plane to New York and were
back in Sands
Point late that night. Joshua slept all the way home.
48

The room was .crowded with ghosts. Adam Warner was in
his study, preparing
a major television campaign speech, but it was
impossible to concentrate.
His mind was filled with Jennifer. He had been able to
think of nothing

else since he had returned from Acapulco. Seeing her had only confirmed
what Adam had known from the beginning. He had made the wrong choice. He
should never have given up Jennifer. Being with her again was a reminder of
all that he had had, and thrown away, and he could not bear the thought of
it.
He was in an impossible situation. A no-win situation, Blair Roman would
have called it.
There was a knock on the door and Chuck Morrison, Adam's chief assistant,
came in carrying a cassette. "Can I talk to you a minute, Adam?"
"Can it wait, Chuck? rm in the middle of-"
"I don't think so." There was excitement in Chuck Morrison's voice.

"All right. What's so urgent?"
Chuck Morrison moved closer to the desk. "I just got a telephone call. It
could be some crazy, but if it's not, then Christmas came early this year.
Listen to this."
He placed a cassette in the machine on Adam's desk, pressed a switch and
the tape began to play.
What did you say your name was?
It doesn't matter. 1 won't talk to anyone except Senator Warner.
The Senator is busy just now. Why don't you drop him a note and I'll see
to-
No! Listen to me. This is very important. Tell Senator Warner 1 can deliver
Michael Moretti to him. I'm taking my life in my hands making this phone
call. Just give Senator Warner the message.
All right. Where are you?

I'm at the Capitol Motel on Thirty-second Street. Room Fourteen. Tell him
not to come until after dark and to make sure he's not followed. 1 know
you're taping this. If you play the tape for anyone but him, I'm a dead
man.
There was a click and the tape ended.
Chuck Morrison said, "What do you think?"
Adam frowned. "The town is full of cranks. On the other hand, our boy sure
knows what bait to use, doesn't he? Michael-by
God-Moretti!"

At ten o'clock that night, Adam Warner, accompanied by four secret service
men, cautiously knocked at the door of Room 14 of the Capitol Motel. The
door was opened a crack.
The moment Adam saw the face of the man inside, he turned to the men with
him and said, "Stay outside. Don't let anyone near this place."
The door opened wider and Adam stepped into the room.
"Good evening, Senator Warner."

"Good evening, Mr. Colfax."
The two men stood there appraising each other.
Thomas Colfax looked older than when Adam had last seen him, but there was
another difference, almost indefinable. And then Adam realized what it was.
Fear. Thomas Colfax was frightened. He had always been a self-assured,
almost arrogant man, and now that self-assurance had disappeared.
"Thank you for coming, Senator." Colfaxs voice sounded strained and
nervous.
"I understand you want to talk to me about Michael Moretti."
"I can lay him in your lap."
"You're Moretti's attorney. Why would you want to do

that?"
"I have my reasons."
"Let's say I decided to go along with you. What would
you expect in
return?"
"First, complete immunity. Second, I want to get out of
the country. I'll
need a passport and papers-a new identity."
So Michael Moretti had put out a contract on Thomas
Colfax. It was the only
explanation for what was happening. Adam could hardly
believe his good
fortune. It was the best possible break he could have
had.
"If I get immunity for you," Adam said, "-and I'm not
promising you anything yet you understand that I would
expect you to go into court and testify fully. I would
want
everything you've got."
"You'll have it."
"Does Moretti know where you are now?"
"He thinks rm dead." Thomas Colfax smiled nervously. "If
he finds me, I
will be."
"He won't find you. Not if we make a deal."
"I'm putting my life in your hands, Senator."
"Frankly," Adam informed him, "I don't give a damn about
you. I want
Moretti. Let's lay down the ground rules.

If we come to an agreement, you'll get all the protection
the government can
give you. If I'm satisfied with your testimony, we'll
provide you with
enough money to live in any country you choose under an
assumed identity. In
return for that, you'll have to agree to the following:
I'll want full
testimony from you regarding Moretti's activities. You'll
have to testify
before a grand jury, and when we bring Moretti to trial,
I'll expect you to
be a witness for the government. Agreed?"

Thomas Colfax looked away. Finally he said, "Tony Granelli must be turning over in his grave. What happens to people? Whatever happened to honor?"

Adam had no answer. This was a man who had cheated the law a hundred times, who had gotten paid killers off scot-free, who had helped mastermind the activities of the most vicious crime organization the civilized world had ever known. And he was asking what had happened to honor.

Thomas Colfax turned to Adam. "We have a deal. I want it in writing, and I want it signed by the Attorney General."

"You'll have it." Adam looked around the shabby motel room. "Let's get out of this place."

"I won't go to a hotel. Moretti's got ears everywhere."

"Not where you're going."

At ten minutes past midnight a military truck and two jeeps, manned by armed marines, rolled up in front of Room 14. Four military police went into the room and came out a few moments later, closely escorting Thomas Colfax into the back of the truck. The procession pulled away from the motel with one jeep in front of the truck and the second jeep following in the rear, headed for Quantico, Virginia, thirty-five miles south of Washington. The three-car caravan proceeded at high speed, and forty minutes later arrived at the United States Marine Corps base at Quantico.

The commandant of the base, Major General Roy Wallace, and a detail of armed marines were waiting at the gate. As

the caravan came to a stop, General Wallace said to the captain in charge of

the detail, "The prisoner is to be taken directly to the stockade. There is to be no conversation with him."
Major General Wallace watched as the procession entered the compound. He would have given a month's pay, to know the identity of the man in the truck. The general's command consisted of a 310-acre Marine Corps air station and part of the FBI's Academy, and was the principal center for training officers of the United States Marine Corps. He had never before been asked to house a civilian prisoner. It was totally outside regulations.
Two hours earlier, he had received a telephone call from the commandant of the Marine Corps himself. "There's a man on his way to your base, Roy. I want you to clear out the stockade and keep him in there until further orders."
General Wallace thought he had heard wrong. "Did you say clear out the stockade, sir?"
"That's right. I want this man in there by himself. No one is to be allowed near him. I want you to double the stockade guard. Understood?"
"Yes, General."
"One more thing, Roy. If anything happens to that man while he's in your custody, I'm going to have roasted ass for breakfast."
And the commandant had hung up.
General Wallace watched the truck lumber toward the stockade, then returned to his office and rang for his aide, Captain Alvin Giles.
"About the man we're putting in the stockade-" General Wallace said.
"Yes, General?"
"Our primary objective is his safety. I want you to handpick the guards

yourself. No one else is to go near him. No visitors, no
mail, no packages.
Understood?"

"Yes, sir."
"I want you personally to be in the kitchen when his
food is being
prepared."
"Yes, General."
"If anyone shows any undue curiosity about him, I want
that reported to
me immediately. Any questions?"
"No, sir."
"Very good, Al. Stay on top of it. If anything goes
wrong, I'll have
roasted ass for breakfast"

49

Jennifer was awakened by the soft drumming of the early
morning rain, and
she lay in bed listening to it gently hammering against
the house.
She glanced at the alarm clock. It was time to begin her
day.
Half an hour later, Jennifer walked downstairs into the
dining room to join
Joshua for breakfast. He was not there.
Mrs. Mackey came in from the kitchen. "Good morning,
Mrs. Parker."
"Good morning. Where's Joshua?"
"He seemed so tired that I thought rd let him sleep a
little longer. He
doesn't have to start back to school until tomorrow."
~ennifer nodded. "Good idea."
She ate her breakfast and went upstairs to say good-bye
to Joshua. He was
lying in his bed, sound. asleep.
Jennifer sat on the edge of the bed and said softly,
"Hey, sleepyhead, do
you want to say good-bye?"
He slowly opened one eye. "Sure, friend. 'Bye." His
voice

was heavy with sleep. "Do I have to get up?"
"No. Tell you what. Why don't you laze around today? You can stay inside
and have fun. It's raining too hard to go outdoors."
He nodded drowsily. "Okay, Mom."
His eyes closed again and he was asleep.

Jennifer spent the afternoon in court, and by the time she finished and
arrived home it was after seven o'clock. The rain, which had been a drizzle
all day, was coming down in torrents, and as Jennifer drove up the
driveway, the house looked like a besieged castle surrounded by a gray,
churning moat.
Mrs. Mackey opened the front door and helped Jennifer out of her dripping
raincoat.
Jennifer shook the damp out of her hair and said, "Where's Joshua?"
"He's asleep."
Jennifer looked at Mrs. Mackey with concern. "Has he been sleeping all
day?"
"Heavens, no. He's been up and around. I fixed his dinner, but when I went
upstairs to get him he had dozed off again, so I just thought I'd let him
be."
"I see."
Jennifer went upstairs into Joshua's room and quietly entered. Joshua was
asleep. Jennifer leaned over and touched his forehead. He had no fever; his
color was normal. She felt his pulse. There was nothing wrong except her
imagination. She was letting it run away with her. Joshua had probably been
playing too hard all day and it was natural that he was tired. Jennifer

slipped out of the room and returned downstairs.
"Why don't you make some sandwiches for him, Mrs. Mackey? Leave them at the side of the bed. He can have them when he wakes up."

Jennifer had dinner at her desk, working on briefs, preparing a trial deposition for the next day. She thought about calling Michael to tell him she was back, but she was hesitant about speaking to him so soon after the night with Adam
. . He was too perceptive. It was after midnight when she finished reading.
She stood up and stretched, trying to relieve the tension in her back and neck. She put her papers in her attach6 case, turned out the lights and went upstairs. She passed by Joshua's room and looked in. He was still asleep.
The sandwiches on the stand beside the bed were untouched.

The following morning when Jennifer went down to breakfast, Joshua was there, dressed and ready.for school.
"Morning, Mom."
"Good morning, darling. How are you feeling?"
"Great. I was really tired. Must have been that Mexican sun."
"Must have been"
"Acapulco's really neat. Can we go back there on my next _vacation?"
"I don't know why not. You glad to be getting back to school?"
"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate me."

In the middle of the afternoon, Jennifer was taking a deposition when Cynthia buzzed.
"Pin sorry to disturb you, but there's a Mrs. Stout on

the line and-"
Joshua's homeroom teacher. "I'll take it."
Jennifer picked up the telephone. "Hello, Mrs. Stout.
,Is anything wrong?"
"Oh no, everything's fine, Mrs. Parker. I didn't mean
to

alarm you. I just thought I might suggest to you that it
would be a good
idea if Joshua got more sleep."
"What do you mean?"
"He slept through most of his classes today. Miss
Williams and Mrs. Toboco
both mentioned it. Perhaps you could see to it that he
gets to bed a bit
earlier."
Jennifer stared at the telephone. "I-yes, I'll do that."
Slowly, she replaced the receiver and turned to the
people in the room
watching her.

"I I'm sorry," she said. 'Excuse me."
She hurried out to the reception room. "Cynthia, find
Dan. Ask him to
finish the deposition for me. Something has come up."
"All-" Jennifer was already out the door.
She drove home like a madwoman, exceeding the speed
limit, going through
red lights, her mind filled with visions of something
terrible having
happened to Joshua. The drive seemed interminable and
when her house
appeared in the distance, Jennifer half expected to see
the driveway filled
with ambulances and police cars. The driveway was
deserted. Jennifer pulled
up beside the front door and hurried into the house.
"Joshua!"
He was in the den watching a baseball game on
television.
"Hi, Mom. You're home early. Did you get fired?"
Jennifer stood in the doorway staring at him, her body
flooding with

relief. She felt like an idiot.
"You should have seen the last inning. Craig Swan was fantastic!"
"How do you feel, son?"
"Great."
Jennifer put her hand on his forehead. He had no fever.
"You sure you're all right?"
"Of course I am. Why do you look so funny? You worried about something? You want to have a man-to-man talk?"

She smiled. "No, darling, I just-does anything hurt you?"
He groaned. "I'll say. The Mets are losing six to five. You know what happened in the first inning?"
He began an excited replay of his favorite team's exploits. Jennifer stood there looking at him, adoring him, thinking, Damn my imagination! Of course he's all right.
"You go on and watch the rest of the game. rll see about dinner."
Jennifer went into the kitchen, lighthearted. She decided to make a banana cake, one of Joshua's favorite desserts.
Thirty minutes later, when Jennifer returned to the study, Joshua was lying on the floor, unconscious.

The ride to Blinderman Memorial Hospital seemed to take forever. Jennifer sat in the back of the ambulance clutching Joshua's hand. An attendant was holding an oxygen mask over Joshua's face. He had not regained consciousness. The ambulance's siren was keening, but the traffic was heavy and the ambulance went slowly while curious people gaped through the windows, staring at the white-faced woman and the unconscious boy. It seemed to Jennifer a sickening violation of privacy.
"Why can't they use one-way glass in ambulances?"

Jennifer demanded.
The attendant looked up, startled. "Ma'am?"
"Nothing . . . nothing."
After what seemed an eternity, the ambulance pulled up at the emergency
entrance at the back of the hospital. Two interns were waiting at the door.
Jennifer stood there helpless, watching as Joshua was removed from the
ambulance and transferred to a gurney.
An attendant asked, "Are you the boy's mother?"
"Yes."
"This way, please."
What followed was a blurred kaleidoscope of sound and

light and movement. Jennifer watched Joshua being wheeled down a long, white
corridor to an X-ray room.
She started to follow, but the attendant said, "You'll have to check him in
first."
A thin woman at the front desk was saying to Jennifer, "How do you plan to
pay for this? Do you have Blue Cross or some other form of insurance?"
Jennifer wanted to scream at the woman, wanted to get back to Joshua's
side, but she forced herself to answer the questions, and when they were
over and Jennifer had filled out several forms, the woman allowed Jennifer
to leave.
She hurried down to the X-ray room and went inside. The room was empty.
Joshua was gone. Jennifer ran back to the hallway, looking around
frantically. A nurse passed by.
Jennifer clutched her arm. "Where's my son?"
The nurse said, "I don't know. What's his name?"
"Joshua. Joshua Parker."
"Where did you leave him?"
"He-he was having X rays-he-" Jennifer was beginning to be incoherent.

"What have they done with him! Tell me!"
The nurse took a closer look at Jennifer and said, "Wait here, Mrs. Parker.
I'll see if I can find out."
She came back a few minutes later. "Dr. Morris would like to see you. Come
this way, please."
Jennifer found that her legs were trembling. It was difficult to walk.
"Are you all right?" The nurse was staring at her.
Her mouth was dry with fear. "I want my son."
They came to a room filled with strange-looking equipment. "Wait here,
please."
Dr. Morris came in a few moments later. He was a very fat man with a red
face and nicotine stains on his fingers. "Mrs. Parker?"
"Where's Joshua?"
"Step in here a moment, please." He led Jennifer into a

small office across from the room with the strange-looking equipment.
"Please sit down."
Jennifer took a seat. "Joshua is-it's-it's nothing serious, is it, Doctor?"
"We don't know yet." His voice was surprisingly soft for a man of his size.
"I need some information. How old is your son?"
"He's only seven."
The only had slipped out, a reprimand to God.
"Was he in an accident recently?"
A vision flashed through Jennifer's mind of Joshua turning to wave and
losing his balance and hitting the pilings. "Hehe had a water skiing
accident. He bumped his head."
The doctor was making notes. "How long ago was that?"
"I-a few-a few days ago. In Acapulco." It was difficult to think straight.
"Did he seem all right after the accident?"
"Yes. He had a lump on the back of his head, but otherwise he-he seemed
fine."

"Did you notice any lapse of memory?"
"No."

"Any personality changes?"
"No 9.

"No convulsions or stiff neck or headache?"
"No."
The doctor stopped writing and looked up at Jennifer.
"rve had an X ray
done, but it's not enough. I want to do a CAT scan."

"It's a new computerized machine from England that takes pictures of the
inside of the brain. I may want to make some additional tests afterward. Is
that all right with you?"
"If-if-if'-she was stammering-"it's necessary. It-it won't hurt him, will
it?"

"No. I may also need to do a spinal puncture."
He was frightening her.
She forced the question out of her mouth. "What do you think it is? What's
'the matter with my son?" She did not recognize the sound of her own voice.
"I'd prefer not to make any guesses, Mrs. Parker. We'll know in an hour or
two. He's awake now, if you'd like to see him."
"Oh, please!"

A nurse led her to Joshua's room. He was lying in bed, a pale small figure.
He looked up as Jennifer entered.
"Hi, Mom."
"Hi there." She sat at the edge of his bed "How do you feel?"
"Kind of funny. It's like rm not here."
Jennifer reached out and took his hand. "You're here, darling. And I'm with
you."
"I can see two of everything."

"Did-did you tell the doctor that?"
"Uh-huh. I saw two of him. I hope he doesn't send you two bills."
Jennifer gently put her arms around Joshua and hugged him. His body seemed frail and shrunken.
"Mom?"
"Yes, darling?"
"You won't let me die, will you?"
Her eyes were suddenly stinging. "No, Joshua, I won't let you die. The doctors are going to make you well and then I'm going to take you home."
"Okay. And you promised we can go back to Acapulco sometime."
"Yes. As soon as-"
He was asleep.

Dr. Morris came into the room with two men wearing white jackets.
"We'd like to begin the tests now, Mrs. Parker. They won't take long. Why don't you wait in here and make yourself comfortable?"
Jennifer watched them take Joshua out of the room. She sat on the edge of the bed, feeling as though she had been physically beaten. All the energy had drained out of her. She sat there, staring at the white wall, in a trance.
A moment later a voice said, "Mrs. Parker-"
Jennifer looked up and Dr. Morris was there.
"Please go ahead and do the tests," Jennifer said.
He looked at her oddly. "We've finished."
Jennifer looked at the clock on the wall. She had been sitting there for two hours. Where had the time gone? She looked into the doctor's face, reading it, searching for the small, telltale signs that would reveal whether he had good news or bad news for her. How many times had she done this before, reading the faces of jurors, knowing in

advance from their
expressions what the verdict would be? A hundred times?
Five hundred? Now,
because of the panic raging within her, Jennifer could
tell nothing. Her
body began to shake uncontrollably.
Dr. Morris said, "Your son is suffering from a subdural
hematoma. In
layman's terms, there has been a massive trauma to his
brain."
Her throat was suddenly so dry that no words could come
out.
"Wh-" She swallowed and tried again. "What does that-?"
She could not
finish the sentence.
"I want to operate immediately. I'll need your
permission."
He was playing some kind of cruel prank on her. In a
moment he was going to
smile and tell her that Joshua was fine. 1 was just
punishing you, Mrs.
Parker, for wasting my

time. There's nothing wrong with your son except that he
needs sleep. He's
a growing boy. You mustn't take up our time when we have
patients to look
after who are really ill. He was going to smile at her
and say, "You can
take -your son home now."
Dr. Morris was going on. "He's young and his body seems
strong. There's
every reason to hope the operation will be a success."
He was going to cut open her baby's brain, tear into it
with his sharp
instruments, perhaps destroy whatever it was that made
Joshua, Joshua.
Perhaps-kill him.
"No!" It was an angry cry. - "You won't give us
permission to operate?'
1-" Her mind was so confused she could not think.
"Wh-what will happen if
you don't operate?"

Dr. Morris said simply, "Your son will die. Is the boy's father here?"
Adam! Oh, how she wanted Adam, how she wanted to feel his arms around her,
comforting her. She wanted him to tell her that everything was going to be
all right, that Joshua was going to be fine.
"No," Jennifer replied finally, "he's not. I-I give you my permission. Go
ahead with the operation."
Dr. Morris filled out a form and handed it to her. "Would you sign this,
please?"
Jennifer signed the paper without looking at it. "How long will it take?"
"I won't know until I open= He saw the look on her face. "Until I begin the
operation. Would you like to wait here?"
"No!" The walls were closing in on her, choking her. She could not breathe.
"Is there a place where I can pray?"

It was a small chapel with a painting of Jesus over the altar. The room was
deserted except for Jennifer. She knelt, but she was unable to pray. She
was not a religious person;

why would God listen to her now? She tried to quiet her mind so that she
could talk to God, but her fear was too strong; it had taken complete
possession of her. She kept berating herself mercilessly. If 1 only hadn't
taken Joshua to Acapi*!co, she thought . . . If 1 hadn't let him go water
skiing . . . If 1 hadn't trusted that Mexican doctor . . . If. If. If. She
made bargains with God. Make him well again and I'll do anything you ask of
me.
She denied God. If there was a God, would he do this to a child who had

never harmed anyone? What kind of God lets innocent children die?
Finally, out of sheer exhaustion, Jennifer's thoughts slowed and she
remembered what Dr. Morris had said. He's young and his body seems strong.
There's every reason to hope the operation will be a success.
Everything was going to be all right. Of course it was. When this was over,
she would take Joshua away someplace where he could rest. Acapulco, if he
liked. They would read and play games and talk . . .
When finally Jennifer was too exhausted to think any longer, she slumped
into a seat, her mind a dazed blank, empty. Someone was touching her arm
and she looked up and Dr. Morris was standing over her. Jennifer looked
into his face and had no need to ask any questions.
She lost consciousness.
50

Joshua lay on a narrow metal table, his body eternally still. He looked as
though he were peacefully asleep, his handsome young face filled with
secret, far-off dreams. Jennifer had seen that expression a thousand times
as Joshua had snuggled into his warm bed while Jennifer had sat at his
side, studying the face of her young son, filled with a love that was so
strong it choked her. And how many times had she gently tucked his blanket
around him to protect him from the cold of the night?
Now the cold was deep inside Joshua's body. He would never be warm again.
Those bright eyes would never open again and look at her, and she would
never see the smile on his lips, or hear his voice, or feel his small,
strong arms around her. He was naked beneath the sheet.
Jennifer said to the doctor, "I want you to cover him

with a blanket. He'll
be cold."
"He can't---2' and Dr. Morris looked into Jennifer's eyes and what he saw
there made him say, " Yes, of course, Mrs. Parker," and he turned to the
nurse and said, "Get a blanket."

There were half a dozen people in the room, most of them in white uniforms
and they all seemed to be talking to Jennifer, but she could not hear what
they were saying. It was as though she were in a bell jar, shut off from
the rest of them. She could see their lips moving, but there was no sound.
She wanted to yell at them to go away, but she was afraid of frightening
Joshua. Someone was shaking her arm and the spell was broken and the room
was suddenly filled with a roar of sound, and everyone seemed to be talking
at once.
Dr. Morris was saying, ". . , necessary to perform an autopsy."
rennifer said quietly, "If you touch my son again, I'll kill you."
And she smiled at everyone around her because she did not want them to
become angry with Joshua.
A nurse was trying to persuade Jennifer to leave the room, but she shook
her head. "I can't leave him alone. Someone might turn out the lights.
Joshua is afraid of the dark."
Someone squeezed her arm and Jennifer felt the prick of a needle, and a
moment later a feeling of great warmth and peace engulfed her, and she
slept.
When Jennifer awakened, it was late afternoon. She was

in a small room in
the hospital and someone had undressed her arid clothed her in a hospital
gown. She rose to her feet and dressed and went looking for Dr. Morris. She
was supernaturally calm.
Dr. Morris said, "We'll make all the funeral arrangements for you, Mrs.
Parker. You won't have to-"
"I'll take care of it."
"Very well." He hesitated, embarrassed. "About the autopsy, I know you
didn't mean what you said this morning. I-"

"You're wrong."

During the next two days, Jennifer went through all the

rituals of death. She went to a local undertaker and made the funeral
arrangements. She selected a white casket with a satin lining. She was
self-possessed and dry-eyed and, later, when she tried to think about it,
she had no recollection of any of it. It was as though someone else had
taken over her body and mind and was acting for her. She was in a state of
deep shock, hiding behind its protective shell to keep from going insane.
As Jennifer was leaving the undertaker's office, he said, "If there are any
special clothes you would like your son buried in, Mrs. Parker, you can
have them brought in and we'll dress him."
"I'll dress Joshua myself."
He looked at her in surprise. "If you wish, of course, but--:' He watched
her leave, wondering if she knew what it was like to dress a corpse.

Jennifer drove home, pulled the car into the driveway and entered the

house.
Mrs. Mackey was in the kitchen, her eyes red, her face twisted with grief.
"Oh, Mrs. Parker! I can't believe-"
Jennifer neither saw nor heard her. She moved past Mrs. Mackey and walked upstairs into Joshua's room. It was exactly the same. Nothing had changed, except that the room was empty. Joshua's books and games and baseball and skiing equipment were all there, waiting for him. Jennifer stood in the doorway, staring at the room, trying to remember why she had come there.
Oh, yes. Clothes for Joshua. She walked over to the closet. There was a dark blue suit she had bought for him on his last birthday. Joshua had worn it the evening she had taken him to dinner at Wilke. She remembered that evening vividly. Joshua had looked so grown up and Jennifer had thought with a pang, One day he'll be sitting here with the girl he's going to marry. That day would never come now. There would be no growing up. No girl. No life.

Next to the blue suit were several pairs of blue jeans and slacks and tee shirts, one with the name of Joshua's baseball team on it: Jennifer stood there running her hands aimlessly over the clothes, losing all track of time.
Mrs. Mackey appeared at her side. "Are you all right, Mrs. Parker?"
Jennifer said politely, "I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Mackey."
"Can I help you with something?"
"No, thank you. I'm going to dress Joshua. What do you think he would like to wear?" Her voice was bright and cheerful, but her

eyes were dead.
Mrs. Mackey looked into them and was frightened. "Why don't you lie down a
bit, dear? I'm going to call the doctor."
Jennifer's hands moved across the clothes hanging in the closet. She pulled
the baseball uniform from the hanger. "I think Joshua would like this. Now,
what else will he need?"
Mrs. Mackey watched helplessly as Jennifer went over to the dresser and
took out underwear, socks and a shirt. Joshua needed these things because
he was going away on a holiday. A long holiday.
"Do you think he'll be warm enough in this?"
Mrs. Mackey burst into tears. "Please, don't," she begged. "Leave those
things. I'll take care of it."
But Jennifer was already on her way downstairs with them.

The body was in the mortuary's slumber room. They had placed Joshua on a
long table that dwarfed the small figure.
When Jennifer returned with Joshua's clothes, the mortician tried once
again. "I spoke to Doctor Morris. We both agree that it would be much
better, Mrs. Parker, if you would let us handle this. We're quite used to
it and-"
Jennifer smiled at him. "Get out."
He swallowed and said, "Yes, Mrs. Parker."
Jennifer waited until he had left the room and then she turned to her son.

She looked into his sleeping face and said, "Your mother is going to take
care of you, my darling. You're going to wear your baseball uniform. You'll
like that, won't you?"
She pulled the sheet away and looked at his naked, shrunken body, and then

she began to dress him. She started to slip his shorts on him and she
recoiled from the icy cold of his flesh. It was as hard and stiff as
marble. Jennifer tried to tell herself that this piece of chill, lifeless
flesh was not her son, that Joshua was away somewhere, warm and happy, but
she was unable to make herself believe it. It was Joshua on this table.
Jennifer's body began to shake. It was as though the cold inside Joshua had
gotten inside her, chilling her to the marrow. She said fiercely to
herself, Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop itl stop it!
She took deep, shuddering breaths, and when she was finally calmer she
resumed dressing her son, talking to him all the while. She pulled his
shorts on, then his trousers, and when she lifted him up to put his shirt
on, his head slipped and fell against the table and Jennifer cried out,
"I'm sorry, Joshua, forgive me!" and she began to weep.

It took Jennifer almost three hours to dress Joshua. He was wearing his
baseball uniform and favorite tee shirt, white socks and sneakers. The
baseball cap shadowed his face, so Jennifer finally laid it on his chest.
"You can carry it with you, my darling."
When the undertaker came and looked into the room, Jennifer was standing
over the dressed body, holding Joshua's hand and talking to him.
The man walked over and said gently, "We'll take care of him now."
Jennifer took one last look at her son. "Please be careful with him. He
hurt his head, you know."

The funeral was simple. Jennifer and Mrs. Mackey were

the only ones there to watch the small white coffin being lowered into the
freshly dug grave. Jennifer had thought of telling Ken Bailey, for Ken and
Joshua had loved each other, but Ken was no longer in their lives.
When the first shovelful of dirt had been thrown on the coffin, Mrs. Mackey
said, "Come along, dear. I'll take you home."
Jennifer said politely, "I'm fine. Joshua and I won't be needing you any
more, Mrs. Mackey. I'll see,that you get a year's wages and I'll give you
a reference. Joshua and I thank you for everything."
Mrs. Mackey stood there staring as Jennifer turned and walked away. She
walked carefully, standing very straight, as though she were going down an
eternal corridor wide enough for only one person.

The house was still and peaceful. She went up to Joshua's room and closed
the door behind her and lay on his bed, looking at all the things that
belonged to him, all the things he had loved. Her whole world was. in this
room. There was nothing for her to do now, nowhere for her to go. There was
only Joshua. Jennifer started with the day he was born and relived all her
memories of him.
Joshua taking his first steps . . . Joshua saying car-car and Mama, go play
with your toys . . . Joshua going off to school alone for the first time,
a tiny, brave figure . . . Joshua lying in bed with the measles, his body
racked with misery . . . Joshua hitting a home run and winning the game for
his team . . . Joshua sailing . . Joshua feeding anþ elephant at the zoo .
. . Joshua singing Shine On, Harvest Moon on Mother's Day . . . The

memories flowed on, home movies in her mind. They stopped on the day
Jennifer and Joshua were to leave for Acapulco.
Acapulco . . . where she had seen Adam and made love with him. She was
being punished because she had thought

only of herself. Of course, Jennifer thought. This is my punishment. This is
my hell.

And she started all over again, beginning with the day Joshua was born . .
. Joshua taking his first steps . . . Joshua saying car-car, and Mama, go
play with your toys . . .
Time slipped away. Sometimes Jennifer would hear a telephone ring in some
distant recess of the house, and once she heard someone knocking at the
front door, but those sounds had no meaning for her. She would not allow
anything to interrupt her being with her son. She stayed in the room, eat-
ing nothing and drinking nothing, lost in her own private world with
Joshua. She had no sense of time, no idea how long she lay there.

It was five days later that Jennifer heard the front door bell again and
the sound of someone pounding on the door, but she paid no attention.
Whoever it was would go away and leave her alone. Dimly she heard the sound
of glass breaking, and a few moments later the door to Joshua's room burst
open and Michael Moretti loomed in the doorway.
He took one look at the gaunt, hollow-eyed figure staring up at him from
the bed and he said, "Jesus Christ!"
It took all of Michael Moretti's strength to get Jennifer out of the room.

She fought him hysterically, punching him and clawing at his eyes. Nick
Vito was waiting downstairs and it took the two of them to force Jennifer
into the car. Jennifer had no idea who they were or why they were there.
She only knew that they were taking her away from her son. She tried to
tell them that she would die if they did this to her, but she was finally
too exhausted to fight any longer. She fell asleep.

When Jennifer awakened, she was in a bright, clean room with a picture
window with a view of a mountain and a blue

lake in the distance. A uniformed nurse was seated in a chair next to the
bed, reading a magazine. She looked up as Jennifer opened her eyes.
"Where am I?" It hurt her throat to speak.
"You're with friends, Miss Parker. Mr. Moretti brought you here. He's been
very concerned about you. He'll be so pleased to know you're awake."
The nurse hurried out of the room. Jennifer lay there, her mind blank,
willing herself not to think. But the memories began to return, unbidden,
and there was nowhere to hide from them, nowhere to escape to. Jennifer
realized that she had been trying to commit suicide without actually having
the courage to do it. She simply had wanted to die and was willing it to
happen. Michael had saved her. It was ironic. Not Adam, but Michael. She
supposed it was unfair to blame Adam. She had kept the truth from him, had
kept him ignorant of the -son who had been born and who was now dead.
Joshua was dead. Jennifer could face that now. The pain was deep and

agonizing, and she knew it was a pain that would be with her for as long as
she lived. But she could bear it. She would have to. It was justice,
demanding its payment.
Jennifer heard footsteps and looked up. Michael had come into the room. He
stood there, looking at her with wonder. He had been like a wild man when
Jennifer had disappeared. He had nearly been out of his mind for fear that
something had happened to her.
He walked over to her bed and looked down at her. "Why didn't you tell me?"
Michael sat down on the side of the bed. .4I,m sorry."
She took his hand. "Thank you for bringing me here. Ithink I was a little
crazy."
"A little."
"How long have I been here?"
"Four days. The doctor's been feeding you intravenously."

Jennifer nodded, and even that small movement caused great effort. She felt
inordinately weary.
"Breakfast is on the way. He gave me orders to fatten you up."
"rm not hungry. I don't think I ever want to eat again."
"You'll eat"
And to Jennifer's surprise, Michael was right. When the nurse brought her
soft-boiled eggs and toast and tea on a tray, Jennifer found she was
famished.
Michael stayed there and watched her, and when Jennifer was finished
Michael said, "I've got to go back to New York to take care of a few
things. I'll return in a couple of days."
He leaned over and kissed her gently. "See you Friday." He slowly traced
his fingers across her face. "I want you well, quick.

You hear?"
Jennifer looked at him and said, "I hear."
51

The large conference room at the United States Marine Corps base was filled
to overflowing. Outside the room, a squad of armed guards was on the alert.
Inside was an extraordinary gathering. A special grand jury was seated in
chairs against the wall. On one side of a long table sat Adam Warner,
Robert Di Silva and the assistant director of the FBI. Across from them sat
Thomas Colfax.
Bringing the grand jury to the base had been Adam's idea.
"It's the only way we can be sure of protecting Colfax"
The grand jury had agreed to Adam's suggestions, and the secret session was
about to begin.
Adam said to Thomas Colfax, "Would you identify yourself, please?"
"My name is Thomas Colfax."
"What is your occupation, Mr. Colfax?"
"I'm an attorney, licensed to practice in the State of New York, as well as
in many other states in this country."
"How long have you been practicing law?"

"For more than thirty-five years."
"Do you have a general practice?"
"No, sir. I have one client."
"Who is your client?"
"For most of those thirty-five years it was Antonio Granelli, now deceased.
His place was taken by Michael Moretti. I represent Michael Moretti and his
Organization."
"Are you referring to organized crime?"
"I am, sir."

"Because of the position you held for so many years, is it a fair assumption to say that you are in a unique position to know the inner workings of what we shall call the Organization?"
"Very little went on there that I did not know about."
"And criminal activities were involved?"
"Yes, Senator."
"Would you describe the nature of some of those activities?"

For the next two hours, Thomas Colfax spoke. His voice was steady and sure.
He named names, places and dates, and at times his recital was so fascinating that the people in the room forgot where they were, caught up in the horror stories Colfax was telling.
He talked of murder contracts given out, of witnesses killed so they could not testify; of arson, mayhem, white slaveryit was a catalogue out of Hieronymus Bosch. For the first time, the innermost operation of the largest crime syndicate in the world was being exposed, laid bare for everyone to see.
Occasionally, Adam or Robert Di Silva would ask a question, prompting Thomas Colfax, having him fill in gaps wherever necessary.
The session was going far better than Adam could have wished when suddenly, near the end, with only a few minutes left, the catastrophe occurred.

One of the men on the grand jury had asked a question about a money-laundering operation.
"That happened about two years ago. Michael kept me away from some of the later stuff. Jennifer Parker handled that."
Adam froze.

Robert Di Silva said, "Jennifer Parker?" There was a bursting eagerness in
his question.
"Yes, sir." A vindictive note crept into Thomas Colfax's voice. "She's the
Organization's house counsel now."
Adam wanted desperately to quiet him, to keep what he was saying off the
record, but it was too late. Di Silva was going for the jugular vein and
nothing would stop him.
"Tell us about her," Di Silva said tightly.
Thomas Colfax went on. "Jennifer Parker's involved in setting up dummy
corporations, laundering money . . :'
Adam tried to break in. "I don't='
". . . murder."
The word hung in the room.
Adam broke the silence. "We-we have to stick to the facts, Mr. Colfax.
You're not trying to tell us that Jennifer Parker was involved in a
killing?"
"That's exactly what I'm telling you. She ordered a hit on a man who
kidnapped her son. The man's name was Frank Jackson. She told Moretti to
kill him and he did."
There was an excited murmur of voices.
Her son! Adam was thinking: There has to be some mistake.
He stammered, "I think-I think we have enough evidence without hearsay.
We-"
"It's not hearsay," Thomas Colfax assured him. "I was in the room with
Moretti when she called."
Adam's hands under the table were pressing together so hard that they were
drained of blood. "The witness looks tired. I think that's enough for this
session."

Robert Di Silva said to the special grand jury, `Td like to make a suggestion about procedure . . ."
Adam was not listening. He was wondering where Jennifer was. She had disappeared again. Adam had repeatedly tried to find her. But now he was desperate. He had to reach her, and quickly.

52

The largest undercover operation in law enforcement in the United States began to move ahead.
The Federal Strike Force Against Organized Crime and Racketeering worked side by side with the FBI, the Postal and Customs Services, the Internal Revenue Service, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, and half a dozen other agencies.
The scope of the investigation included murder, conspiracy to commit murder, racketeering, extortion, income tax evasion, union frauds, arson, loan-sharking and drugs.
Thomas Colfax had given them the key to a Pandora's box of crime and corruption that was going to help wipe out a major part, of organized crime.
Michael Moretti's Family would be hardest hit, but the evidence touched dozens of other Families around the country.
Across the United States and abroad, government agents were quietly questioning friends and business associates of the men on their lists.
Agents in Turkey, Mexico, San Salvador, Marseilles and Honduras were liaising with their coun-

terparts, giving them information on illegal activities taking place in those countries. Small-time crooks were pulled into the net, and when they talked they were given their freedom in exchange for evidence against the top crime figures. It was all being handled discreetly, so that the main quarry would have no warning of the storm that was about to break over their heads.

As chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee, Adam Warner received a steady stream of visitors at his home in Georgetown, and the sessions in his study often lasted until the small hours of the morning. There was little doubt that when this was over and Michael Moretti's Organization was broken, the presidential race would be an easy victory for Adam.

He should have been a happy man. He was miserable, facing the greatest moral crisis of his life. Jennifer Parker was deeply involved, and Adam had to warn her, to tell her to escape while she still had a chance. And yet, he had another obligation: an obligation to the committee that bore his name, an obligation to the United States Senate itself. He was Jennifer's prosecutor. How could he be her protector? If he warned her and it was discovered, it would destroy the credibility of his investigating committee and everything it had accomplished. It would destroy his future, his family.

Adam had been stunned by Colfax's mention of Jennifer having a child.

He knew he had to speak to Jennifer.

Adam dialed her office number and a secretary said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Adams,

Miss Parker is not in."
"It's-it's very important. Do you know where I can reach her?"
"No, sir. Can someone else help you?"
No one could help him.
s s

During the next week, Adam tried to reach Jennifer several times each day.
Her secretary would only say, "I'm sorry, Mr. Adams, but Miss Parker is
away from the office."
Adam was sitting in the study starting to call Jennifer for the third time
that day when Mary Beth walked into the room. Adam casually replaced the
receiver.
Mary Beth walked up to him and ran her fingers through his hair. "You look
tired, darling."
"rm fine."
She moved over to a suede armchair across from Adam's desk and sat down.
"It's all coming together, isn't it, Adam?"
"It looks that way."
"I hope it's over soon, for your sake. The strain must be terrible."
"I'm bearing up under it, Mary Beth. Don't worry about me."
"But I do worry. Jennifer Parker's name is on that list, isn't it?"
Adam looked at her sharply. "How did you know that?"
She laughed. "Angel, you've turned this house into a public meeting place.
I can't help but hear a little of what goes on. Everybody seems so terribly
excited about catching Michael Moretti and his woman friend." She watched
Adam's face, but there was no reaction.
Mary Beth looked at her husband fondly and thought, How naive men are. She
knew more about Jennifer Parker than Adam did. It had always amazed Mary

Beth how brilliant a man could be in business or politics, and yet be so silly when it came to women. Look how many truly great men had been married to cheap little floozies. Mary Beth understood about her husband having an affair with Jennifer Parker. After all, Adam was a very attractive and desirable man. And like all men, he was susceptible. Her philosophy was to forgive and never forget.

Mary Beth knew what was best for her husband. Every-

thing she did was for Adam's own good. Well, when all this was over, she would take Adam away somewhere. He did look tired. They would leave Samantha with the housekeeper and go someplace romantic. Perhaps Tahiti.

Mary Beth glanced out the window and saw two of the secret service men talking. She had mixed feelings about their presence. Mary Beth disliked the intrusion on her privacy, but at the same time, their being there was a reminder that her husband was a candidate for the presidency of the United States. No, how foolish of her. Her husband was going to be the next President of the United States. Everyone said so. The idea of living in the White House was so tangible that just thinking about it warmed her. Her favorite occupation, while Adam was busy with all his meetings, was to redecorate the White House. She would sit alone in her room for hours, changing furniture around in her mind, planning all the exciting things she was going to do when she became First Lady.

She had seen the rooms that most visitors were not allowed in: the White House Library with its almost three thousand books, the

China Room and the
Diplomatic Reception Room, and the family quarters and the seven guest
bedrooms on the second floor.
She and Adam would live in that house, become a part of its history. Mary
Beth shuddered at the thought of how close Adam had come to throwing away
their chances because of that Parker woman. Well, that was all over, thank
God.
She watched Adam now as he sat at his desk, looking drawn and haggard.
"Can I fix you a cup of coffee, darling?"
Adam started to say no, then changed his mind. "That would be nice."
"It will just take a jiffy."
The moment Mary . Beth left the room, Adam picked up the telephone again
and began to dial. It was evening and he

knew Jennifer's office was closed, but there should be someone at the
answering service. After what seemed an interminable period of time, the
operator answered.
"This is urgent," Adam said. "I've been trying to reach Jennifer Parker for
several days. This is Mr. Adams."
"One moment, please." The voice came back on the line. "rm sorry, Mr.
Adams. I have no word on where Miss Parker is. Do you want to leave a
message?"
"No." Adam slammed down the receiver, filled with frustration, knowing that
even if he did leave a message for Jennifer to call him, there was no way
she could return that call.
He sat in his den, looking out at the night, thinking about the dozens of
arrest warrants that would soon be drawn up. One of them would be for

murder.
It would have Jennifer's name on it.

It was five days before Michael Moretti returned to the mountain cabin
where Jennifer was staying. She had spent those days resting, eating,
taking long walks around the paths. When she heard Michael's car drive up,
Jennifer went out to greet him.
Michael looked her over and said, "You look a lot better."
"I feel better. Thank you."
They walked along the path leading to the lake.
Michael said, "I have something for you to do."
"What is it?"
"I want you to leave for Singapore tomorrow."
"Singapore?"
"An airline steward was picked up at the airport there, carrying a load of
coke. His name is Stefan Bjork. He's in jail. I want you to bail him out
before he starts talking."
"All right."
"Get back as fast as you can. I'll miss you."

He drew her close and kissed her very softly on her lips, then whispered,
"I love you, Jennifer."
And she knew that he had never uttered those words to anyone before.
But it was too late. It was finished. Something had died in her forever,
and she was left with only the guilt and the loneliness. She had made up
her mind to tell Michael that she was leaving. There would be no Adam and
no Michael. She had to go away somewhere, alone, and start over. She had a
debt to pay. She would do this last thing for Michael and tell him her
plans when she returned.
She left for Singapore the next morning.

53

Nick Vito, Tony Santo, Salvatore Fiore and Joseph Colella were having lunch at Tony's Place. They sat at a front booth, and every time the door opened they automatically glanced up to check out the newcomers. Michael Moretti was in the back room, and while there was no current conflict among the Families, it was always better to play it safe.

"What happened to Jimmy?" the giant Joseph Colella was asking.

"Astutatu-morte," Nick Vito told him. "The dumb son of a bitch fell for the sister of a detective. The broad was stacked, rll give her that. She and her dick brother talked Jimmy into a flip. Jimmy arranged for a sit-down with Mike and he wore a wire hidden in his pants leg."

"So what happened?" Fiore asked.

"What happened was Jimmy got so nervous he had to pee. When he opened up his fly, the fuckin' wire came out."

"Oh, shit!"

"That's what Jimmy did. Mike turned him over to Gino.

He used Jimmy's wire to strangle him. He went out suppilu suppilu-very slowly."

The door opened and the four men looked up. It was the newspaper boy with the afternoon New York Post.

Joseph Colella called out, "Over here, sonny." He turned to the others. "I wanna check the lineup at Hialeah. I got a hot horse runnin' today."

The newspaper boy, a weather-beaten man in his seventies, handed Joseph Colella a paper and Colella gave him a dollar. "Keep the change."

That was what Michael Moretti would have said. Joe Colella started to open
the paper and Nick Vito's eye was caught by a photograph on the front page.
"Hey!" he said. "I seen that guy before!"
Tony Santo took a look over Vito's shoulder. "Of course you have, shmuck.
That's Adam Warner. He's runnin' for President."
"No," Vito insisted. "I mean I seen him." He furrowed his brow, trying to
remember. Suddenly it came to him.
"Got itl He was the guy in the bar down in Acapulco with Jennifer Parker."
"What're you talkin' about?"
"Remember when I was down there last month deliverin' a package? I saw this
guy with Jennifer. They was havin' a drink together."
Salvatore Fiore was staring at him. "Are you sure?"
"Yeah. Why?"
Fiore said slowly, "I think maybe you better tell Mike."

Michael Moretti looked at Nick Vito and said, "You're out of your fucking
mind. What would Jennifer Parker be doing with Senator Warner?"
"Beats me, boss. All I know is they was sittin' in this bar, havin' a
drink."
"Just the two of them?"

"Yeah."
Salvatore Fiore said, "I thought you oughtta hear about it, Mike. This
Warner asshole is investigatin' the shit outta us. Why would Jennifer be
havin' a drink with him?"
That was exactly what Michael wanted to know. Jennifer had talked about
Acapulco and the convention, and she had mentioned half a dozen people she
had run into. But she had not said a word about Adam Warner.

He turned to Tony Santo. "Who's the business manager of the janitor's union
now?"
"Charlie Corelli."

Five minutes later, Michael was speaking to Charles Corelli on the
telephone.
". . . The Belmont Towers," Michael said. "A friend of mine lived there
nine years ago. I'd like to talk to the guy who was the janitor there
then." Michael listened for a moment. "I appreciate it, pal. I owe you
one." He hung up.
Nick Vito, Santo, Fiore and Colella were watching him.
"Haven't you bastards got anything to do? Get the fuck out of. here." The
four men hurriedly left.
Michael sat there, thinking, picturing Jennifer and Adam Warner together.
Why had she never mentioned him? And Joshua's father, who had died in the
Viet Nam war. Why hadn't Jennifer ever talked about him?
Michael Moretti began to pace the office.

Three hours later Tony Santo ushered in a timid, badly dressed man in his
sixties who was obviously terrified.
"This is Wally Kawolski," Tony said.
Michael rose and shook Kawolski's hand. "Thanks for coming over, Wally. I
appreciate it. Sit down. Can I get you anything?"
"No, no thank you, Mr. Moretti. rm fine, sir. Thank you very much." He was
doing everything but bowing.

"Don't be nervous. I just want to ask you a couple of questions, Wally."
"Sure, Mr. Moretti. Anything you want to know. Anything at all."
"Are you still working at the Belmont Towers?"
"Me? No, sir. I left there, oh, about five years ago. My

mother-in-law has
bad arthritis and"
"Do you remember the tenants?"
"Yes, sir. Most of 'em, I guess. They Was kind of-"
"Do you remember a Jennifer Parker?"
Walter Kawolski's face lit up. "Oh, sure. She was a fine
lady. I even
remerriber her apartment number. Nineteen twenty-nine.
Like the year the
market crashed, you know? I liked her."
"Did Miss Parker have a lot of visitors, Wally?"
Wally slowly scratched his head. "Well, that's hard to
say. Mr. Moretti. I
only saw her when she was comin' in or goin' out, like."
"Did any men ever spend the night in her apartment?"
Walter Kawolski shook his head. "Oh, no, sir."
So all this had been about nothing. He felt a sharp wavy
of relief. He had
known all along that Jennifer would'never-
"Her boyfriend might have come home and caught her."
Michael thought, he must have misunderstood. "Her
boyfriend?"
"Yeah. The guy Miss Parker was livin' with there."
The words hit Michael in the stomach like a
sledgehammer. He lost control
of himself. He grabbed Walter Kawolski by the lapels and
jerked him to his
feet. "You stupid cocksuckerl I asked you if-what was
his name?" ,
The little man was terrified. "I don't know, Mr.
Moretti. I swear to God,
I don't know!"
Michael shoved him away. He picked up the newspaper and
pushtd it under
Walter Kawolski's nose.
Kawolski looked at Adam Warner's photograph and said

excitedly, "That's him! That's her boyfriend."
And Michael felt the world crashing down around him.
Jennifer had lied to
him all this time; she had betrayed him with Adam
Warner! The two of them
had been sneaking behind his back, conspiring against

him, making a fool of him. She had put horns on him.

The ancient juices of vengeance stirred strongly within Michael Moretti, and he knew he was going to kill them both.

54

Jennifer flew from New York to London to Singapore, with a two-hour stopover in Bahrain. The almost-new airport at the oil emirate was already a slum, filled with men, women and children in native garb, sleeping on the floors and on benches. In front of the airport liquor store was a printed warning that anyone drinking in a public place was subject to imprisonment.

The atmosphere was hostile, and Jennifer was glad when her flight was called.

The 747 jet landed at Changi Airport in Singapore at fourforty in the afternoon. It was a brand new airport, fourteen miles from the center of the city, replacing the old International Airport, and as the plane taxied down the runway Jennifer could see signs of construction still going on.

The Customs building was large and airy and modern, with rows of luggage carts for the convenience of passengers. The Customs officers were efficient and polite, and in fifteen min-

utes Jennifer was finished and headed for the taxi stand.

Outside the entrance, a heavy middle-aged Chinese man approached her. "Miss Jennifer Parker?"

"Yes."

"I am Chou Ling." Moretti's contact in Singapore. "I have a limousine

waiting."
Chou Ling supervised the storing of Jennifer's luggage in the trunk of the
limousine, and a few minutes later they were headed toward the city.
"Did you have a pleasant flight?" Chou Ling asked.
"Yes, thank you." But Jennifer's mind was on Stefan Bjork.
As though reading her thoughts, Chou Ling nodded to a building ahead of
them. "That is Changi Prison. Bjork is in there."
Jennifer turned to look. Changi Prison was a large building off the
highway, surrounded by a green fence and electrified barbed wire. There
were watchtowers at each corner, manned by armed guards, and the entrance
was blocked by a second barbed wire fence and, beyond that, more guards at
the gate.
"During the war," Chou Ling informed Jennifer, "all British personnel on
the island were interned there."
"When will I be able to get to see Bjork?"
Chou Ling . replied delicately, "It is a very sensitive situation, Miss
Parker. The government is most adamant about drug use. Even first offenders
are dealt with ruthlessly. People who deal in drugs . . ." Chou Ling
shrugged expressively. "Singapore is controlled by a few powerful families.
The Shaw family, C. K. Tang, Tan Chin Tuan and Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime
Minister. These families control the finance and commerce of Singapore.
They do not wish drugs here."
"We must have some friends here with influence."
"There is a police inspector, David Touh-a most reasonable man."
Jennifer wondered how much "reasonable" cost, but she did not ask. There
would be time enough for that later. She sat

back and studied the scenery. They were passing through the suburbs of
Singapore now, and the overwhelming impression was of greenery and flowers
blooming everywhere. On both sides of MacPherson Road were modern shopping
complexes alongside ancient shrines and pagodas. Some of the people
walking,along the streets wore ancient costumes and turbans, while others
were smartly dressed in the latest western styles. The city seemed a
colorful mixture of an ancient culture and a modern metropolis. The shopping
centers looked new and everything was spotlessly clean. Jennifer commented
on that.
Chou Ling smiled. "There is a simple explanation. There is a
five-hundred-dollar fine for littering, and it is strictly enforced.".
The car turned on to Stevens Road, and on a hill above them Jennifer saw a
lovely white building completely surrounded by trees and flowers.
"That is the Shangri-La, your hotel."
The lobby was 'enormous, white and immaculately clean,
with marble pillars and glass everywhere. -

While Jennifer was checking in, Chou Ling said, "Inspector Touh will be in
touch with you." He handed Jennifer a card. "You can always reach me at
this number."
A smiling bellman took Jennifer's luggage and led her through an atrium to
the elevator. There was an enormous garden under a waterfall, and a
swimming pool. The Shangri-La was the most breathtaking hotel Jennifer had
ever seen. Her suite on the second floor consisted of a large living room
and bedroom, and a terrace overlooking a colorful sea of

white and red anthuriums, purple bougainvillea and coconut-palms. It's like being in the middle of a Gauguin, Jennifer thought.
A breeze was blowing. It war, the kind of day Joshua loved. Can we go sailing this afternoon, Mom? Stop doing that, Jennifer `told herself.
She walked over to the telephone. "I would like to place a call to the United States. New York City. Person-to-person to

Mr. Michael Moretti." She gave the telephone number.
The operator said, "I'm so sorry. All the circuits are busy. Please try again later."

"Thank YOU."
Downstairs, the.operator looked for approval to the man standing next to the switchboard.
He nodded. "Good," he said. "Very good."

The call from Inspector Touh came an hour after Jennifer checked into the hotel.
"Miss Jennifer Parker?"
"Speaking."
. "This is Inspector David Touh." He had a soft, indefinable accent.
"Yes, Inspector. I've been expecting your call. I'm anxious to arrange-"
The inspector interrupted. "I wonder if I might have the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening."
A warning. He was probably afraid of the phone being bugged.
"I would be delighted."

The Great Shanghai was an enormous, noisy restaurant filled, for the most part, with natives who were loudly eating and talking. There was a

three-piece band on a platform, and an attractive girl in a cheongsam was singing popular American songs.
The maitre d' said to Jennifer, "A table for one?"
"I'm meeting someone. Inspector Touh."
The maitre d's face broke into a smile. "The inspector is waiting for you. This way, please." He led Jennifer to a table at the front of the room, next to the bandstand.
Inspector David Touh was a tall, thin, attractive man in his early forties, with delicate features and dark, liquid eyes. He was beautifully and almost formally dressed in a dark suit.

He held Jennifer's chair for her, then sat down. The band was playing a deafening rock song.
Inspector Touh leaned across to Jennifer and said, "May I order a drink for you?"
"Yes, thank you."
"You must try a chendol."
"A-what?"
"It is made with coconut milk, coconut sugar and little pieces of gelatin. You will like it:"
The inspector glanced up and,a waitress was at his side instantly. The inspector ordered the two drinks and dim sum, Chinese. appetizers. "I hope you do not mind if I order your dinner for you?"
"Not at all. I would be pleased."
"I understand that in your country women are used to taking command. Here it is still the man who is in charge."
A sexist, Jennifer thought, but she was in no mood to get into an argument.
She needed this man. Because of the incredible din and the music, it was almost impossible to carry on a conversation. Jennifer sat back and looked

around the room. Jennifer had been to other Oriental countries, but the people in Singapore seemed extraordinarily beautiful, men and women both.

The waitress put Jennifer's drink in front of her. It resembled a chocolate soda with slippery lumps in it.

Inspector Touh read her expression. "You must stir it."

"I can't hear you."

He shouted, "You must stir it!"

Jennifer dutifully stirred her drink. She tasted it. It was awful, much too sweet, but Jennifer nodded and said, "It's-it's different."

Half a dozen platters of dim sum appeared on the table. Some of them were odd shaped delicacies that Jennifer had never seen before, and she decided not to ask what they were. The food was delicious.

Inspector Touh explained, yelling over the roar of the room, "This restaurant is renowned for the Nonya style of food. That is a mixture of Chinese ingredients and Malay spices. No recipes have ever been written down."

"I'd like to talk to you about Stefan Bjork," Jennifer said.

"I can't hear you." The noise of the band was deafening.

Jennifer leaned closer. "I want to know when I can see Stefan Bjork."

Inspector Touh shrugged and pantomimed that he could not hear. Jennifer suddenly wondered whether he had chosen this table so they could talk safely, or whether he had selected it so they could not talk at all.

An endless succession of dishes followed the dim sum and it was a superb meal. The only thing that disturbed Jennifer was that she had not once been

able to bring up the subject of Stefan Bjork.

When they had finished eating and were out on the street, Inspector Touh said, "I have my car here." He snapped his fingers and a black Mercedes that had been double-parked pulled up to them. The inspector opened the back door, for Jennifer. A large unifornied policeman was behind the wheel.
Something was not right. If Inspector Touh wanted to discuss confidential matters with me, Jennifer.thought, he would have arranged for us to be alone.
She got into the back seat of the car and the inspector slid in beside her.
"This Is your first time in Singapore, is it not?"
"Yes."
"Ah, then, there is much for you to see."
"I didn't come here to sight-see, Inspector. I must return home as quickly as possible"
Inspector Touh sighed. "You Caucasians are always in such a rush. Have you heard of Bugis Street?"
"No."
Jennifer shifted in her seat so that she could study In-

spector Touh. He had a face that was highly mobile and his gestures were expressive. He seemed outgoing and communicative, and yet he had spent the entire evening saying exactly nothing.
The car stopped for a trishaw; one of the three-wheeled carriages pedaled by natives. Inspector Touh watched with contempt as the trishaw carried two tourists down the street.
"We shall outlaw those one day."

Jennifer and Inspector Touh got out of the car a block

away from Bugis
Street.
"No automobiles are allowed in there," Inspector Touh explained.
He took Jennifer's arm and they started walking along the busy sidewalk. In
a few minutes, the crowds were so thick it was almost impossible to move.
Bugis Street was narrow, with stalls on both sides, fruit stalls and
vegetable stands and stalls that sold fish and meat. There were outdoor
restaurants with chairs set around small tables. Jennifer stood there,
drinking in the sights and the sounds and the smells and the riot of
colors. Inspector Touh took her arm and shouldered his way through the
crowd, clearing a path. They reached a restaurant with three tables in
front of it, all occupied. The inspector gripped the arm of a passing
waiter, and a moment later the proprietor was at their side. The inspector
said something to him in Chinese. The proprietor walked over to one of the
tables, spoke to the guests, and they looked at the inspector and quickly
rose and left. The inspector and Jennifer were seated at the table.
"Can I order something for you?"
"No, thank you." Jennifer looked at the teeming sea of people thronging the
sidewalks and streets. Under other circumstances she might have enjoyed
this. Singapore was a fascinating city, a city to share with someone you
cared about.

Inspector Touh was saying, "Watch. .It is almost midnight."
Jennifer looked up. At first she noticed nothing. Then she saw that all the

shopkeepers were simultaneously beginning to close up their stands. In ten minutes, every stall was closed and locked and their owners had disappeared.
"What's happening?" Jennifer asked.
"You will see."
There was a murmur from the crowd at the far end of the street, and the people began to move toward the sidewalk, leaving a cleared place in the street. A Chinese girl in a long, tight-fitting evening gown was walking down the center of the street. She was the most beautiful woman Jennifer had ever seen. She walked proudly and slowly, pausing to greet people at various tables, then moving on.
As the girl neared the table where Jennifer and the inspector were sitting, Jennifer got a better look at her, and up close, she was even lovelier. Her features were soft and delicate, and her figure was breathtaking. Her white silk gown was slit at the sides so that one could see the delicately curved thigh and small, perfectly formed breasts.
As Jennifer turned to speak to the inspector, another girl appeared. She was, if possible, even lovelier than the first. Two more were walking behind her, and in a moment Bugis Street was filled with beautiful young girls. .They were a mixture of Malaysian, Indian and Chinese.
"They're prostitutes," Jennifer guessed.
"Yes. Transsexuals."
Jennifer stared at him. It was not possible. She turned and looked at the girls again. She could see absolutely nothing masculine about any of them.
"You're joking."
"They are known as Billy Boys."
Jennifer was bewildered. "But they-"

"They have all had an operation. They think of
themselves

as women." He shrugged. "So, why not? They do no harm.
You understand," he
added, "that prostitution is illegal here. But the Billy
Boys are good for
tourism and as long as they do not disturb the guests,
the police close an
eye to it."
Jennifer looked again at the exquisite young people
moving down the street,
stopping at tables to make deals with customers.
"They do well. They charge up to two hundred dollars.
When they get too old
to work, they become Mamasans."
Most of the girls were seated at tables now with men,
dickering for their
services. One by one, they began to rise and leave with
their clients.
"They handle up to two or three transactions a night,"
the inspector
explained. "They take over Bugis Street at midnight and
they must be out by
six in the morning so that the stands can open for
business again: We can
leave whenever you're ready."
"I'm ready."
As they moved along the street, an unbidden image of Ken
Bailey flashed
through Jennifer's mind and she thought, 1 hope you are
happy.

On the drive back to the hotel, Jennifer made up her
mind that, chauffeur
or no chauffeur, she was going to bring up Bjork's name.
As the car turned on to Orchard Road, Jennifer said
determinedly, "About
Stefan Bjork-"
"Ah, yes. I have arranged for you to visit him at ten
o'clock tomorrow
morning."
55

In Washington, D.C., Adam Warner was summoned from a meeting to take an urgent telephone call from New York.
District Attorney Robert Di Silva was on the phone. He was jubilant. "The special grand .jury just returned the indictments we asked for. Every one of them! We're all set to move." There was no response. "Are you there, Senator?"
"I'm here." Adam forced enthusiasm into his voice. "That's great news."
"We should be able to start closing in within twenty-four hours. If you can fly up to New York, I think we should have a final meeting tomorrow morning with all the agencies so we can coordinate our moves. Can you do that, Senator?"
"Yes," Adam said.
"I'll make the arrangements. Ten o'clock tomorrow morning."
"I'll be there." Adam replaced the receiver.
The special grand jury just returned the indictments we asked for. Every one of them!
Adam picked up the telephone again and began to dial.

454

56

The visitors' room at Changi Prison was a small, bare room with whitewashed stucco walls, containing one long table with hard wooden chairs set on either side. Jennifer was seated in one of the chairs, waiting. She looked up as the door opened and Stefan Bjork walked in, accompanied by a uniformed guard.
Bjork was in his thirties, a tall, sullen-faced man with protuberant eyes,
A thyroid condition, Jennifer thought. There were vivid

bruises on his
cheeks and forehead. He sat down opposite Jennifer.
"I'm Jennifer Parker, your attorney. I'm going to try to get you out of
here."
He looked at her and said, "You better make it soon."
It could have been a threat or a plea. Jennifer remembered Michael's words:
1 want you to bail him out before he starts talking.
"Are they treating you all right?"

He cast a covert look at the guard standing near the door. "Yeah. Okay."
"I've applied for bail for you."
"What are the chances?" Bjork was unable to conceal the hope in his voice.
"I think they're pretty good. It will be two or three days at the most"
"I have to get out of this place."
Jennifer rose to her feet. "I'll see you soon."
"Thanks," Stefan said. He held out his hand.
The guard said sharply, "No!"
They both turned.,
"No touching."
Stefan Bjork gave Jennifer a look and then said hoarsely, ..Hurry!"

When Jennifer returned to her hotel,, there was a telephone message that
Inspector Touh had called. As she was reading it, the phone rang. It was
the inspector.
"While you are waiting, Miss Parker, I thought you might enjoy a little
tour of our city."
Jennifer's first reaction was to say no, but she realized there was nothing
she could do until she had Bjork safely on a plane out of here. Until then,
it was important to keep Inspector Touh's goodwill.
Jennifer said, "Thank you. I would enjoy that."

They stopped to have lunch at Kampachi, and then headed for the
countryside, driving north on Bukit Timah Road to Malaysia; going through
a series of colorful little villages with a variety of food. stands and
shops. The people seemed well-dressed, and prosperous looking. Jennifer and
Inspector Touh stopped at the Kranji Cemetery and War Memorial, walking up
the steps and through the open blue gates. In

front of them was a large marble cross, and in the background an enormous
column. The cemetery was a sea of white crosses.
"The war was very bad for us," Inspector Touh said. "We all lost many
friends and family members."
Jennifer said nothing. Her mind could see a grave in Sands Point. But she
could not let herself think about what lay beneath the small mound.

In Manhattan, a meeting of law enforcement agencies was in progress at the
Police Intelligence Unit on Hudson Street. There was an air of jubilation
in the crowded room. Many of the men had gone into the investigation with
cynicism, for they had been through this kind of exercise before. Over the
past years they had managed to accumulate overwhelming evidence against
mobsters and murderers and blackmailers, and in case after case,
high-priced legal talent had won acquittals for the criminals they
represented. This time it was going to be different. They had the testimony
of the Consigliere Thomas Colfax, and no one would be able to shake him For
more than twenty-five years he had been the linchpin of

the mob. He would
go into court, give names, dates, facts and figures. And now they were
being given the go-ahead to move.
Adam had worked harder than anyone in the room to make this moment happen.
It was to have been the triumphal carriage that would take him to the White
House. Now that the moment was here, it had turned to ashes. In front of
Adam was a list of people who had been indicted by the special grand jury.
The fourth name on the list was Jennifer Parker, and the charges opposite
her name were murder and conspiracy to commit half a dozen different
federal crimes.
Adam Warner looked around the room and forced himself to speak.
"You're-you're .all to be. congratulated."

He tried to say more, but the words would not come out. He was filled with
such self-loathing that it was a physical pain.

The Spanish are right, Michael Moretti thought. Vengeance is a dish best
eaten cold. The only reason Jennifer Parker was still alive was because she
was out of his reach. But she would be returning soon. And in the meantime,
Michael could savor what was going to happen to her. She had betrayed him
in every way a woman could betray a man. For that he was going to see that
she received special attention.

In Singapore, Jennifer tried again to put a call through to Michael.
"I'm sorry," the switchboard operator told her, "the cir-. cuits to the
United States are busy."
"Will you keep, trying, please?"

"Of course, Miss Parker."
The operator looked up at the man standing guard beside the switchboard,
and he gave her a conspiratorial smile.

At his downtown headquarters, Robert Di Silva was looking at a warrant that
had just been delivered. It had Jennifer Parker's name on it.
I've finally got her, he thought. And he felt a savage satisfaction.

The telephone operator announced, "Inspector Touh is in the lobby to see
you."
Jennifer was surprised, for she had not been expecting him. He must have
some news about Stefan Bjork.
Jennifer took the elevator down to-the lobby.
"Forgive me for not telephoning," Inspector Touh apolo-

gized. "I thought it best to speak to you personally."
"You have some news?"
"We can talk in the car. I want to show you something."

They drove along Yio Chu Kang Road. . .
"Is there a problem?" Jennifer asked.
"None at all. Bail will be set for the day after tomorrow."
Then where was he taking her?
They were passing a group of buildings on Jalan Goatopah Road, and the
driver brought the car to a stop.
Inspector Touh turned to Jennifer. "I'm sure this will interest you."
"What is it?"
"Come along. You will see."
The interior of the building was old and dilapidated-looking, but the
overpowering impression was of the smell, wild and primitive and musky. It
was like nothing Jennifer had ever smelled before.
A young girl hurried forward and said, "Would you like

an escort? I-"
Inspector Touh waved her aside. "We won't need you."
He took Jennifer's arm and they walled outside into the grounds. There were
half a dozen large sunken tanks and from them came a series of strange
slithering sounds. Jennifer and Inspector Touh reached the first pen. There
was a sign: Keep Your Hands Off the Pool. Danger. Jennifer looked down. The
tank was filled with alligators and crocodiles, dozens of them, all in
continuous movement, sliding over and under one another.
Jennifer shuddered. "What is this?"
"It is a crocodile farm." He looked down at the reptiles. "When they are
between three and six years old they are skinned and turned into wallets
and belts and shoes. You see that most of them have their mouths open. That
is the way

they relax. It is when they close their mouths that you must be careful."
They moved on to a tank with two enormous alligators in it.
"These are fifteen years old. They are used only for breeding purposes."
Jennifer shivered. "They're so ugly. I don't know how they can stand each
other."
Inspector Touh said, "They can't. As a matter of fact, they do not often
mate."
"'They're prehistoric."
"Precisely. They go back millions of years, with the same primitive
mechanisms they had at the beginning of time."
Jennifer wondered why he had brought her here. If the inspector thought
that these horrible-looking beasts would interest her, he was mistaken.
"May we go now?" Jennifer asked.

"In a moment." The inspector looked up toward the young
girl who had met
them inside. She was carrying a tray toward the first
tank.
"Today.is feeding day,." the inspector said. "Watch."
He moved with Jennifer toward the first tank. "They feed
them fish and
pigs' lungs once every three days."
The girl began throwing food into the pen, and instantly
it erupted into.
a churning, swirling mass of activity. The alligators
and crocodiles lunged
for the raw, bloody food, tearing into it with their
saurian fangs. As
Jennifer watched, two of them went for the same piece of
meat, and
instantly they turned on each other, savagely attacking,
biting and
slashing until the pen started to fill with blood. The
eyeball of one was
torn loose, but its teeth were sunk into the jaws of its
attacker and it
would not let go. As the blood began pouring out more
heavily, staining the
water, the other crocodiles joined in, savaging their
two wounded mates,
ripping at their heads until the raw skin was exposed.
They began to devour
them alive.

Jennifer felt faint. "Please, let's get out of here."
Inspector Touh put his hand on her anti. "One moment."
He stood there .watching,. and after a while he led
Jennifer away.
That night, Jennifer dreamt of the crocodiles clawing
and 'tearing each
other to pieces. Two of them suddenly turned into
Michael and Adam, and in
the middle of her nightmare Jennifer woke up, trembling.
She was unable to
go back to sleep.

The raids began. Federal and local law-enforcement

agents struck in a dozen
different states and in half a dozen foreign countries, and the raids were
orchestrated to take place simultaneously.
In Ohio, a senator was arrested while making a speech to a women's club on
honesty in government.
In New Orleans, an illegal national bookmaking operation was shut down.
In Amsterdam, a diamond smuggling operation was halted.
A bank manager in Gary, Indiana, was arrested on charges of laundering
Organization money.
In Kansas City, a large discount house filled with stolen goods was raided.
In Phoenix, Arizona, half a dozen detectives on the vice squad were placed
under arrest.
In Naples, a cocaine factory was seized.
In Detroit, a nationwide automobile theft ring was broken UP.

Unable to reach Jennifer by telephone, Adam Warner went to her office.
Cynthia recognized him instantly.
"I'm sorry, Senator Warner, Miss Parker is out of the country."
"Where is she?"

"The Shangri-La Hotel in Singapore."
Adam's spirits rose. He could telephone her and warn her not to return.

The hotel housekeeper walked in as Jennifer was getting out of the shower.
"Excuse me. What time will you be checking out today?'
-rm not'checking out today. I'm leaving tomorrow."
The housekeeper looked puzzled. "I was told to get this suite ready for a
party coming in late tonight."
"Who told you to do that?"
"The manager."

Downstairs, an overseas call was coming in at the switchboard. There was a
different operator on duty and a different man was standing over her.
The operator spoke into her mouthpiece. "New York City calling Miss
Jennifer Parker?"
She looked at the man standing next to her. He shook his head.
"I'm sorry. Miss Parker has checked out"

The sweeping raids continued. Arrests were made in Honduras, San Salvador,
Turkey and Mexico. The net swept up dealers and killers and bank robbers
and arsonists. There were crackdowns in Fort Lauderdale and Atlantic City
and Palm Springs.
And they continued.

In New York, Robert Di Silva was keeping close track of the progress being
made. His heart beat faster as he thought about the net that was closing in
on Jennifer Parker and Michael Moretti.

Michael Moretti escaped the police dragnet by sheer

chance. It was the anniversary of his father-in-law's death, and Michael and
Rosa had gone to the cemetery to pay homage to her father.
Five minutes after they left, a carload of FBI agents arrived at Michael
Moretti's house and another carload at his office. When they learned he was
not -in either place, the agents settled down to wait.

Jennifer realized that she had neglected to make a plane reservation for
Stefan Bjork back to the States. She called Singapore Airlines.
"This is Jennifer Parker. I'm booked on your Flight

OneTwelve leaving
tomorrow afternoon for London. I'd like to make an additional reservation.'
"Thank you. .Would you hold the line, please?"
Jennifer waited and after a few minutes the voice came back on the line.
Was that Parker? P-A-R-K-1rR?"
..Yes."
"Your reservation has been canceled, Miss Parker."
Jennifer felt a small shock. "Canceled? By whom?"
"I do not know. You have been taken off our passenger list."
"There's been some mistake. Pd like you to put me back on that list."
"I'm sorry, Miss Parker. Flight One-Twelve is full."

Inspector Touh was the one to straighten everything out, Jennifer decided.
She had agreed to have dinner with him. She would find out what was
happening then.

He picked her up early.
Jennifer told the inspector about the mix-up in her hotel and plane
reservations.
He shrugged. "Our famous inefficiency, I am afraid. I will look into it."

"What about Stefan Bjork?"
"Everything is arranged. He will be released tomorrow morning.
Inspector Touh said something to the driver in Chinese and the car made a
U-turn.
-"You have not seen Kallang Road. You will find it most interesting."
The car made a left turn on to Lavender Street, then one block later a
right turn to Kallang Bahru. There were large signs advertising florists
and casket companies. A few blocks later the car made another turn.

"Where are we?"
Inspector Touh turned to Jennifer and said quietly, "We are on the Street
With No Name."
The car began to move very slowly. There were only undertakers on both
sides of the street, row after row of them: Tan Kee Seng, Clin Noh, Ang
Yung Long, Goh Soon. Ahead, a funeral was in progress. All the mourners
were dressed in white and a three-piece band was playing: a tuba, a sax and
drums. A body was laid out on a table with wreaths of flowers around it and
a large photograph of the deceased sat on an easel facing the front.
Mourners were sitting around, eating.
Jennifer turned to the inspector. "What is this?"
"These are the houses of death. The natives call them the die houses. The
word death is difficult for them to pronounce." He looked at Jennifer and
said, "But death is only a part of life, is it not?"
Jennifer looked into his cold eyes and was suddenly frightened.

They went to the Golden Phoenix, and it was not until they were seated that
Jennifer had a chance to question him.
"Inspector Touh, did you have a reason for taking me to the crocodile farm
and the die houses?"
He looked at her and said evenly, "Of course. I thought they

would interest you. Especially since you came here to free your client, Mr.
Bjork. Marty of our young people'are dying because of the drugs that are
brought into our country, Miss Parker. I could have taken you to the
hospital where we try to treat them, but I felt it might be more informative

for you to see where they end up."
"All that has nothing to do with me"
"That is a matter of opinion." All the friendliness had gone out of his
voice.
Jennifer said, "Look, Inspector Touh, I'm sure you're being well paid to-"
"There is not enough money in the world for anyone to pay me."
He stood up and nodded to someone, and Jennifer turned. Two men in gray
suits were approaching the table.
"Miss Jennifer Parker?"
"Yes."
There was no need for them to pull out their FBI credentials. She knew
before they spoke. "FBI. We have extradition papers and a warrant for your
arrest. We're taking you back to New York on the midnight plane."
57

When Michael Moretti left his father-in-law's grave, he was already late
for an appointment. He decided to call the office and reschedule it: He
stopped at a telephone booth along the highway and dialed the number. The
phone rang once and a voice answered, "Acme Builders."
Michael said, "This is Mike. Tell-"
"Mr. Moretti isn't here. Call back later."
Michael felt his body tightening. All he said was "Tony's: Place."
He hung up and hurried back to the car. Rosa looked at his face and asked,
"Is everything all right, Michael?"
"I don't know. rm going to drop you off at your cousin's. Stay there until
you hear from me.

Tony followed Michael into the office in the rear of the restaurant.
"I got word that the Feds are crawlin' all over your house and the downtown

office, Mike."

"Thanks," Michael said. "I don't want to be disturbed."
"You won't be."
Michael waited until Tony walked out of the room and closed the door behind him. Then Michael picked up the telephone and furiously began to dial.

It took Michael Moretti less than twenty minutes to learn that a major disaster was taking place. As the reports of the raids and arrests began to filter in, Michael received them with mounting disbelief. All his soldiers and lieutenants were being picked up. Drops were being raided; gambling operations were being seized; confidential ledgers and records were being impounded. What was happening was a nightmare. The police had to be obtaining information from someone in his Organization.
Michael placed telephone calls to other Families around the country, and all of them demanded to know what was going on. They were being badly hurt and no one knew where the leak was coming from. They all suspected it was coming from the Moretti Family.
Jimmy Guardino, in Las Vegas, gave him an ultimatum. "rm calling on behalf of the Commission, Michael." The National Commission was the supreme power that superseded the power of any individual Family when there was trouble.
"The police are rounding up all the Families. Someone big is singing. The word we get is that it's one of your boys. We're giving you twenty-fours to find him and take care of him."
In the past, police raids had always netted the small

fry, the expendables.
Now, for the first time, the men at the top were being
pulled in. Someone
big is singing. The word we get is that it's one of your
boys. They had to
be right. Michael's Family had been the hardest hit, and
the police were
looking for him. Someone had given Them solid evidence,
or they never would
have mounted a campaign this big. But who could it be?
Michael sat back,
thinking.

Whoever was tipping off the authorities had inside
information that was
known only to Michael and- his two top lieutenants,
Salvatore Fiore and
Joseph Colella. Only the three of them knew where the,
ledgers were hidden,
and. the FBI had found them. The only other person who
would have had the
information was Thomas Colfax, but Colfax was buried
under a garbage dump
in New Jersey.
Michael sat there and thought about Salvatore Fiore and
Joseph Colella. It
was difficult to believe that either one of them could
have broken omertd
and talked. They had been with him from the beginning;
he had handpicked
them. He had allowed them to have their own
loan-sharking operation on the
side and to run a small prostitution ring. Why would
they betray him? The
answer, of course, was simple:. the chair he was sitting
in. They wanted
his chair. Once he was out, they could move in and take
over. They were a
team; they had to be in it together.
Michael was filled with a murderous rage. The stupid
bastards were trying
to pull him down, but they would not live long enough to
enjoy it. The

first thing he had to do was arrange bail for his men--who had been
arrested. He needed a lawyer he could trust--Colfax was dead, and
Jennifer-Jennifer! Michael could feel the coldness creeping around his
heart again. In his head he could hear himself saying, Get back as fast as
you can. I'll miss you. 1 love you, Jennifer. He had said that and she had
betrayed him. She would pay for that.

Michael made a telephone call and sat back to wait, and fifteen minutes
later Nick Vito hurried into the office.
"What's happening?" Michael asked.
"The place is still buzzin' with Feds, Mike. I drove around the block a
-couple of times, but I did like you said. I stayed away."
"I've got a job for you, Nick."

"Sure, boss. What can I do for you?" .
"Take care of Salvatore and Joe."
Nick Vito stared at him. "I-I don't understand. When you say, take care
of them, you don't mean-"
Michael shouted, "I mean blow their fucking brains out! Do you need a
blueprint?"
"N-no," Nick Vito stammered. "It's just that I-I-I meanSal and Joe are
your top men!"
Michael Moretti moved to his feet, his eyes dangerous. "You want to tell
me how to run my business, Nick?"
"No, Mike. I-sure. I'll take care of them for you. When
-
"Now. Right away. I don't want them to live to see the moon tonight. Do you
understand?"
"Yeah. I understand."
Michael's hands tightened into fists. "If I had time,

I'd take care of them
myself. I want them to hurt, Nick. Make it slow, you
hear? Suppilu
suppilu."
"Sure. Okay."
The door opened and Tony hurried in, his face gray.
"There's two FBI agents
out there with a warrant for your arrest. I swear to God
I don't know, how
they knew you was here. They-"
Michael Moretti turned to Nick Vito and snapped, "Out
the back way. Move!"
He turned to Tony. "Tell them I'm in the can. I'll be
right with them."
Michael picked up the telephone and dialed a number. One
minute later he
was talking to a judge of the Superior Court of New
York.
"There are two Feds out here with a warrant for my
arrest."
"What are the charges, Mike?"
"I don't know and I don't give a shit. I'm calling you
to set things up so
that I'm bailed out. I can't sit around in the slammer.
I've got things to
do."
There was a silence and the judge's voice said
carefully,

"I'm afraid I won't be able to help you this time,
Michael. The heat's on
all over and if I try to interferes-"
When Michael Moretti spoke, there was an ominous note in
his voice. "Listen
to me, you asshole, and listen good. If I spend one hour
in jail, rll see
to it that you're behind bars for the rest of your life.
Fve been taking
good care of you for a long time. You want me to tell
the D.A. how many
cases you fixed for me? Would you like me to give the
IRS the number of
your Swiss bank account? Would you-"

"For God's sake, Michael!"
"Then move!"

"I'll see what I can do," Judge Lawrence Waldman said.
ttnU try toy--"

11"Try to, shit! Do it! Do you hear me, Larry? Do it!" Michael slammed down the receiver.
His mind was working swiftly and coolly. He was not concerned about being taken to jail. He knew that Judge Waldman would do as he was told, and he could trust Nick Vito to attend to Fiore and Colella. Without their testimony, the government could not prove a thing against him.
Michael looked in the small mirror on the wall, combed back his hair; straightened his tie, and went out to meet the two FBI agents.

Judge Lawrence Waldman came through, as Michael had known he would. At the preliminary hearing, an attorney selected by Judge Waldman requested bail, and it was set at five hundred thousand dollars.
Di Silva stood there, angry and frustrated, as Michael Moretti walked out of the courtroom.
58

Nick Vito was a man of limited intelligence. His value to the Organization lay in the fact that he followed orders without question and that he carried them out efficiently. Nick Vito had been up against guns and knives dozens of times, but he had never known fear. He knew it now. Something was happening that was beyond his understanding; and he had a feeling that somehow he was responsible for it.
All day he had been hearing about the raids that were

taking place, the
sweeping arrests that were being made. The street talk was that there was
a traitor loose, someone high up in the Organization. Even with his limited
intellect, Nick Vito was able to connect the fact that he had let Thomas
Colfax live and that, shortly afterward, someone had started betraying the
Family to the authorities. Nick Vito knew that it could not be Salvatord
Fiore or Joseph Colella. The two men were like brothers to him and they
were both as fanatically loyal to Michael Moretti as he was. But there was
no way he could ever explain that to Michael, not without get-

ting himself chopped into small pieces; because the only other one who could
be responsible was Thomas Colfax, and Colfax was supposed to be dead.
Nick Vito was in a dilemma. He loved the Little Flower and the giant. Fiore
and Colella had done him dozens of favors in the past, just as Thomas
Colfax lead; but he had helped Colfax out of a jam, and look what it had
gotten him. So Nick Vito decided he was not going to be softhearted again.
It was his own life he had to protect, now. Once he killed Fiore and
Colella, he would be in the clear. But because they were like brothers to
hunt he would see that they died quickly.

It was simple for Nick Vito to determine their whereabouts, for they always
had to be available in case Michael needed them. Little Salvatore Fiore was
visiting his mistress's apartment on 83rd Street near

the Museum of Natural
History. Nick knew that Salvatore always left there at five o'clock to go
home to his wife. It was now three. Nick debated-with himself. He could
either hang around the front of the apartment building or go upstairs and
take Salvatore inside the apartment. He decided he was too nervous to wait.
The fact that he was nervous made Nick Vito more nervous. The whole thing
was beginning to get to him. When this is over, he thought, I'm gonna ask
Mike for a vacation. Maybe I'll take a couple of young girls and go down to
the Bahamas. Just thinking about that made him feel better.
Nick Vito parked his car around the corner from the apartment house and
walked up to the building. He let himself in the front door with a piece of
celluloid, ignored the elevator and walked up the stairs to the third
floor. He moved toward the door at the end of the corridor, and when he
reached it he pounded on it.
"Open up! Police!"
He heard quick sounds from behind the door and a few

moments later it opened on a heavy chain and he could see the face and part
of the naked figure of Marina, Salvatore Fiore's mistress.
"Nick!" she said "You crazy idiot. You scared the hell out of me."
She took the chain off the door and opened it. "Sal, it's Nick!"
Little Salvatore Fiore walked in from the bedroom, naked. "Hey, Nicky boy!
What the fuck you doin' here?"
"Sal, I got a message for you from Mike."
Nick Vito raised a .22 automatic with a silencer and squeezed the trigger.

The firing pin slammed into the .22 caliber cartridge, sending the bullet
out of the muzzle at a thousand feet a second. The first bullet shattered
the bridge of Salvatore Fiore's nose. The second bullet put out his left
eye. As Marina opened her mouth to scream, Nick Vito turned and put a
bullet in her head. As she fell to the floor, he put one more bullet in her
chest, to make certain. It's a waste of a beautiful piece of ass, Nick
thought, but Mike wouldn't like it if 1 left any witnesses around.

Big Joseph Colella owned a horse that was running in the eighth race at
Belmont Park in Long Island. Belmont was a one-and-one-half-mile track, the
perfect length for the filly that the giant was running. He had advised
Nick to bet on it. In the past, Nick had won a lot on Colella's tips.
Colella always put a little money on for Nick when his horses ran. As Nick
Vito walked toward Colella's box, he thought regretfully about the fact
that there would be no more tips. The eighth race had just started. Colella
was standing up in his box, cheering his horse on. It was a large-purse
race and the crowd was screaming and yelling as the horses rounded the
first turn.
Nick Vito stepped into the box behind Colella and said, "How you doin',
pal?"

"Hey, Nickl you got here just in time. Beauty Queen's gonna win this one.
I put a little bet on it for you."
"That's great, Joe:"
Nick Vito pressed the .22 caliber gun against Joseph

Colella's spine and
fired three times through his coat. The muffled noise went unnoticed in the
cheering crowd. Nick watched Joseph Colella slump to the ground. He debated
for an instant whether to take the pari-mutuel tickets out of Colella's
pocket, then decided against it. After all, the horse could lose.
Nick Vito turned and unhurriedly walked toward the exit, one anonymous
figure among thousands.

Michael Moretti's private line rang.
"Mr. Moretti?"
"Who wants him?"
"This is Captain Tanner."
It took Michael a second to place the name. A police captain. Queens
precinct. On the payroll.
"This is Moretti."
"I just received some information I think might interest you."
"Where are you calling from?"
"A public telephone booth."
"Go ahead."
"I found out where all the heat's coming from."
"You're too late. They've been taken care of already."
"They? Oh. I only heard about Thomas Colfax."
"You don't know what the hell you're talking about. Colfax is dead."
It was Captain Tanner's turn to be confused. "What are you talking about?
Thomas Colfax is sitting at the Marine Base in Quantico right now, spilling
his guts to everybody who'll listen."
"You're out of your mind," Michael snapped. "I happen to

know-" He stopped. What did he know? He had told Nick Vito to kill Thomas
Colfax, and Vito had said that he had. Michael sat there thinking. "How sure
are you about this, Tanner?"

"Mr. Moretti, would I be calling you if I wasn't sure?"
"I'll check it out. If you're right, I owe you one."
"Thank you, Mr. Moretti."
Captain Tanner replaced the receiver, pleased with himself. In the past he had found Michael Moretti to be a very appreciative man. This could be the big one, the one that could enable him to retire. He stepped out of the telephone booth into the cold October air.
There were two men standing outside the booth, and as the captain started to step around them, one of them blocked his way. He held up an identification card.
"Captain Tanner? I'm Lieutenant West, Internal Security Division. The Police Commissioner would like to have a word with you."

Michael Moretti hung up the receiver slowly. He knew with a sure animal instinct that Nick Vito had lied to him. Thomas Colfax was still alive.
That would explain everything that was happening. He was the one who had turned traitor. And Michael had sent Nick Vito out to kill Fiore and Colella. Jesus, he had been stupid! Outsmarted by a dumb hired gunman into wasting his two top men! He was filled with an icy rage.
He dialed a number and spoke briefly into the telephone. After he made a second telephone call, he sat back and waited.
When he heard Nick Vito on the phone, Michael forced himself to keep the fury he felt out of his voice. "How did it go, Nick?"
"Okay, boss. Just like you said. They both suffered a lot."
"I can always count on you, Nick, can't I?"

"You know you can, boss."
"Nick, I want you to do me one last favor. One of the boys left a car at

the corner of York and Ninety-fifth Street. It's a tan Camaro. The keys
are behind the sun visor. We're going to use it for a job tonight. Drive
it over here, will you?"
"Sure, boss. How soon do you need it? I was going to-"
"I need it now. Right away, Nick."
"Tm on my way."
"Good-bye, Nick."
Michael replaced the receiver. He wished he could be there to watch Nick
Vito blow himself to hell, but he had one more urgent thing to do.
Jennifer Parker would be on her way back soon, and he wanted to get
everything ready for her.

59

It's like some kind of goddamned Hollywood movie production, Major General
Roy Wallace thought, with my prisoner as the star.
The large conference room at the United States Marine Corps base was filled
with technicians from the Signal Corps, scurrying around setting up cameras
and sound and lighting equipment, using an arcane jargon.
"Kill the brute and hit the inkies. Bring a baby over here . .
They were getting ready to put Thomas Colfax's testimony on film.
"It's extra insurance," District Attorney Di Silva had argued. "We know
that no one can get to him, but it will be good to have it on the record,
anyway." And the others had gone along with him.
The only person absent was Thomas Colfax. He would be brought in at the
last minute, when everything was in readiness for him.

Just like a goddamn movie star.

Thomas Colfax was having a meeting in his cell with David Terry of the
Justice Department, the man in charge of creating new identities for
witnesses who wished to disappear.
"Let me explain a bit about the Federal Witness Security Program," Terry
said. "When the trial is over, we'll send you to whichever country you
choose. Your furniture and other belongings will be shipped to a warehouse
in Washington, with a coded number. We'll forward it to you later. There
won't be any way for anyone to trace you. We'll supply you, with a new
identity and background and, if you wish, a new appearance."
"Tll take care of that." He trusted no one to know what he was going to do
with.his appearance.
"Ordinarily when we set people up with a new identity, we find jobs for
them in whatever field they're suited for, and we supply them with some
money. In your case, Mr. Colfax, I understand that money is no problem."
Thomas Colfax wondered what David Terry would say if he knew how much money
was salted away in his bank accounts in Germany, Switzerland and Hong Kong.
Even Thomas Colfax had not been able to keep track of it all, but a modest
estimate, he would guess, would be nine or ten million dollars.
"No," Colfax said, "I don't think money will be a problem."
"All right, then. The first thing to decide is where you would like to go.
Do you have any particular area in mind?"
It was such a simple question, yet so much lay behind it. What the man was
really saying was, Where do you want to spend the rest of your life? For

Colfax knew that when he got to wherever he was going, he would never be
able to leave. It would become his new habitat, his protective cover, and
he would not be safe anywhere else in the world.

"Brazil."
It was the logical choice. He already owned a two-hundredthousand-acre
plantation there in the name of a Panamanian corporation that could not be
traced back to him. The plantation itself was.like a fortress. He could
afford to buy himself enough protection so that even if Michael Moretti did
finally learn where he was, no one would be able to touch him. He could buy
anything, including all the women he wanted. Thomas Colfax liked Latin
women. People thought that when a man reached the age of sixty-five he was
finished sexually, that he no longer had any interest, but Colfax had found
that his appetite had grown as he had gotten older. His favorite sport was
to have two or three beautiful young women in bed with him at the same
time, working him over. The younger the better.
"Brazil will be easy to arrange," David Terry was saying. "Our government
will buy you a small house there, and-"
"That won't be necessary." Colfax almost laughed aloud at the thought of
his having to live in a small house. "All I will require of you is that you
provide me with the new identification and safe transportation. I'll take
care of everything else."
"As you wish, Mr. Colfax." David Terry rose to his feet. "I think we've
covered just about everything." He smiled reassuringly. "This is going to
be one of the easy ones. I'll begin setting things in

motion. As soon as
you're finished testifying, you'll be on an airplane to South America."
"Thank you." Thomas Colfax watched his visitor leave and he was filled with
a sense of elation. He had done it! Michael Moretti had made the mistake of
underestimating him, and it was going to be Moretti's final mistake. Colfax
was going to bury him so deep that he would never rise again.
And his testimony was going to be filmed. That would be interesting. He
wondered whether they would use makeup on him. He studied himself in the
small mirror on the wall. Not

bad, he thought, for a man my age. I still have my looks. Those young South
American girls love older men with gray hair.
He heard the sound of the cell door opening, and he turned. A marine
sergeant was bringing in Colfax's lunch. There would be plenty of time to
eat before the filming began.
The first day, Thomas Colfax had complained about the food that was served
to him, and from then on General Wallace had arranged for all of Colfax's
meals to be catered. In the weeks that Colfax had been confined at the
fort, his slightest suggestion had become their command. They wanted to do
everything they could to please him, and Colfax took full advantage of it.
He had had comfortable furniture moved in, and a television set, and he
received a daily supply of newspapers and current magazines.

The sergeant placed the tray of food on a table set for two, and he made
the same comment he made every day.

"Looks good enough to eat, sir."
Colfax smiled politely and sat down at the table. Roast beef rare, the way he liked it, mashed potatoes and Yorkshire pudding. He waited as the marine pulled up a chair and sat down across from him. The sergeant picked up a knife and fork, cut off a piece of the meat and began to eat. Another of General Wallace's ideas. Thomas Colfax had his own taster. Like the kings of ancient times, he thought. He watched as the marine sampled the roast beef, the potatoes and the Yorkshire pudding.
"How is it?"
"To tell you the truth, sir, I prefer my beef on the well-done side."
Colfax picked up his own knife and fork and began to eat. The sergeant was mistaken. The meat was cooked perfectly, the potatoes were creamy and hot and the Yorkshire pudding was done to a turn.

Colfax reached for the horseradish and spread it lightly over the beef. It was with the second bite that Colfax knew something was terribly wrong.
There was a sudden burning sensation in his mouth that seemed to shoot through his whole body. He felt as though he were on fire. His throat was closing, paralyzed, and he began gasping for air. The marine sergeant sitting across from him was staring at him. Thomas Colfax clutched his throat and tried to tell the sergeant what was happening, but no words would come out. The fire in him was spreading more swiftly now, filling him with an unbearable agony. His body stiffened in a terrible spasm and he toppled over backwards to the floor.
The sergeant watched him for a moment, then bent over

the body and lifted
Thomas Colfax's eyelid to make sure he was dead.
Then he called for help.
60

Singapore Airlines night 246 landed at Heathrow Airport in London at
seven-thirty A.m. The other passengers were detained in their seats until
Jennifer and the two FBI agents were out of the plane and in the airport's
security office.
Jennifer was desperately anxious to see a newspaper to find out what was
happening at home, but her two silent escorts denied her request and
refused to be drawn into conversation.
Two hours later, the three of them boarded a TWA plane bound for New York.

In the United States Court House at Foley Square an emergency meeting was
taking place. Present were Adam Warner, Robert Di Silva, Major General Roy
Wallace, and half a dozen representatives from the FBI, the Justice De-
partment and the Treasury Department.
"How the hell could this have happened?" Robert Di Silva's voice was
trembling with rage. He turned to the general.

"You were told how important Thomas Colfax was to us." The general spread his
hands helplessly. "We took every precaution we could, sir. We're checking
now to see how they could have smuggled prussic acid into-?'
I don't give a shit how they did it! Colfax is dead!"
The man from the Treasury Department spoke up. "How much does Colfax's
death hurt us?"

"A hell of a lot," Di Silva replied. "Putting a man on a witness stand is one thing. Showing a lot of ledgers and accounts is something else. You can bet your ass that some smart attorney's going to start talking about how those books could have been faked."

"Where do we go from here?" a man from the Treasury Department asked.

The District Attorney replied, "We keep doing what we're doing. Jennifer Parker's on her way back from Singapore. We have enough to put her away forever. While she's going down, we're going to get her to pull Michael Moretti down with her." He turned to Adam. "Don't you agree, Senator?"

Adam felt ill. "Excuse me."

He quickly left the room.

61

The signalman on the ground, wearing oversized earmuffs, waved his two semaphores, guiding the jumbo 747 toward the waiting ramp. The plane pulled up to a fixed circle and, at a signal, the pilot cut the four Pratt & Whitney turbofan engines.

Inside the giant plane a steward's voice came over the loudspeaker, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have just landed at New York's Kennedy Airport. We thank you for flying TWA. Will all passengers please remain'in their seats until. a further announcement. Thank you."

There were general murmurs of protest. A moment later the doors were opened by the ramp crew. The two FBI agents seated with Jennifer in the front of the plane rose to their feet.

One of them turned to Jennifer and said, "Let's go."

The passengers watched with curiosity as the three people

left the plane. A few minutes later the steward's voice came over the loudspeaker again. "Thank you for your patience, ladies and gentlemen. You may now disembark."
A government limousine was waiting at a side entrance to the airport. The first stop was the Metropolitan Correctional Center at 150 Park Row, that connected into the United States Court House at Foley Square.
After Jennifer had been booked, one of the FBI men said, "Sorry, we can't keep you here. We have orders to take you out to Riker's Island."

The ride to Riker's Island was made in silence. Jennifer sat in the back seat between the two FBI men, saying nothing, but her mind was busy. The two men had been uncommunicative during the entire trip across the ocean, so Jennifer had no way of knowing how much trouble she was in. She knew that it was serious, for it was not easy to obtain a warrant of extradition.
She could do nothing to help herself while she was in jail. Her first priority was to get out on bail.

They were crossing the bridge to Riker's Island now, and Jennifer looked out at the familiar view, a view she had seen a hundred times on the way to talk to clients. And now she was a prisoner.

But not for long, Jennifer thought. Michael will get me out.
The two FBI men escorted Jennifer into the reception building and one of

the men handed the guard the extradition warrant.
"Jennifer Parker."
The guard glanced at it. "We've been expecting you, Miss Parker. You have
a reservation in Detention Cell Three."
"I have the right to one phone call."
The guard nodded toward the telephone on his desk.
"Sure."

Jennifer picked it up, silently praying that Michael Moretti was in. She
began to dial.

Michael Moretti had been waiting for Jennifer's call. For the last
twenty-four hours he had been able to think of nothing else. He had been
informed when Jennifer had landed in London, when her plane had left
Heathrow, and when she had arrived back in New York. He had sat at his
desk, mentally tracking Jennifer on her way to Riker's Island. He had
visualized her entering the prison. She would demand to make a phone call
before they put her in a cell. She would call him. That was all he asked.
He would have her out of there in an hour, and then she would be on her way
to him. Michael Moretti was living for the moment when Jennifer Parker
walked through the door.
Jennifer had done the unforgivable. She had given her body to the man who
was trying to destroy him. And what else had she given him? What secrets
had she told him?
Adam Warner was the father of Jennifer's son. Michael was certain of that
now. Jennifer had lied to him from the beginning, had told him that
Joshua's father was dead. Well, that was a prophecy that will soon be

fulfilled, Michael told himself. He was caught in an ironic conflict. On
the one hand, he had a powerful weapon he could use to discredit and
destroy Adam Warner. He could blackmail Warner with the threat of exposing
his relationship with Jennifer; but if he did that, he would be exposing
himself. When the Families learned-and they would learn--that Michael's
woman was the mistress of the head of the Senate Investigating Committee,
Michael would become a laughingstock. He would no longer be able to hold up
his head or command his men. A cuckold was not fit/to be a don. So the
blackmail threat was a double-edged sword.and, as tempting as it was,
Michael knew that he dare not use it. He would have to destroy his enemies
in another way.

Michael looked at the small, crudely drawn map on the desk in front of him.
It was Adam Warner's route to where he was going to attend a private
fund-raising dinner party that evening. The map had cost Michael Moretti
five thousand dollars. It was going to cost Adam Warner his life.
The telephone rang on Michael's desk and he involuntarily started. He
picked it up and heard Jennifer's voice on the other end. That voice that
had whispered endearments into his ear, that had begged him to make love to
her, that-

"Michael-are you there?"
"I'm here. Where are you?"
"They've got me at Riker's Island. They're holding me on a murder charge.
Bail hasn't been set yet. When can you-?"

"I'll have you out of there in no time. Just sit tight. Okay?"
"Yes, Michael." He could hear the relief in her voice.
"I'll have Gino pick you up."
A few moments later Michael reached for the telephone and dialed a number.
He spoke into the phone for several minutes.
"I don't care how high the bail is. I want her out now."
He replaced the receiver and pressed a button on his desk. Gino Gallo came in.
"Jennifer Parker's at Riker's Island. She should be sprung in an hour or two. Pick her up and bring her here."
"Right, boss. "
Michael leaned back in his chair. "Tell her we won't have to worry about Adam Warner after today."
Gino Gallos face brightened. "No?"
"No. He's on his way to deliver a speech, but he'll never get there. He's going to have an accident at the bridge at New Canaan."
Gino Gallo smiled. "That's great, boss."
Michael gestured toward the door. "Move."

District Attorney Di Silva fought Jennifer's bail with every stratagem at his command. They were appearing before Wil-

liam Bennett, a judge of the Supreme Court of New York.
"Your Honor," Robert Di Silva said, "the defendant is charged with a dozen counts of felony. We had to extradite her from Singapore. If she's granted bail, she'll flee to someplace where there is no extradition. I ask that Your Honor deny bail."
John Lester, a former judge who was representing Jennifer, said, "The District Attorney is guilty of gross distortion, Your Honor. My client did not flee anywhere. She was in Singapore on business. If

the government had
asked her to return she would have done so voluntarily.
She's a reputable
attorney with a large practice here. It would be
inconceivable that she
would run away."
The arguments went on for more than thirty minutes.
At the end of that time, Judge Bennett said, "Bail is
granted in the sum of
five hundred thousand dollars."
"Thank you, Your Honor," Jennifer's attorney said.
"We'll pay the bail."

Fifteen minutes later, Gino Gallo was helping Jennifer
into the back of a
Mercedes limousine.
"That didn't take long," he said.
Jennifer did not reply. Her mind was on what was
happening. She had been
completely isolated in Singapore. She had no idea of
what had been going on
in the United States, but she was certain that her
arrest was not an un-
related incident. They would not be after her alone. She
badly needed to
talk to Michael and find out what had been happening. Di
Silva had to be
very sure of himself to have had her brought back on a
murder charge.
He--
Gino Gallo said two words that caught Jennifer's
attention.
". . . Adam Warner . . ."
Jennifer had not been listening.
"What did you say?"

'I said we won't have to worry about Adam Warner no
more. Mike is havin'
him took care of."
Jennifer could feel her heart begin to pound "He is?
When?"
Gino Gallo raised his hand from the wheel to glance at
his watch. "In about

fifteen minutes. It's set up to look like an accident."
Jennifer's mouth was suddenly dry. "Where--" She could not get the words
out. "Where--where is it going to happen?"
"New Canaan. The bridge."
They were passing through Queens. Ahead was a shopping center with a
pharmacy.
"Gino, will you pull up in front of that drugstore? I have to get
something."
"Sure." He skillfully turned the wheel and swung into the entrance to the
shopping center. "Can I help you?"
"No, no. I'll-I'll only be a minute."
Jennifer got out of the car and hurried inside, nerves screaming. There was
a telephone booth at the back of the store. Jennifer reached into her
purse. She had no change except for some Singapore coins. She hurried over
to the cashier and pulled out a dollar.
"Could I have change, please?"
The bored cashier took Jennifer's money and gave her a handful of silver.
Jennifer dashed back to the telephone. A stout woman was picking up the
receiver and dialing.
Jennifer said, "I have an emergency. I wonder if I could--."
The woman glared at her and kept dialing.
"Hello, Hazel," the woman whooped. "My horoscope was right. rve had the
worst day! You know the shoes I was going to pick up at Delman's? Would you
believe they sold the only pair they had in my size?"
Jennifer touched the woman's arm and begged, "Pleasel"
"Get your own phone," the woman hissed. She turned back

to the receiver. "Remember the suede ones we saw? Gonel So you know what I
did? I said to that clerk . . ."
Jennifer closed her eyes and stood there, oblivious to

everything but the
torment inside her. Michael must not kill Adam. She had to do whatever she
could to save him.
The woman hung up and turned to Jennifer. "I should make another call, just
to teach you a lesson," she said.
As she walked away, smiling at her little victory, Jennifer made a grab for
the phone. She called Adam's office.
"Pm sorry," his secretary said, "but Senator Warner is not in. Do you wish
to leave a message?"
"It's urgent," Jennifer said. "Do you know where he can be reached?"
"No, rm sorry. If you would like to-"
Jennifer hung up. She stood there a moment, thinking, then quickly dialed
another number. "Robert Di Silva."
There was an interminable wait and then: "The District Attorney's office."
"I have to speak to Mr. Di Silva. This is Jennifer Parker."
"rm sorry. Mr. Di Silva is in a conference. He can't be dis-"
"You get him on this telephone. This is an emergency. Hurryl" Jennifer's
voice was trembling.
Di Silva's secretary hesitated. "Just a moment."
A minute later, Robert Di Silva was on the telephone. "Yes?" His voice was
unfriendly.
"Listen, and listen carefully," Jennifer said. "Adam Warner's going to be
killed. It's going to happen in the next ten or fifteen minutes. They're
planning to do it at the New Canaan bridge."
She hung up. There was nothing more she could do. A brief vision of Adam's
torn body came into her mind and she shuddered. She looked at her watch and
silently prayed that Di Silva would be able to get help there in time.
x

Robert Di Silva replaced the receiver and looked at the halfdozen men in
his office. "That was a weird call."
"Who was it?"
"Jennifer Parker. She said they're going to assassinate Senator Warner."
"Why did she call you?"
"Who knows?"
"Do you think it's on the level?"
District Attorney Di Silva said, "Hell, no."

Jennifer walked through the office door and, in spite of himself, Michael
coup not help reacting to her beauty. It was the same way he felt every
time he saw her. Outside, she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen. But
inside she was treacherous, deadly. He looked at the lips that had kissed
Adam Warner and at the body that had lain in Adam Warner's arms.
She was walking in saying, "Michael, I'm so glad to see you.
Thank you for arranging everything so quickly- -
"No "No problem. I've been waiting for you, Jennifer." She would never
know how much he meant that.
She sank into an armchair. "Michael, what in God's name is going on? What's
happening?"
He studied her, half admiring her. She was responsible for helping to bring
his empire crashing down, and she was sitting there innocently asking what
was going onl
"Do you know why they brought me back?"
Sure, he thought. So you can sing some more for them. He remembered the
little yellow canary with its broken neck. That would be Jennifer soon.
Jennifer looked into his black eyes. "Are you all right?"

"I've never been better." He leaned back in his chair.
"In a few minutes,
all our problems are going to be over."
"What do you mean?"
"Senator Warner is going to have an accident. That'll
cool off the
committee pretty good." He looked at the clock on the

wall. "I should be getting a phone call any minute."
There was something odd in Michael's manner, something
forbidding. Jennifer
was filled with a sudden premonition of danger. She knew
she had to get out
of there.
She stood up. "I haven't had a chance to unpack. Pll
go-"
"Sit down." The undertone in Michael's voice sent a
chill down her back.
"Michael-"
"Sit down."
She glanced toward the door. Gino Gallo was standing
there, his back
against it, watching Jennifer with no expression on his
face.
"You're not going anywhere," Michael told her.

"I don't under-"
"Don't talk. Don't say another word."
They sat there waiting, staring at each other, and the
only sound in the
room was the loud ticking of the clock on the wall.
Jennifer tried to read
Michael's eyes, but they were blank, filled with
nothing, giving away
nothing.
The sudden ringing of the telephone jarred the stillness
of the room.
Michael picked up the receiver. "Hello?,. . . Are you
sure? . . . All
right. Get out of there." He replaced the receiver and
looked up at
Jennifer. "The bridge at New Canaan is swarming with
cops."

Jennifer could feel the relief flooding through her body. It became a sense of exhilaration. Michael was watching her and she made an effort not to let her emotions show.
Jennifer asked, "What does that mean?"
Michael said slowly, "Nothing. Because that's not where Adam Warner is going to die."
62

The twin bridges of the Garden State Parkway were not named on the map. The Garden State Parkway crossed the Raritan River between the Amboys, splitting into the two bridges, one northbound and the other southbound.
The limousine was just west of Perth Amboy, heading toward the southbound bridge. Adam Warner was seated in back, with a secret service man beside him, and two secret service men in front.
Agent Clay Reddin had been assigned to the senator's guard detail six months earlier, and he had come to know Adam Warner well. He had always thought of him as an open, accessible man, but all day the senator had been strangely silent and withdrawn. Deeply troubled were the words that came to Agent Reddin. There was no question in his mind but that Senator Warner was going to be the next President of the United States, and it was Reddin's responsibility to see that nothing happened to him. He reviewed again the precautions that had been taken to safeguard the senator,

and he was satisfied that nothing could go wrong.
Agent Reddin glanced again at the probable

President-tobe, and wondered
what he was thinking.
Adam Warner's mind was on the ordeal that was confronting him. He had been
informed by Di Silva that Jennifer Parker had been arrested. The thought of
her being locked away like an animal was anathema to him. His mind kept
returning to the wonderful moments they had shared together. He had loved
Jennifer as he had never loved another woman.
One of the secret service men in the front seat was saying, "We should be
arriving in Atlantic City right on schedule, Mr. President."
Mr. President. That phrase again. According to all the latest polls, he was
far ahead. He was the country's new folk hero, and Adam knew it was due in
no small measure to the crime investigation he had headed, the
investigation that would destroy Jennifer Parker.
Adam glanced up and saw that they were approaching the twin bridges. There
was a side road just before the bridge and a huge semitrailer truck was
stopped at the entrance on the opposite side of the road. As the limousine
neared the bridge, the truck started to pull out, so that the two vehicles
arrived at the bridge at the same time.
The secret service driver applied his brakes and slowed down. "Look at that
idiot:'
The shortwave radio crackled into life. "Beacon Onel Come in, Beacon One!"
The agent in the front seat next to the driver picked up the transmitter.
"This is Beacon One."
The large truck was abreast of the limousine now as it started across the
span. It was a behemoth, completely blocking out the view on the driver's
side of the car. The limousine driver started to speed

up to get ahead of
it, but the truck simultaneously increased its speed.

"What the hell does he think he's doing?" the driver muttered.
"We've had an urgent call from the District Attorney's office. Fox One is
in dangerl Do you read me?"
Without warning, the truck veered to the right, hitting the side of the
limousine, forcing it against the bridge railing. In seconds, the three
secret service men in the car had their guns out.
"Get down!"
Adam found himself pushed down onto the floor, while Agent Reddin shielded
Adam's body. The secret service agents rolled down the windows on the left
side of the limousine, guns pointed. There was nothing at which to shoot.
The side of the huge semitrailer blotted out everything. The driver was up
ahead, out of sight. There was another jolt and a grinding crash as the
limousine was knocked into the railing again. The driver swung the wheel to
the left, fighting to keep the car on the bridge, but the truck kept
forcing him back. The cold Raritan River swirled two hundred feet below
them.
The secret service agent next to the driver had grabbed his radio
microphone and was calling wildly into it, "This is Beacon One! Mayday!
Mayday! Come in all units!"
But everyone in the limousine knew that it was too late for anyone to save
them. The driver tried to stop the car, but the truck's huge fenders were
locked into it, sweeping the limousine along. It was only a matter of
seconds before the huge truck would edge them over the

side of the bridge.
The agent driving the car tried evasive tactics, alternately using the
brake and the accelerator to slow down and speed up, but the truck had the
car cruelly pinned against the bridge railing. There was no room for the
car to maneuver. The truck blocked off any escape on the left side, and on
the right side the limousine was being pushed against the iron railing of
the bridge. The agent fought the wheel desperately as the

truck pressed hard into the limousine once again, and everyone in the car
could feel the bridge railing start to give way.
The truck was jamming harder now, forcing the limousine over the side.
Those in the car could feel the sudden list as the front wheels broke
through the railing and went over the edge of the bridge. The car was
teetering on the brink and each man, in his own way, prepared to die.
Adam felt no fear, only an ineffable sadness at the loss, the waste. It was
Jennifer he should have shared his life with, had children with-and
suddenly Adam knew, from somewhere deep within himself, that they had had
a child.
The limousine gave another lurch and Adam cried out once aloud at the
injustice of what had happened, what was happening.
From overhead came the roar of two police helicopters as they swooped down
out of the sky, and a moment later there was the sound of machine guns. The
semitrailer lurched and all motion suddenly stopped. Adam and the others
could hear the helicopters circling overhead. The men remained motionless,

knowing that the slightest movement could send the car over the bridge,
into the waters below.
There was the distant scream of police sirens drawing nearer, and a few
minutes later the sound of voices barking out commands. The engine of the
truck roared into life again. Slowly, carefully, the truck moved, inching
away from the trapped car, removing the pressure against it. The limousine
tilted for one terrible instant, and then was still. A moment later, the
truck had been backed out of the way and Adam and the others could see out
of the left-hand windows.
There were half a dozen squad cars and uniformed policemen with drawn guns
swarming over the bridge.
A police captain was at the side of the battered car.
"We'll never get the doors open," he said. "We're going to bring you out
through the windows-real easy."
Adam was lifted out of the window first, slowly and care-

fully, so as not to upset the balance of the car and send it over the side.
The three secret service men were next.
When all the men had been removed from the car, the police captain turned
to Adam and asked, "Are you all right, sir?"
Adam turned to look at the car hanging over the edge of the bridge, and
then at the dark water of the river far below.
"Yes," he said. "I'm all right."

Michael Moretti glanced up at the clock on the wall. "It's all over." He
turned to face Jennifer. "Your boyfriend's in the river by now."
She was watching him, her face pale. "You can't=
"Don't worry. You're going to have a fair trial." He

turned to Gino Gallo.
"Did you tell her that Adam Warner was going to be blown away in New
Canaan?"
"Just like you told me, boss."
Michael looked at Jennifer. "The trial's over."
He rose to his feet and walked over to where Jennifer was sitting. He
grabbed her blouse and pulled her to her feet.
"I loved you," he whispered. He hit her hard across the face. Jennifer did
not flinch. He hit her again, harder, then a third time, and she fell to
the floor.
"Get up. We're taking a trip."
Jennifer lay there, dizzy from the blows, trying to clear her head. Michael
hauled her roughly to her feet.
"You want me to take care of her?" Gino Gallo asked.
"No. Bring the car around the back."
"Right, boss." He hurried out of the room.
Jennifer and Michael were alone.
"Why?" he asked. "We owned the world, and you threw it away. Why?"
She did not answer.
"You want me to fuck you once more for old times' sake?" Michael moved
toward her and grabbed her arm. "Would you like that?" Jennifer did not
respond. "You're never going to

fuck anyone again, you hear? I'm going to put you in the river with your
lover! You can keep each other company."
Gino Gallo came back into the room, his face white. "Boss! There's a='
There was a crashing sound from outside the room. Michael dived for the gun
in his desk drawer. He had it in his hand when the door burst open. Two
federal agents came through the door, guns drawn.
"Freeze!"
In that split second, Michael made his decision. He

raised the gun and
turned and fired at Jennifer. He saw the bullets go into her a second
before the agents started shooting. He watched the blood spurt out of her
chest, then he felt a bullet tear into him, and then another. He saw
Jennifer lying on the floor, and Michael did not know which was the greater
agony, her death or his. He felt the hammer blow of another bullet, and
then he felt nothing.

63

Two interns were wheeling Jennifer out of the operating room and into
Intensive Care. A uniformed policeman followed at Jennifer's side. The
hospital corridor was a bedlam of policemen, detectives and reporters.

A man walked up to the reception desk and said, "I want to see Jennifer
Parker."

"Are you a member of her family?"

"No. I'm a friend."

"Tm sorry. No visitors. She's in Intensive Care."

"I'll wait."

"It could be a long time."

"That doesn't matter," Ken Bailey said.

A side door opened and Adam Warner, gaunt and haggard, entered, flanked
by a team of secret service men.

A doctor was waiting to greet him. "This way, Senator Warner." He led
Adam into a small office.

"How is she?" Adam asked.

I'm not optimistic. We removed three bullets from her."

The door opened and District Attorney Robert Di Silva hurried in. He looked

at Adam Warner and said, "rm sure glad you're okay."
Adam said, "I understand I owe my thanks to you. How did you know?"
"Jennifer Parker called me. She told me they were setting you up in New
Canaan. I figured it was probably some kind of diversionary ploy, but I
couldn't take a chance, so I covered it. Meanwhile, I got hold of the route
you were taking and we sent some choppers after you to protect you. My
hunch is that Parker tried to set you up."
"No," Adam said. "No."
Robert Di Silva shrugged. "Have it your way, Senator. The important thing
is that you're alive." As an afterthought he turned to the doctor. "Is she
going to live?"
"Her chances are not very good."
The District Attorney saw the look on Adam Warner's face and misinterpreted
it. "Don't worry. If she makes it, we've got her nailed down tight."
He looked at Adam more closely. "You look like hell. Why don't you go home
and get some rest?"
"I want to see Jennifer Parker first"
The doctor said, "She's in a coma. She may not come out of it"
"I would like to see her, please."
"Of course, Senator. This way."
The doctor led the way out of the room, with Adam following and Di Silva
behind him. They walked a few feet down the corridor to a sign that said
INTENSIVE CARE UNIT -KEEP OUT.
The doctor opened the door and held it for the two men. "She's in the first
room."
There was a policeman in front of the door, guarding it. He came to
attention as he saw the District Attorney.

"No one gets near that room without written
authorization from me. You
understand?" Di Silva asked.
"Yes, sir."
Adam and Di Silva walked into the room. There were three
beds, two of them
empty. Jennifer lay in the third, tubes running into her
nostrils and
wrists. Adam moved close to the bed and stared down at
her. Jennifer's face
was very pale against the white pillows, and her eyes
were closed. In
repose, her face seemed younger and softer. Adani was
looking at the
innocent girl he had met years ago, the girl who had
said angrily to him,
If anyone had paid me of, do you think 1'd be living in
a place like this?
1 don't care what you do. AU 1 want is to be left alone.
He remembered her
courage and idealism and her vulnerability. She had been
on the side of the
angels, believing in justice and willing to fight for
it. What had gone
wrong? He had loved her and he loved her still, and he
had made one wrong
choice that had poisoned all their lives, and he knew he
would never feel
free of guilt for as long as he lived
He turned to the doctor. "Let me know when she-" He
could not say the
words. `=what happens."
"Of course," the doctor said.
Adam Warner took one long last look at Jennifer and said
a silent good-bye.
Then he turned and walked out to face the waiting
reporters.

Through a dim, misty haze of semiconsciousness, Jennifer
heard the men
leave. She had not understood what they were saying, for
their words were
blurred by the pain that gripped her. She thought she
had heard Adam's

voice, but she knew that could not be. He was dead. She tried to open her eyes, but the effort was too great.

Jennifer's thoughts began to drift . . . Abraham Wilson came running into the room carrying a box. He stumbled and the box opened and a yellow canary flew out of it . . . Robert Di Silva was screaming, Catch it! Don't let it get away!

. . . and Michael Moretti was holding it and laughing, and Father Ryan said, Look, everybody! It's a miracle! and Connie Garrett was dancing around the room and everyone applauded . . . Mrs. Cooper said, I'm going to give you Wyoming . . . Wyoming . . . Wyoming . . . and Adam came in with dozens of red roses and Michael said, They're from me, and Jennifer said, I'll put them in a vase in water, and they shriveled and died and the water spilled onto the floor and became a lake, and she and Adam were sailing, and Michael was chasing them on water skis and he became Joshua and he smiled at Jennifer and waved and started to lose his balance, and she screamed, Don't fall . . . Don't fall . . . Don't fall . . . and an enormous wave swept Joshua into the air and he held out his arms like Jesus and disappeared.

For an instant, Jennifer's mind cleared.

Joshua was gone.

Adam was gone.

Michael was gone.

She was alone. In the end, everyone was alone. Each person had to die his own death. It would be easy to die now.

A feeling of blessed peace began to steal over her. Soon there was no more pain.

64

It was a cold January day in the Capitol when Adam Warner was sworn in as the fortieth President of the United States. His wife wore a sable hat and a dark sable coat that did wonderful things for her pale complexion and almost concealed her pregnancy. She stood next to her daughter and they both watched proudly as Adam took the oath of office, and the country rejoiced for the three of them. They were the best of America: decent and honest and good, and they belonged in the White House.

In a small law office in Kelso, Washington, Jennifer Parker sat alone looking at the inauguration on television. She watched until the last of the ceremony was over and Adam and Mary Beth and Samantha had left the podium, surrounded by secret service men. Then Jennifer turned off the television set and watched the images fade into nothingness. And it was like turning off the past: shutting out all that had happened

to her, the love and the death and the joy and the pain. Nothing had been able to destroy her. She was a survivor. She put on her hat and coat and walked outside, pausing for a moment to look at the sign that said: Jennifer Parker, Attorney at Law. She thought for an instant of the jury that had acquitted her. She was still a lawyer, as her father had been a lawyer. And she would go on, searching for the elusive thing called justice. She turned and headed in the direction of the courthouse. -

Jennifer walked slowly down the deserted, windswept street. A light snow had begun to fall, casting a chiffon veil over the world. From an apartment building nearby there came a sudden burst of merriment, and it was such an alien sound that she stopped for a moment to listen. She pulled her coat

tighter about her and moved on down the street, peering into the curtain of snow ahead, as though she were trying to see into the future.

But she was looking into the past, trying to understand when it was that all the laughter died.